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ART. I.—

1. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* EDWARD MOXON. London: 1846.
2. *Notes from Books, in four Essays.* By HENRY TAYLOR. John Murray: London. 1849.

EVERY reader is familiar with the incidents of Wordsworth's poetic life. His earliest works were generally ridiculed; and it was for a long period the fashion to quote his "Peter Bell," and "The Idiot Boy," as signal instances of conceit. It is true that he numbered among his chief friends Charles Lamb, Robert Southey, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Had he lived twenty years later, their appreciation would have secured him a just measure of popular esteem. But these associates were young men like himself. Their friendship for each other was indeed of more harm than benefit to any one of them. Each enjoyed the singular ill-fortune of attracting to his companions whatever censure his own writings received, while, on the other hand, the little praise that was bestowed upon them, served to foment many painful jealousies.

If Wordsworth's earliest publications had been his last, and if his theories of poetry had descended to posterity, with such examples as he then afforded, his name would now be quoted only as an instance of capacity abused. But, fortunately for himself and the world, he has lived to complete many noble poems. The ungenerous satire

of Lord Byron has lost its point and venom. And, while there are many who do not admit that Wordsworth occupies the exalted place claimed for him by his more zealous disciples, his name is everywhere mentioned with respectful consideration. It is true that, notwithstanding this change in the public opinion, he has not become a popular poet. But, it should be remembered that the common favour is not always the measure of true genius. The *Paradise Lost* of Milton is less read than the *Lalla Rookh* of Moore. Elkanah Settle, for a while, drew the town away from the praise of John Dryden. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* were forgotten for near an hundred years, in which Buckingham and Blackmore were accounted rare poets. *Macbeth*, *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, in their original text, were deemed unfit for the fastidious ear of that public which crowded nightly to listen to the tragedy of *Cato*. The reverence bestowed by successive generations upon a work of genius, is an unmistakeable tribute to its merit; but the popularity of a period of fifty years has often proved a delusive sign.

Wordsworth has now reached that period of life, at which we may suppose his creative labours to have terminated. It is likely, indeed, that he will present the world with several poems, of which parts only have hitherto appeared. The "*Excursion*" was long ago announced to be a portion of another work bearing a different title; and many other productions are obviously of a fragmentary character. But it is not probable that Wordsworth will hereafter attain to greater heights than he has already reached; nor that he will descend again to that point from which his efforts have so nobly tended upwards. We are, therefore, in a position to estimate his genius as well now as if he were dead. Whatever powers he possessed have been developed and improved to the utmost of their natural capacity. No vice of habit, nor variety of plan, have interfered to check the progress of his mind. He has pursued one path in creative labour, with undeviating firmness; and we must admire this constancy of purpose, whether it proceeded from an established theory or native constitution of intellect.

Wordsworth has not been content to let his works remain as the sole monument of his genius and success. His earliest efforts were explained by a theory, which he has since professed, as the guiding rule of his poetic life;

and to it we are always referred by his disciples, for the reason of that gradual and certain elevation which has raised him to so eminent a place. Unlike the great kings who built the pyramids of Egypt, he has not left us to wonder at the rare art by which structures of such vast simplicity were formed; but he has deposited in the first small chamber of the mighty building, the scroll whereon all the manner of the work is aptly described. Let us therefore take this in our hands, studying for ourselves its fitness for the end designed; and then let us compare what the artist has achieved with the scheme adopted for his own direction.

Wordsworth, in explanation of the subjects and manner of treatment chosen in the Lyrical Ballads, states that the language of poetry should be that used in the common intercourse of social life. It ought not, indeed, to be tinged with those expressions which have their beginning in the conventional refinements of society, nor by those ruder phrases which mark the intercourse of vulgar people. Terms of art and science, which belong to the dialect of a particular class, find no place within its limits. Whatever serves to express directly and simply the natural and elementary feelings of mankind, is the appropriate language of poetry. He denies that there is, or ought to be, any diction peculiarly appropriated to it. A different arrangement of the words employed in familiar prose, may be justified by metrical necessity; but with this liberty the difference between prose and poetry, so far as their several languages are concerned, vanishes entirely.

Poetry, also, he considers, as having no peculiar domain. The commonest incidents of social life are suggestive of poetic thought, and are capable of poetic treatment. Wherever nature may be so described as to produce a sensation of pleasure in the reader's mind, or wherever human feelings find a place in their native sincerity and depth, the poet has a sufficient topic. The mind of the poet, indeed, according to Wordsworth, differs from that of other men only in degree. He has a large knowledge of the human heart, a more observant eye, and a greater organic sensibility. His power is not in creating what is wholly novel, but in summoning up whatever is pleasing and familiar. The faculties of common men, in this view, somewhat resembles a cave under ground, in which

his consciousness walks unobservant and in the dark. Stalactites may hang from the lofty roof, but there is no knowledge given of their beauty. They are not, unhappily, self illuminated; but are capable only of reflecting light. When a torch is borne through such a cavern, each pendant crystal catches a portion of the blaze, and the whole darkness changes for the moment into a scene of unimagined beauty.

This doctrine is certainly true enough. If the faculties of the poet differed from our own more than in degree, we could have no sympathy with, or understanding of, his labours. He would be, whenever his invention tried a bolder flight, a traveller into unknown regions, whither we could not follow him, and of which curiosity alone would make us desirous of hearing. On the contrary, we have ever accounted him to be the greatest poet who kindled in us the liveliest knowledge of ourselves. We cannot in poetry sympathize with a creation of genius, as we do with a human being whose eloquence or suffering appeals to our sympathy. Nor do we experience the same pleasure in reading the description of a scene in nature, which we feel when we see the landscape itself spread out in living beauty before us. In these cases our sensations have their origin in that tangible reality, which of necessity carries us somewhat out of ourselves. They are then livelier, more enduring and intense; our emotions of pain and pleasure are more quick and violent. But in poetry, what we feel is produced causelessly, as it were, within ourselves. Our own feelings rapidly attune themselves to what we read. We are so constructed that the poet's mind, brought into connection with our own, makes them alike musical with itself. We are obedient to its vibrations, and, as they vary, our own repeat the melodies they make.

The difference between prose and poetry has been always a problem difficult of solution. Wordsworth himself is embarrassed in his theory, by the necessity of some explanation. He attempts to evade the difficulty by describing the character of the true poet. But, however just and beautiful his idea may be, any one can observe that there are many particulars in which the novelist shares all the qualities which he ascribes to the poet. Prose and poetry, as Coleridge well observes, stand often upon common ground, with nothing to keep them apart

except metre. It is impossible to define what is poetry by the designation of those subjects upon which it is properly employed. The theory of Wordsworth is so large as to be coextensive with a vast range of prosaic composition. The satires of Pope are certainly poetic, and the sermons of Jeremy Taylor are undoubtedly prose: yet, if we were to allow the presence of the imaginative faculty, according to the degree of its employment and exaltation, to give a character to the several works, the sermons might be in some parts esteemed genuine poetry, and the satires, relatively speaking, be esteemed genuine prose. But, nevertheless, the world is well agreed to call both by their common names.

It is equally true that metre, of itself, cannot make poetry. The instance which Wordsworth himself gives, in his preface of Dr. Johnson's celebrated parody, is a sufficient example:

" I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand;
And there I met another man,
Whose hat was in his hand."

The words here are certainly disposed with sufficient grace, and are intelligible enough. Indeed, we cannot forbear admiring the dexterity of their author in creating a ludicrous diversion in favor of his argument. But, although the lines are metrically composed, they are not poetry. This parody, therefore, affords us a fair point of commencement. We see that there can be an intelligible meaning conveyed in rhyme which is not poetry. Wordsworth speaks of the stanza as superlatively contemptible; but then we must remember that he has suffered in his own person from a similar piece of wit. We might easily substitute in its place couplets from well known hymns, and our purpose would be quite as well answered. If poetry, therefore, is not metre of itself, what peculiar sort of body must be so enclosed as to deserve this honorable appellation? Now, it is quite clear that those who most strongly advocate the dignity of poetry, are not able to include its whole domain within the walk of the higher imaginative powers. What would become of the infinite variety of satiric pieces to which the title is fairly conceded, and of those productions, verging more and more upon the ludicrous, until they openly degenerate into the burlesque? In theory, it is absolutely impossible to fix

any limit at which prose begins and poetry ends; but a cultivated taste can never be mistaken in the character of a work, whatever may be its form or subject.

For our own part, therefore, we do not profess to have any dogma, by the application of which we can distinguish poetry from mere metrical prose. But, assuming that no form of expression, not metrical, can be regarded strictly as poetry, we say that the metre and subject are, in themselves, alike subservient to the manner of treatment; and it is in this that the essential characteristic of poetry is found. Prose writers and poets may resemble each other in this even, and yet continue to remain in their separate departments; because the one may possess the faculty of expressing his conceptions by the dependent harmonies of verse, and the other be able to pursue his meaning in the more unconstrained liberty of prosaic composition. Both of these faculties are natural gifts; and although the one is a rarer endowment than the other, it is not for that reason a larger faculty. The poet seldom has the power of elaborating prose. Still, however, the enquiry remains as to the nature of that manner which is the essential feature of poetry. Perhaps it may be shortly described, having reference always to the addition of a harmonious expression, in the following manner. Whatever commends itself to our mind instantaneously, without process of reasoning, as a familiar observation, merry jest, poignant witticism, pleasant trait, earnest sympathy, passionate devotion, true sentiment, or religious feeling, is poetry; according to the exactness and rapidity with which we realize the expression employed. And, wherever words are so used as to convey instantly to our inward eye either the recollection or the insensible view of a natural scene, the power of descriptive poetry has been attained.

The explanation of the somewhat obscurely expressed theory of Wordsworth, and the pursuit of a topic always agreeable, because indefinite and illimitable, has drawn us away farther than we designed from the discussion of that part of Wordsworth's doctrine which is more peculiar to himself,—we mean his idea of poetic diction. It is quite certain that, if the language used in common life and in ordinary prose, be of itself sufficient for all the wants of poetry, there is no reason to go beyond it. We might, with the same propriety, abandon the resources of our native tongue, and engraft upon familiar prose the

words of a foreign language, as intermix with the language of prose any dialect which the poverty of prose did not require. The first question, therefore, to be settled is, whether there exists a distinct poetic diction, which has no relation to the common language of social life. It is certain that, in earlier times, when the metres employed in versification were more complex than at present, forms of expression of an elliptical character came generally into use; and that the personifications, of which poetry was supposed to allow, gave currency in verse to many words in such connexions as were not justified in prose.

It is well known to students of the English language, that many of these words, both of the elliptical and figurative class, have been engrafted by slow degrees upon our prose vocabulary; and are, even now, perpetually working their way into the body of our speech. It would be hard to select a single page from any well known writer which could not exhibit some instance of this process. It is also known that, in later times, the manufacture of poetical terms has recommenced, and we may now see the manner in which words, long recognized as purely poetical, were first separated from the common stock. Mr. Taylor, in his excellent essay upon Wordsworth, notices the preferences which poets now bestow upon such words as *wild, lonely, dream, halo, breath*, and the like. Of this last, indeed, we shall hereafter speak in connexion with Mr. Taylor's notice of Wordsworth's theory. Now these words are all common and ordinary. They may be found everywhere in the simplest prose; yet it is true that, in poetry, they and their compounds are acquiring a peculiar meaning. And, as this meaning is different from what they possess in their ordinary acceptance, they have, in fact, become different words. Indeed, the inconvenience is greater than if words different in orthography and sound were selected; because there would then be no uniformity of structure. It is plain, therefore, that all the modes of writing poetry have resulted in the formation of many words which are essentially poetical, either in their structure, or, what amounts to the same thing, in the meaning which they have when used in poetry.

Now, what is the precise objection to the use of a poetic diction already established? We can understand, easily enough, why a writer of good taste should hesitate to deform his language by the creation of a word which,

through its novelty and applicability to a single use only, is, after all, an anomaly. We can also comprehend why an author of judgment and etymological knowledge would have hesitated to introduce many of those words which now make up a large part of our familiar prose dialect. But still, since such have been incorporated into the language, and serve to express some idea, or shade of meaning, which before required a paraphrase, it would be injudicious to decline the assistance afforded by the novelty. It may be incorrect, or awkward, but still the new word does the work of two old ones, and leaves them with a more definite meaning. So too, in poetry; although the words which are called poetical might have been originally dispensed with, or better ones placed in their room; yet, as they form a recognised part of the written language, we see no reason for discarding them entirely. It is true that, if they are of such magnitude and meaning as to make them prominent in every sentence where they are introduced, or if they have become hackneyed and commonplace through the abuse or bad taste of vulgar writers, it is better to adopt a paraphrase than to employ them.

Wordsworth's theory, however, does not pursue such moderate measures. He insists upon discarding all words which are merely poetical, and upon adhering to the direct and simple expression of our familiar speech. Let us now examine his poetry, in order that we may perceive whether he adheres to the strict letter of his creed. Mr. Taylor, in commenting upon the abuse of the sentimental association inspired by certain words, notices as a remarkable instance, the line of Lord Byron, "the mind, the music breathing from her face," as suggestive of as much false metaphor as can be well concentrated in so small a compass. He says that the verb *to breathe* became, thenceforward, among the disciples of Lord Byron, a term meaning anything but *to respire*; and that the admiration of it has extended so far that a book has been lately published bearing the title of "*Holy Breathings*." Now, we are perfectly willing to admit the full force of Mr. Taylor's strictures; but how are we to understand the following passage in Wordsworth, which occurs in the beautiful verses beginning, "She was a phantom of delight":

A being breathing thoughtful breath.

We cannot, ourselves, see much more propriety in

thoughtful than in *Holy* Breathings. If one trenches upon Theology, the other makes a no less serious incursion into Metaphysics.

Mr. Taylor, in giving honor to Wordsworth for his instrumentality in the purification of the English language, recurs to the old practice of calling a nightingale, Philomel, or the tuneful bird of night; and of gracing the sun by the distinction of bright Phæbus, or Apollo's Golden Fire. After this, we read with some surprise, in a poem written in 1828,

Steeped in dire grief the voice of *Philomel*.

But how are we to reconcile the following passages with Wordsworth's indisposition to personify natural objects more than the simplest prose admits of:

Peopling the *harmless fields* with signs of woe,
Beneath her sway a simple *forest cry*
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

And again:

Blithe ravens croak of death.

The description of the lark, in the same poem, has little to do with the language of prose.

"But he is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud,
Bright gem, instinct with music, vocal spark,
The happiest bird that sprang out of the ark!"

The last line, indeed, has enough of prose in it, (some-what too much, in sooth,) but the three preceding are as poetic in construction as Gray himself could have desired. Observe, also, the succeeding lines in the same poem:

"Hail, blest above all kinds, supremely skilled,
Restless with fixed to balance, high with lore,"
"Constant with thy downward eye of love,—"

Is not prosaic, nor does the use of the word *Urania*, a few lines below, prove that Wordsworth had discarded altogether the poetic cant of a past generation. So, also, the employment of the word *still*, as an adjective, in the following line, is entirely in opposition to the poet's theory:

"For the *still growths* that prosper here."

Again,

"Stems of stately port.
The rose with rain and dews
Her head impearling."

Are not prosaic, in the author's sense, at least. Every page affords some example of words which would be utterly incorrect if not justified by the usage of poetry. For instance :

"Mark e'er for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and *utter* glooms."

So also

"Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave."

"Had'st thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves."

"A rich living kindness, redundantly kind."

"Listening to, men's *faint throb of holy fear*."

We shall, however, close our observations upon this point with one extract from the poem on the Power of Sound :

"And shrieks that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh ; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair."

Certainly, no five lines, that we know of, could be further removed from that simplicity of prose which Wordsworth professes to be his constant aim.

In selecting the examples quoted above, we have not searched laboriously through his works, but have taken them at random from a few consecutive pages. Our examination, however, has satisfied us that we could supply from the works of Wordsworth, to the curious in such matters, as large a vocabulary of words entirely poetical as can be found in most modern authors of repute. We do not desire to be understood, however, as quoting the foregoing extracts in derogation of the poet's genius. Brief as they are, they do not certainly give the highest idea of his invention or skill in imagery ; but we are to regard them as among those indifferent passages which occasionally disfigure the works of the greatest poets. Quotations could be made from Milton, even, which, brought together upon the same page, would present the author of the *Paradise Lost*, to an unfamiliar reader, as a most indifferent poet. We desired only to show that, whatever disrespect Wordsworth entertains for a poetic diction, he nevertheless falls continually into the error

of its employment. In order that we may, however, be thought to have dealt with perfect fairness, we turn for some further illustrations to the *Excursion*, a poem of more exquisite simplicity and purity of style than any approaching the same length since *Paradise Lost* was written.

“Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the *jocund* voice
Of insects, *chirping out their careless lives*,
In those soft beds of *thyme-besprinkled turf*.”

Again,

“Then as the Hindoos draw
Their holy Ganges from a *skiey fount*.”

Again,

“And penitential tears,
Shed when the clouds had gathered and *distained*
The spotless ether of a maiden life.”

We might multiply such examples, indefinitely, even from this poem; but the proofs given will suffice.

If, therefore, we were called upon to express our opinion of the theory which Wordsworth has put forth in his various prefaces, we could not heartily concur with the gifted poet. It is true that, in the last century, the construction of verses had become almost mechanical. The whole vocabulary of Phæbus and Diana, Strephon and Chloe, with a host of attending pastoral and amatory terms, was so complete, and the verse was so obviously artificial, that a respectable wit could put together very tolerable poetry. We have all seen, among the minor poets of that age, most excellent imitations of Prior and of Pope, which could have been very readily passed off as their juvenile or even matured compositions. The style of the translation of the *Odyssey* was so dexterously copied by those who were joined with Pope in the task, that few can distinguish what he executed from the productions of inferior hands. But the whole system was wearing out, of itself, when Wordsworth appeared. Cowper's style is occasionally deformed by pastoral phraseology, but it is, for the most part, pure and vigorous English. And, although we are willing to agree with Mr. Taylor, that Wordsworth has done more than any other man to direct the tendencies, and form the school, of modern poetry, yet we cannot regard him as the chief author of

the cleansing process to which our English poetry has been subjected. To Cowper belongs this credit, in the highest degree. If Wordsworth had never written, Coleridge would have been a noble example of a genius set free from the bondage of a vicious mannerism. Intimate as the two men were, and greatly as each appreciated the genius of the other, their theories of poetry, characters of intellect and modes of composition, were essentially different. The poems of one no more reflect those of the other, than if they had been written by men of a different country.

We are compelled to regard Wordsworth's theory, therefore, more as the opinion which a man of correct taste, sustained in his judgment by the increasing reputation of such poetry as Cowper's, and driven by its novelty into an excess of statement, than as a deliberate, well-conceived philosophy of poetry.

Wordsworth's mind was healthy and vigorous, and it rose superior to the employment of those conceits which his age no longer absolutely required. Fancy, moreover—if, following an accustomed division, we may parcel out the domain of the intellectual faculty—was in him less prominently developed than the higher quality of the imagination. And this, also, was inferior, in the ordering of his genius, to that instinct of contemplation which is the rare faculty of a mind buoyed up by those powers which make poets of inferior men. We are aware that it is exceedingly difficult to express an opinion upon a point so abstract as the precise character of a poet's genius, without either falling into rayless obscurity or letting the whole meaning dissolve itself into a cloud of splendid words. We shall therefore endeavour patiently to explain ourselves by certain simple illustrations.

There are some men whose minds are so constituted that they necessarily concern themselves with the minutiae of life. They are like insects, born upon a leaf. The utmost efforts of their tiny organs cannot, in a life-time, carry them beyond its edges. Within this range, however, their vision is more acute, their touch more exquisite, and their whole perceptions sharper and more defined than those of a grosser animal. It is almost inconceivable within what a narrow space the utmost feats of their agility can be performed. There are other men, who walk through life as if it were a panorama. They are

spectators, only, of a living show. Scenes of terror, and distress move them like emotions in a dream. Human love and human sorrow is spiritualized with them into a conception mature in its vastness and solemnity, in its nearness and tender beauty, in the cloud and sunshine of their inner being, influencing it by some strange process, which they cannot understand, but to which they surrender themselves with implicit submission. There are others, or can be—for as yet the world has seen one only—to whom their fellow men are familiar breathing realities, and to whom the whole created world is a gloriously furnished theatre of human life, beautiful indeed, but still a theatre only, deriving its chief dignity from those who act upon it their parts in the various drama which is forever being performed. Of these three classes the intellectual world is made up, and they glide into each other by imperceptible gradations.

We do not intend any of the above descriptions to be taken as strictly true of every individual who comes within the class to which it may apply. We have drawn the division lines, as they properly should be, upon the extremes of each section. There can be no doubt where we intend to place Wordsworth. Every student of his poetry must have remarked the absence of compositions turning upon human affections. It is true that, in his works, there is a class of poems founded expressly upon them; but in most of these feeling is refined into an abstraction. Wordsworth, indeed, is the last man from whom we should expect a love ditty; nor do we regard his genius as less admirable on account of the absence of such strains. Moore is enamoured, either in his own person or in that of another, upon every page; and we are kept perpetually intoxicated by odorous sighs, and stunned by tumultuous vows. But he is not, for this reason, a greater poet. The peculiarity of Wordsworth's treatment of all human affections is, that they are made to sound more like the excogitations of a sober and contemplative wit, than like the transfusion of his genius into that common nature which we all share. Whoever has read "*Genevieve*," knows how possible it is for a poet to teach a beautiful lesson of human love, without taking from the charm by the use of one term which the ear can recognize as hackneyed. In that exquisite ballad, the author, although he speaks in the first person, is utterly

forgotten, and we seem to ourselves to listen to the unknown minstrel, singing out of a fairy land. But we rarely lose sight of Wordsworth, and his touches of human love and charity appear, more like parts of some far stretching system of philosophy, than glimpses of a common nature.

There are some pleasant exceptions, however, to this remark. We could wish that they were more numerous; for, although Wordsworth evidently classes them among his inferior productions, to us they appear as beautiful as any within the wide range of that ballad poetry upon which he and all lovers of genuine excellence dwell with fond delight. We cannot forbear quoting the lines entire.

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the Springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know,
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, Oh,
The difference to me!”

We might also instance the following stanzas, as possessing a beauty hardly less in degree:

“I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

’Tis past, that melancholy dream,
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.”

The last stanza of this poem is greatly inferior to the others, and we forbear to quote it. The poem called “A Complaint” contains some fine passages, but we shall extract only one or two:

“What have I, shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love : it may be deep ;
I trust it is, and never dry ;
What matter if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity."

The "affliction of Margaret" is another exquisite poem, far more worthy of praise, to our mind, than the "Female Vagrant," which Mr. Taylor so greatly admires, and more full of tenderness and grief, even, than the sad episode of "Margaret," in the *Excursion*. Wordsworth does not often touch upon the lowlier side of human nature, and, for his own glory, we cannot help praising that unbending of his loftier aspirations which, we fear, he regards more as a moral weakness, than as a trait of intellectual dignity.

Ah ! little does the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess :
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me ;—'t is falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For surely, then, I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longing infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass !
I question things, but do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

In such poems as those which we have already quoted, Wordsworth has many rivals. The study of the old English ballads may be said to have revived contemporaneously with his appearance as an author. And, although his success raised up a large school of poets, who sought excellence in the same simplicity of ornament and language, yet, nevertheless, the revival of the old ballads had, of itself, done something to turn the public taste in this direction. In descriptive poetry, however, he had no predecessor of equal genius. Thompson, indeed, in his "Seasons," had drawn admirable pictures of nature, but they were all injured by the somewhat extravagant diction

of the period in which he wrote. Certain of the early painters thought they gave richness to their pictures, when they adorned the chief objects and figures with leaf gold; forgetting that what they gained in splendor of appearance, they lost in harmony of colors and fidelity to nature. Thompson often composed in the same manner with these artists. His descriptions are true in outline and vivid in details; but, after all, they rather dazzle than please. Cowper possessed a nice sense of natural beauty, but his sketches of scenery are more those of a horticulturist, or valetudinarian, than of a poet. We can see reflected in his verse the flowers which he tended, and the walk kept dry by the interlacing branches of the trees. But nature with him, seems, after all, only daguerretyped. The familiar outline remains, but the glow and coloring of nature are gone.

Wordsworth's delineations of scenery are remarkable in their kind. They are faithful, indeed, but their fidelity does not consist in copying all parts of the landscape with Flemish minuteness. A few grand or striking objects are selected, and these are brought into bold relief by the simplest touches. The difference between the schools of minute details, and those in which the same object is accomplished by great breadth and mastery of colour, is well understood in art. We can give our readers no better idea of the relative merits of excellence in these two departments than by referring them to the admirable essay on "Modern Painters," in which this subject is fully treated of. It is a book of great merit, notwithstanding its occasional eccentricities. Among those poems which, to our mind, most strikingly indicate the power of Wordsworth as a descriptive poet, is the following:

"The sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud, of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground, from rock, plant, tree or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller, while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
Asunder—and above his head he sees
The clear moon and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small

And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
 Drive as she drives; how fast they wheel away,
 Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
 But they are silent!—still they roll along
 Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
 Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
 At length the vision closes; and the mind,
 Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
 Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
 So left to muse upon the solemn scene."

We select it because it is one of his earlier compositions, and shows to what excellence he had attained even in the year 1798. It has, moreover, been less frequently quoted than many other poems, exhibiting the same quality of genius. In the short poem entitled "Fidelity," several remarkable passages occur, one of which Coleridge has cited in his criticism on Wordsworth, in the *Biographia Literaria*,

"Where sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer."

A more exquisite picture of solitude we have never seen described elsewhere in the same space. What can be more beautiful than this:

"The flood stands still
 At the green base of many an inland hill."

The following lines are of a more ornamental cast, but they are very pleasing to our ear:

"The sylvan slopes in corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun!
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on."

Somewhat akin to the spirit in which the above lines are written, are the following, from that beautiful but strangely vague and shadowy poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone."

"And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch, with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the churchyard ground,—
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in, serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary doe!
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon,

When out of sight the clouds are driven,
 And she is left alone in heaven;
 Or like a ship, some gentle day,
 In sunshine sailing far away—
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain.”

Wordsworth’s poetry affords, however, numerous examples of descriptive verse, reaching to a higher point of imaginative excellence than we have yet indicated. The following extracts are chosen, almost at random, from a number occurring to our recollection, and we give them the preference only because they have been less often commented on than others :

“The mere
 Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
 And motionless ; and, to the gazer’s eye,
 Deeper than ocean in the immensity
 Of its vague mountains and unreal sky !

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
 And solemn harmony pervades
 The hollow vale, from steep to steep,
 And penetrates the glades.
 Far distant images draw nigh,
 Called forth by wondrous potency
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues
 Whate’er it strikes with gem-like hues !
 In vision exquisitely clear,
 Herds range along the mountain side ;
 And glistening antlers are descried ;
 And gilded flocks appear.”

We shall conclude our quotations with an extract from a sonnet written in early youth, but worthy of his most matured powers :

“Calm is all nature as a resting wheel,
 The kine are couched upon the dewy grass,
 The horse, alone, seen dimly as I pass,
 Is cropping audibly his later meal.”

Mr. Taylor, in his criticism, says that general opinion concedes to Wordsworth the place of a philosophic poet ; and he endeavours to combat the prejudice likely to arise against him on this account. Few men love metaphysics better because it is wrapt in a gay mantle. The skeleton of the mind—for such, after all, the science is—does not, in truth, present any great attraction to the fancy ; but we are consoled, while handling the dry bones of our knowledge, that we are thus learning something of the mechanism of the parts, and in the utility of this research

we can forget the dullness of the details. But when we hear the skeleton rattling, as in some modern works, behind a gauze of bright colours—and have neither the freshness of life to please us, nor the nakedness of death to instruct us,—the imagination is weary and the sense displeased. Wordsworth is certainly far removed from this class of poets. His philosophy, if he has any peculiar to himself, is of no existing creed. The English, Scotch, French, or German schools would have equal difficulty in proving him to be their disciple. His poetry, indeed, and his manner of thinking, are eminently English, but this is more the result of mental organization and national culture than of any predilection for the insular systems of psychology. If he is a philosopher at all, it is in the primitive sense of the word. He is certainly a thoughtful poet; but his reflections are not the results of laborious reasoning, but the suggestions of a meditative genius. He is wise; not in knowing all, or proving much, or in considering sagaciously; neither in statesmanship, economy or science; but in a certain intuitive perception of beauty in nature, purity in life, and truthfulness and dignity in man. The utmost reach of his wisdom appears to be the elevation of the heart and the chastening of the imagination. We nowhere perceive the marks of that stately grandeur, so admirable in Milton, nor of that lively, far-sighted, Protean genius, so wonderful in Shakspeare; but we everywhere discover an earnest, truthful and contemplative mind, enriched by the perpetual study of the forms of nature and of the sympathies of the human understanding with the external world. The genius of Wordsworth is eminently contemplative, and in this its chief singularity and excellence consists.

We believe it was Professor Wilson who first observed the entire absence from Wordsworth's poems of any thing relating to, or dependent on, the truths of christianity. This omission appeared the more singular, because of the religious character of the greater number of his poems. We use the term in that devotional sense which is peculiar to all creeds, meaning the evidence afforded of mental submission to the dictates of a power more exalted than our own. Later critics have pointed out many passages, which, if literally interpreted, would make Wordsworth a believer in the *anima mundi*, or a Platonist, or a Pantheist, or even a Ghebiri. Mr. Taylor, with an earnestness

we cannot help thinking out of place, addresses himself to the refutation of these remarks. Surely something is to be allowed to the personifications of poetry. And if Wordsworth has chosen to invest the sun, stars, the air and vernal woods, and the broad earth itself, with something of a spiritual instinct, we do not see how he is to blame.

Every poet should of course sympathize with his national religion; but we do not think it necessary that he should make any allusion which would give his works a doctrinal complexion. The truths and dogmas of christianity are either expressed in, or suggestive of, such a peculiar class of ideas, that they do not, in that form by which they are commonly recognized, find an appropriate place in imaginative verse. Nothing can be more evident than that the persons mentioned in the Old and New Testaments were subject to like feelings and passions with ourselves. But so entirely have we been accustomed, by the education of our religious impressions, to separate them from ordinary men and women, that it always seems strange to surround them with the common incidents of life. We remember a poem of Moultrie's, in which the wedding of Joseph and Mary is described as that of any other two religious people might have been. The association with their union of the hundred other lighter thoughts and pleasant images which generally connect themselves with such ceremonials, is curious enough.

Every student of Cowper's poetry must remember how often passages of great beauty are marred by the introduction of religious debate. We do not mean to say that the truths and scenes recorded in Scripture cannot be made poetical. The narrative itself is often as sublime as the human imagination can conceive. The experiment of translating the life of the Scripture into the common walks of our imagination is too hazardous. And, although the great poet might succeed, the school which such eminence would found might prove to be a fruitful source of ridicule and extravagance. Perhaps a part of the modern popularity of *Paradise Lost* depends upon the idea that it is a religious poem. We have known it read in families upon days when the perusal of *Comus* or *Hamlet* would have been looked upon as a profanation. But, in reality, setting apart the adoption of a few incidents recorded in *Genesis*, and the use of the holiest names, the

poem is a more daring fiction than king Lear; and, regarding it in a doctrinal light, less religious by far. Some fault has been found with Wordsworth for recurring to "Pagan creeds outworn." Whoever has read *Laodamia* will not regret that his mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Greek mythology. These myths are the depositories of early superstition, piety, wisdom and poetry; and the student who examines them aright stands more within the threshold of Grecian life than if he knew by heart the whole polity of those ancient States.

The most remarkable effect of Wordsworth's poetry has been the origination of a new school. Pope was the model of his age, but he can scarcely be said to have changed its taste. The French poets of the seventeenth century turned Dryden away from following after Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton. Pope only perfected what Dryden had begun, and his admirers continued to echo the music of the same easy tune until the latter years of the eighteenth century. It is true that the public taste then underwent a change. Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Barton and Wordsworth, were independent examples of a revolution in opinion. But although these, with Scott and Byron, did much to give a new direction to the public taste, Wordsworth's influence has exercised the most obvious control. The two greatest poets now living in England are Tennyson and Taylor, the structure of whose verse depends upon the noble theory of Wordsworth's best practice, and whose philosophic spirit is drawn from such poems as *Tintern Abbey*, *Laodamia* and the *Excursion*. The author of *Philip Van Artevelde* is not much known in this country. His works neither dazzle nor intoxicate; but they are correct, chaste and elevated, and will, every year, obtain a firmer hold upon the esteem of the judicious. Tennyson is more popular. His affections have made him acceptable to a certain class. But, numerous as are his faults, they cannot hinder our perception of his great merit as a poet. Some of his smaller productions impress us like groups in marble: their beauty is so correct and perfectly defined. Yet these two authors, although differing widely in character, have both received their mental discipline from Wordsworth. Every page of their writings discloses this fact.

In America, the influence of Wordsworth's poetry has been more general than in England. That communion

with nature which he originated has here been carried to extremes. Every tree and leaf and stream, every hill, valley and cloud, have become vocal instructors. Inter-course with human kind has almost ceased in American poetry, and in its place there is a perpetual interrogation of the shadows which haunt our mental consciousness, and of the unseen lips that syllable men's names in the world without. This extravagance, however, is a harmless one, and it will correct itself. Its tendencies are less dangerous than was that admiration of personal beauty which distinguished the eighteenth century in France and England. There certainly can be no risk in making too much of the motions of a cloud, or of the ripple of a stream.

We close these desultory observations upon the genius of Wordsworth with a sense of real gratitude for the service which he has rendered to poetry. We must acknowledge that his admiration of a system has often drawn him into puerile inventions. But he has redeemed these errors by a devotedness of purpose, purity of feeling, elevation of thought, and command of imaginative wisdom, such as few poets have exhibited.

Since the preceding pages were written, intelligence has been received of the death of Wordsworth. We are performing a melancholy duty when we close the notice of his labours with the announcement of his death. He did not die before he had completed the work assigned him on earth, because he had more than filled the measure of time ordinarily allotted to mankind. We cannot pay him the tribute of melancholy respect which we often owe when men of great and original genius are stricken down with their labours half completed. His capacities were of slow growth, and gradually came to perfection; and, as if heaven had designed to reward the patient industry of his early life, he was spared until he had completed the full development of his great intellect.

His career has been more fortunate than the fate of those with whom he entered life. Coleridge had, perhaps, a richer and more inventive mind, a larger range of knowledge, quicker affections, and a more fiery enthusiasm. But he has left behind him no great monuments, to assert his unquestionable genius. He chiselled single statues, of rare perfection; but he did not assign them as the master labours of his life, but rather as ornaments to

a temple which he was to construct thereafter. Yet he never entered upon his task, and we are only able to judge, from the rare beauty of that which he created, the grandeur and simplicity of the noble edifice which it was destined to adorn.

Southey left nothing incomplete. His disasters found him in readiness for death. Whatever he did was perfect, according to its plan. But in poetry it seems to us that he fell short, in grace and beauty of comparison, to his friend Coleridge, as he unquestionably was inferior to Wordsworth in the power of sustaining and elevating poetic thought.

Yet, whatever these men may have been, or whatever they had the capacity to be, adverse circumstances, disease, physical tendencies beyond their control, interfered with and checked the regular and perfect development of their intellectual powers. Wordsworth only, endowed by nature with a calm and even temperament, possessed of an acute understanding, self-reliant, studious and thoughtful, withdrawn from the cares of life, and devoted to that occupation in which he found his chiefest happiness, was able to persevere in the work he had selected, and attained to the full measure of that greatness which is the ideal of a poet.

There have been poets whose death has left a void in literature, which the century in which they lived could scarcely be expected to supply. Yet, perhaps, no poet ever sank into the grave whose loss it seemed more unlikely that another generation would replace. There may arise men of equal intellectual power, or with as keen a perception of the beautiful in nature, or of what is graceful in art or sublime in humanity. But the ordering of the world in the past thousand years shows us that we can have little hope to expect to see soon again one in whom these high qualities were more remarkably blended than in William Wordsworth.

ART. II.—SUMMER TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH.

1. *Letters from the Alleghany Mountains.* By CHARLES LANMAN, author of "a Tour to the River Saguenay," "a Summer in the Wilderness," and "Essays for Summer Hours." "New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.
2. *Georgia Illustrated, in a series of Views.* Engraved from original sketches by T. ADDISON RICHARDS. The topographical department edited by WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

We should only be indulging in one of the commonest of all truisms, were we to protest that there is no such thing as unmixed evil in the world; and all the philosophy may be compassed in a nut-shell, which chuckles over the "ill wind that blows nobody good." It will suffice if we insist that our bitter is, frequently, the wholesome medicine whose benefit is in the future; and what we regard as the mishap of the day, and lament accordingly, becomes, to our great surprise, the parent of a necessity that leads to most pleasant and profitable results. To bring our maxims to bear upon our present topic, we have but to remark, that the cholera, which devastated the cities of the North last summer, and the abolition mania,—which is destined to root them out, and raze them utterly from the face of the earth, if not seasonably arrested,—have proved, in some degree, highly serviceable, if not saving influences, for the people of the South. How many thousand of our wandering idlers, our absentees who periodically crave a wearisome pilgrimage to northern regions, instead of finding greater good in a profitable investment of thought and curiosity at home—who wander away in mere listlessness and return wearied and unrefreshed—were denied their usual inane indulgences by the dread of pestilence. And how many other thousands, capable of appreciating the charms of nature, and the delights of a glorious landscape, were, in like manner, compelled to forego the same progress, by the patriotic sentiment which revolts at the thought of spending time and money among a people whose daily labor seems to be addressed to the neighborly desire of defaming our character and destroying our institutions.

The result of these hostile influences has been highly favorable to the development of the resources of the soil.

We have, in the South, a race of "Soft-heads,"—a tribe that corresponds admirably with the "Dough-faces" of Yankee-land. These are people born and wedded to a sort of provincial servility that finds nothing grateful but the foreign. They prefer the stranger to the native, if for no other reason than because they are reluctant to admit the existence of any persons, in their own precincts, who might come in conflict with their own importance. In like manner, and for a similar reason, they refuse to give faith to their own possessions of scenery and climate. Their dignity requires foreign travel for its proper maintenance. It is distance only, in their eyes, that can possibly "lend enchantment to the view." They are unwilling to admit the charms of a region which might be readily explored by humbler persons; and they turn up their lordly noses at any reference to the claims of mountain, valley, or waterfall, in their own section, if for no other reason, than because they may also be seen by vulgar people. To despise the native and domestic, seems to them, in their inflated folly, the only true way to show that they have tastes infinitely superior to those of the common herd.

For such people, it was absolutely necessary that they should speed abroad in summer. The habit required it, and the self-esteem, even if the tastes did not. It is true that they were wearied with the monotonous routine. It is true that they were tired of the scenery so often witnessed; tired of the flatness of northern pastimes, and outraged constantly by the bad manners, and the unqualified monstrosity of the bores, whom they constantly encountered, from the moment that they got beyond the line of Mason and Dixon. All the social training of a polished society at home, was disparaged by the reckless obtrusiveness by which that was distinguished which they met abroad—the free, familiar pertness of monied vulgarity, or the insolent assumptions of a class whose fortunes have been realized at the expense of their education. A thousand offensive traits in the social world which they sought, added to the utter deficiency of all freshness in the associations which they periodically made, combined to lessen or destroy every thing like a positive attraction in the regions to which they wandered; but, in spite of all, they went. Habit was too inflexible for sense or taste; and, possibly, the fear that the world might not get on so well as before, unless they appeared, as usual, at the opening

of the season, in Broadway, and found themselves, for a week at least, each summer, at Newport and Saratoga, seemed to make it a duty that they should, at large pecuniary sacrifice, submit to a dreary penance every summer.

But the cholera came in conflict with the habit. It unsettled the routine which was only endurable in the absence of thought and energy. It suggested unpleasant associations to those who, perhaps, would suffer under any sort of excitement, the wholesome as well as the pernicious; and the idea of eating cherries and cream, at the peril of utter revolution in the abdominal domain, had the effect of startling into thought and speculation the inane intellect which, hitherto, had taken no share in regulating the habits of the wanderer. When, at the same time, it was found that the pestilence confined its ravages to the North,—that either the climate of the South was too pure, or the habits of its people too proper, to yield it the requisite field for operation,—and that Charleston, Savannah and other cities in the low latitudes, were not within the reach of its terrors,—then it was that patriotism had leave to suggest, for the first time, the beauties and attractions of home, and to make the most of them. Her argument found succor, as we have hinted, from other influences. Our “Soft-heads” no longer found that unlimited deference, and servile acknowledgment, which the societies they visited had uniformly shown, in return for their patronage. Society in the North was in revolution. Old things were about to pass away; all things were to become new. Property was to undergo general distribution in equal shares. Every man, it was argued, had a natural right to a farmstead, and a poultry-yard, as every woman, not wholly past bearing, had a right to a husband. The old Patroons of Albany were not permitted to rent, but must sell their lands, at prices prescribed by the buyer, or the tenant. Debtors liquidated their bonds in the blood of their creditors. The law of divorce gave every sort of liberty to wife and husband. The wife, if she did not avail herself of the extreme privileges accorded to her by this benevolent enactment, was, at all events, allowed to keep her own purse, and to spend her money, however viciously, without accounting to her lord. If he was lord, she was lady. She was not simply his master, but her own; and a precious household they made of it between them. Churches multiplied, mostly, at the very moment

when a restless and powerful party—avowedly hostile to all religion—was denouncing and striving to abolish the Sabbath itself, as immoral, and in conflict with the privileges of labor and the citizen.

In this universal disorder in laws and morals,—this confusion of society, worse confounded every day,—in its general aspects so wonderfully like those which, in France, preceded, and properly paved the way for, a purging reign of terror,—all the usual amenities and courtesies were fairly at an end, even in those places, hotels and haunts of summer festivity, in which decency and policy, if not charity and good-will to men, requires that every thing should be foreborne, of manner or remark, that might be offensive to any sensibilities. But the cloud and blindness which every where overspread society, was a madness too sweeping to forbear any subject, in which envy, malice, conceit, and a peevish discontent, could find exercise at the expense of one's neighbor. In destroying, at home, the securities of religion, the domestic peace of families, the inviolability of the laws, the guarantees of the creditor—nay, taking his life, as that of an insolent, when he presumed to urge his bond—these reckless incendiaries (like the French, exactly) must carry their beautiful system to the hearts of other communities. They are by no means selfish. They must share their admirable blessings with others—nay, force them, even against their desires, to partake of their drunken mixtures. No situation, accordingly, is sacred from their invasion. No refuge is left for society, unembarrassed by their presence. They rage in all places, fireside, street, exchange, hotel, and, not so much seeking to reform and teach, as to outrage and annoy, they studiously thrust upon you, at every turn, the picture of the miserable fanatic, whose vanity prompted him to fire a temple, only that he might be seen in its blaze.

Our “Soft-heads,” who have been busily engaged, for the last thirty years, in feeding these fanatics, by draining the profits from their own soil, are, at length, beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable, sitting cheek-by-jowl, at Saratoga, and other places of vulgar resort, and hearing themselves described as robbers and wretches by the very people whose thieving ancestors stole the negro with whom to swindle our forefathers. They begin to suspect that their pride is not wholly unimpaired, when they

hearken quietly to such savory communications. A lurking doubt whether they are not the persons meant, all the while, begins to stir uneasily within them; and in a half-drowsy state, between dozing and thought, they ask themselves the question, whether it were not much more to their credit to resolve, henceforward, neither to taste, nor touch, nor commune with a people, who, in mere wantonness and insolence, are making so free with all the securities of their country, its reputation, and its property!

The "Soft-head," it is true, is not without grateful assurances, from one class of his neighbors, that his assailants are very sorry fanatics, who deserve no sort of consideration; that, though Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, bark at him furiously, yet he, Dick, and his brother Tom, and his cousin, Harry, all tavern-keepers, living in the broad route of southern travel, are his friends,—are the true, sturdy, butcher's dogs, who will keep the curs in proper fear and at a proper distance. But, after a while, "Soft-head" asks himself,—having asked the question fruitlessly of Tom, Dick, and Harry,—why do these curs, which are said to be so despicable,—why do they continue this barking?—nay, why, when the barking becomes biting,—why do not these famous butcher's dogs use their teeth for the protection of their friends? Why are Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,—worthless puppies as they are,—why are they in full possession of the roast? The fanatics of abolition are said to be few; but why do they shape the laws, dictate the policy, control the whole action of society? 'Soft-head' gets no answer to all this; and now naturally begins to suspect that all parties either think entirely with the offenders, or possess too little courage, honesty, or proper sympathy with the South, ever to be relied upon as allies. In fact, our 'Soft-head' discovers that—whether guilty or otherwise,—the party pronounced so weak and worthless, wields, in reality, the entire power, and represents wholly the principles and feelings of the North. The thing is not to be gainsayed. Your merchant, having large dealings with the "Soft-heads," makes little of it;—your hotel-keeper, entertaining large squadrons of "Soft-heads," 'for a consideration,' every summer, gravely insists that it is nothing but the buzz of a bee in a tar-barrel;—your Yankee editor, crossing the line of Mason and Dixon—a Northern man with Southern principles!—who teaches the "Soft-head Southron," from

"hardhead Northern school books"—he is potent in the asseveration that there is no sort of danger,—that it is the cry of "wolf," only, made by the cunning boys, who wish to see the fun of the false chase;—and that, in his hands, as grand conservator of the peace, every thing that's worth saving is in a place of eminent security. Your thorough slave of party, whig or democrat, who hopes for a secretaryship, or a vice-presidentship, or a foreign mission,—or who, with commendable modesty, resigns himself to a post-mastership, or a tide-waitership,—all these come in to the assistance of our "Softheads," and take monstrous pains to reassure them and restore their equanimity! Governed by self, rather than by nation or section, they cry "peace,"—all,—when there is no peace! When there cannot be peace! So long as the South is in the minority, and as long as the spirit and temper of the North are so universally hostile to our most vital and most cherished institutions. Until you reconcile this inequality, and exorcise this evil spirit, that now rages rampant through the Northern States,—allied with all sorts of fanatical passions and principles,—Agrarianism, Communism, Fourierism, Wrightism, Millerism, Mormonism, etc.,—you may cry peace and union till you split your lungs, but you will neither make peace nor secure union.

Well, our "Softhead" begins to discover this. He has been weak and lazy,—listless and indifferent,—vain and an idler; weary and a wanderer; but he still has latent sympathies that remind him of his home, and he is not blind to the warnings which tell him that he has a property which is threatened, and may possibly be destroyed. He rubs his eyes, and shakes himself accordingly. He begins to bestir himself. It is high time. He is no longer in the condition to say with the sluggard, "A little more sleep—a little more folding of the arms to slumber." "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," the full-mouthed abolition curs, are at his heels, and, with their incessant barking, they suffer nobody to sleep. "Softhead" soon finds that they are not satisfied to bark simply. They are anxious to use their teeth upon him as well as their tongues. His wife's maid, Sally, is persuaded to leave his bonds, for a condition of unexampled human felicity, which is promised her in the neighbourhood of Five Points; and his man, Charles, walks off with two loving white brothers, who soon show him how much more moral it is

to become a burglar than to remain a slave. "Softhead" very soon hears of both in their new Utopia. Sally writes to him from the Tombs, or Blackwell's Island, and Charley from Sing-Sing. They relate a most horrid narrative of their condition; their follies, their crimes, the sufferings and abuses they have undergone at the hands of their sympathizing brethren, whose object has been, not the good of the wretched slave, but the injury and annoyance of the "Softhead" owner. They declare their repentance, and entreat his assistance. They beg that he will release them from prison, and make them once more humbly happy in the condition which was so justly suited to their intellect and morals. The heart of "Softhead" is touched. In this region he is quite as tender as in his cranium. He obtains their discharge, gives bail, pays fees, and suffers a world of trouble and expense, in helping the poor wretches into daylight. But, will the abolitionists suffer this triumph? Will they let the prey escape them at the last? Oh no! They dart between, a mob at their heels, and rend Charley and Sally away once more,—this time by violence,—the poor darkies all the while struggling against the cruel fate of freedom, for which they are so totally unfit, and declaring, with tears in their eyes, how infinitely they prefer being slaves to a gentleman, than brethren of such a gang of blackguards. "Softhead," himself, barely escapes by the skin of his teeth. He is compelled to cast off the indolence which he has hitherto fondly conceived to form a part of his dignity, and, with all haste, to throw the Potomac between him and the pursuing curs of abolition.

Growling over the popular sentiment at the North, which thus dogs their footsteps and disturbs their equanimity, or grumbling at the sudden invasion of cholera, which makes them tremble for their bowels, it is probable that more than twenty thousand Southrons forebore, last summer, their usual route of travel. Mason's and Dixon's line, that season, constituted the *ultima thule*, to which they looked with shiverings only. Thus "barred and banned,"—almost hopeless of enjoyment, but compelled to look for it where they were, and to find their summer routes and recreations in long-neglected precincts, it was perfectly delightful to behold the sudden glory which possessed them, as they opened their eyes, for the first time in their lives, upon the charming scenery, the pure

retreats, the sweet quiet, and the surprising resources which welcomed them,—at home! Why had they not seen these things before? How was it that such glorious mountain ranges, such fertile and lovely vallies, such mighty and beautiful cascades, such broad, hard and ocean-girdled beaches and islets, had been so completely hidden from their eyes? By what fatuity was it that they had been so blinded, to the waste of millions of expenditure, in the ungrateful regions in which they had so long been satisfied to find retreats; which afforded them so little of pleasure or content? Poor, sneaking, drivelling, conceited, slavish provincialism never received such a lesson of unmixed benefit before; and patriotism never a happier stimulus and motive to future enjoyment as well as independence.

It is a too melancholy truth, and one that we would fain deny if we dared, that, in sundry essentials, the Southern people have long stood in nearly the same relation to the Northern States of this confederacy, that the whole of the colonies, in 1775, occupied to Great Britain. A people wholly devoted to grazing and agriculture are necessarily wanting in large marts, which alone give the natural impulse to trade and manufactures. A people engaged in *staple* culture are necessarily scattered remotely over the surface of the earth. Now, the activity of the common intellect depends chiefly upon the rough and incessant attrition of the people. Wanting in this attrition, the best minds sink into repose, that finally becomes sluggishness. As a natural consequence, therefore, of the exclusive occupation of agriculture in the South, the profits of this culture, and the sparseness of our population, the Southern people left it to the Northern States to supply all their wants. To them we looked for books and opinion,—and they thus substantially ruled us, through the languor which we owed to our wealth, and the deficient self-esteem naturally due to the infrequency of our struggle in the common marts of nations. The Yankees furnished all our manufactures, of whatever kind, and adroitly contrived to make it appear to us that they were really our benefactors, at the very moment when they were sapping our substance, degrading our minds, and growing rich upon our raw material, and by the labour of our slaves. Any nation that defers thus wholly to another, is soon emas-

culated, and finally subdued, To perfect, or even secure, the powers of any people, it requires that they shall leave no province of enterprise or industry neglected, which is available to their labour, and not incompatible with their soil and climate. And there is an intimate sympathy between the labours of a people, and their higher morals and more ambitious sentiment. The arts are all so far kindred, that the one necessarily prepares the way for the other. The mechanic arts thrive as well as the fine arts, in regions which prove friendly to the latter; and Benvenuto Cellini was no less excellent as a goldsmith and cannoneer than as one of the most bold and admirable sculptors of his age. To secure a high rank in society, as well as history, it is necessary that a people should do something more than provide a raw material. It is required of them to provide the genius also, which shall work the material up into forms and fabrics equally beautiful and valuable. This duty has been neglected by the South; abandoned to her enemies; and, in the train of this neglect and self-abandonment, a thousand evils follow, of even greater magnitude. The worst of these is a slavish deterrence to the will, the wit, the wisdom, the art and ingenuity of the people to whom we yield our manufactures; making it the most difficult thing in the world, even when our own people achieve, to obtain for them the simplest justice, even among themselves. We surrendered ourselves wholly into the hands of our Yankee brethren—most loving kinsmen that they are—and were quite content, in asserting the rank of *gentlemen*, to forfeit the higher rank of *men*. We were sunk into a certain imbecility,—read from their books, thought from their standards, shrunk from and submitted to their criticism—and, (No! we have not yet quite reached that point,—Walker still holding his ground in the South against Webster,) almost began to adopt their brogue! They dictated to our tastes and were alone allowed to furnish the proper regions for their exercise. Above all, their's was all the scenery; and the tour to Saratoga, West Point, Newport, Niagara, almost every season, was a sort of pilgrimage, as necessary to the eternal happiness of our race of “Softheads,” as ever was that made, once in a life, to Mecca, by the devout worshipper in the faith of Islam!

But, owing to causes already indicated, a change has

come over the spirit of that dream, which constituted too much the life of too large a portion of our wealthy gentry ; and the last summer, as we said before, left them at liberty to look about their own homes, and appreciate their own resources. The discoveries were marvellous ; the developments as surprising as those which followed the friction of the magic lamp in the hands of Aladdin. Encountered, on the opposite side of Mason and Dixon's Line, by the loathsome presence of Asiatic cholera and African abolition, they averted their eyes from these equally offensive aspects, and found a prospect, when looking backward upon the South, at once calculated to relieve their annoyances, and compensate admirably for all their privations. The tide of travel was fairly turned ; and, through the length and breadth of the land, in the several States of Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, and even Florida, nothing was to be seen but the chariots and the horsemen, the barge and the car, bearing to new and lately discovered retreats of health and freshness, the hungry wanderers after pleasure and excitement. For such an event, the country was almost totally unprepared. A few ancient places of resort excepted, the numerous points of assemblage had scarcely ever been indicated on the maps. The means for reaching them were rude and hastily provided. The roads were rough, and, with the vehicles employed to traverse them, admirably adapted to give wholesome exercise to rheumatic joints and dyspeptic systems. The craziest carriages were hastily put in requisition, to run upon the wildest highways. Paths, only just blazed out in the woods, conducted you to habitations scarcely less wild, of frames covered with clapboards,—queer-looking log tenements, unplastered chambers, and little uncouth cabins, eight by twelve—where pride, in the lap of quiet, at all events, if not of comfort, might learn upon what a small amount of capital a man may realize large results in health and independence. It was the strangest spectacle, in Georgia and South-Carolina, to see the thousands thus in motion along the highways, and thus rioting in rustic pleasures. Such cars and carriages, as bore the trooping adventurers, never figured in fashionable use before. You might see the railway trains, long and massive frames of timber, set on wheels, with unplanned benches, an interminable range, crowded with the living multitudes, wedged affectionately together, like herrings

in boxes—sorted, if not salted masses—without covering, speeding through sun by day, and rain by night, to the appointed places of retreat; and, strange to say, in the best of all possible humours with themselves and all mankind. A certain grateful determination to make the most of the novel *désagremens* of their situation, in acknowledgment of the substantial good, in healthy excitement, and moral compensation, which they enjoyed at home, operated to make cheerful all the aspects of the scene, and to afford a pleasing animation to the strangest combinations of society. Here encountered, to the common benefit, circles and cliques that had never before been subjected to attrition. The reserved gentleman of the lower country, nice, staid, proper and particular, was pleased to receive a freshening stimulus from the frank, free, eager and salient manners of the gentleman of the interior. The over-refined ladies of the city were enlivened by the informal, hearty, lively and laughing tempers of the buoyant beauties of the mountain and forest country. They shared equally in the benefits of the association. The too frigid and stately reserves of the one region were thawed insensibly by the genial and buoyant, the unsophisticated impulse of the other; while the latter, insensibly borrowed, in return, something of the elaborate grace, and the quiet dignity, which constitute the chief attractions of the former. The result has compassed something more than was anticipated by the several parties. Seeking only to waste a summer gratefully, to find health and gentle excitements,—the simple object of the whole,—they yet found more precious benefits in the unwonted communion. Prejudices were worn away, in the grateful attrition; new lights were brought to bear upon the social aspects of differing regions; thought was stimulated to fresh researches; and the general resources of the country, moral as well as physical, underwent a development, as grateful and encouraging as they were strange and wonderful to all the parties.

The *désagremens* of these extemporaneous progresses were not limited to bad roads and clumsy or crazy vehicles, rude dwellings, and the absence of the usual comforts upon which the gentry of the low country of the South, trained in English schools, are apt to insist with, perhaps, a little too much tenacity. We are compelled to make one admission, in respect to our interior, which

we do in great grief of heart and much vexation of spirit. If the *schoolmaster* is abroad, the *cook* is not ! Our *cuisine* is not well ordered in the forest country. The "*Physiologie de Gout*" has never there been made a text book, in the schools of culinary philosophy. We doubt if a single copy of this grave authority can be found in all the mountain ranges of the Apalachian. They have the grace and the gravy ; but these are not made to mingle as they should. The art which weds the vinegar and the oil, in happiest harmonies, so that neither is suffered to prevail in the taste, has never, in this region, commanded that careful study, or indeed consideration, which their union properly demands. The rank of the *cuisinier* is not properly recognized. The weight and importance of a grain of salt in the adjustment (shall we say *compromise* ?) of a *salade*, is, we grieve to say, not justly understood in our forest watering places ; and, skilful enough at a *julep* or a *sherry cobbler*, they betray but "'prentice han's" when a *steak*, or a *sauce*, is the subject of preparation. Monsieur Guizot, speaking in properly dignified language of the common sentiment of France, insists that she is the most perfect representative of the civilization of christendom. Of course, he bases her claims to this position entirely on the virtues of her *cuisine*. The moral of the nation comes from the kitchen. The "good digestion" which should "wait on appetite" must be impossible where the *chef-de cuisine* falls short of the philosopher as well as the man of science. Now, of all that philosophy, which prepares the food with a due regard, not only to the meats and vegetables themselves, the *graces* and the *gravies*, but to the temperaments of the consumers, we are sorry to confess that we have but little in our vast interior. Our mountain cooks think they have done every thing when they have murdered a *fillet of veal* or a *haunch of venison*,—sodden them in lard or butter, baked or boiled them to a condition which admirably resembles the pulpy masses of cotton rag, when macerated for paper manufacture,—and wonders to see you mince gingerly of a dish which he himself will devour with the savage appetite of a *Cumanche* ! You have seen a royal side of venison brought in during the morning, and laid out upon the tavern shambles ;—you have set your heart upon the dinner of that day. Fancy reminds you of the relish with which, at the St. Charles, in New-Orleans, or the Pulaski,

in Savannah, or the Charleston Hotel, you have discussed the exquisitely dressed loin, or haunch, done to a turn; the red just tinging the gravy, the meat just offering such pleasant resistance to the knife as leaves the intricate fibres still closely united, though shedding their juices with the eagerness of the peach, pressed between the lips in the very hour of its maturity;—or you see a fine “mutton” brought in, of the wild flavour of the hills; and you examine, with the eye of the epicure, the voluminous fat, fold upon fold, lapping itself lovingly about the loins. Leg, or loin, or saddle, or shoulder, suggests itself to your anticipation as the probable subject of noonday discussion. You lay yourself out for the argument, and naturally recur to the last famous dinner which you enjoyed with the reverend father, who presides so equally well at the Church of the St. Savori, and at his own excellent hotel in the Rue des Huitres. You remember all the company, admirable judges, every one of them, of the virtues and the graces of a proper feast. The reverend father, himself, belongs to that excellent school of which the English clergy still show you so many grateful living examples,—men whose sensibilities are not yielded to the barren empire of mind merely, but who bring thought and philosophy equally to bear upon the humble and too frequently mortified flesh. With the spectacle of the venerable host, presiding so gracefully and so amiably—the napkin tucked beneath his chin, and falling over the ample domain in which certain philosophers, with much show of reason, have found the mortal abiding place of the soul—you associate the happy action with which, slightly flourishing the bright steel before he smites, he then passes the scymitar-like edge into the rosy round before him. It is no rude or hurried act. He feels the responsibility of the duty. He has properly studied the relations of the parts. He knows just where to insinuate the blade; and the mild dignity with which the act is performed, reminds you of what you have seen in pictures, or read in books, of the sacrifices of the high priests and magi, at Grecian or Egyptian altars. What silence waits upon the stroke! and, as the warm blood gushes forth, and the rubied edges of the wound lie bare before your eyes, every bosom feels relieved! The augury has been a fortunate one, and the feast begins under auspices that drive all doubts, of what to-morrow may bring forth, entirely from the thought.

With such recollections kindling the imagination, our extempore hotels of the Apalachian regions will doom you to frequent disappointment. ' You see yourself surrounded by masses that may be boiled or roasted polypi for what you know. But where's the mutton and the venison? You call upon the landlord—a gaunt-looking tyke of the forest, who seems better fitted to hunt the game than take charge of its toilet. He is serving a score at once; with one hand heaping beef and bacon, with the other collards and cucumbers, into conflicting plates; and you fall back speechless, with the sudden dispersion of a thousand fancies of delight, as he tells you that the mutton, or the venison, which has been the subject of your reverie all the morning, lies before you in the undistinguishable mass that has distressed you with notions of the polypus and sea-blubber, or some other unknown monstrosities of the deep or forest. But the subject is one quite too distressing for dilation. We feel for our readers, and must forbear. But, we solemnly say to our Apalachian landlord, "Brother, this thing must be amended. You have no right to sport thus with the hopes, the health, the happiness of your guests. You have no right, in this way, to mortify your neighbours' flesh. Have you no sense of the evil which you are doing—no bowels of sympathy for those of other people? Is it pride, or indolence, or mere blindness and ignorance, which thus renders you reckless of what is due to humanity and society, and all that fine philosophy which the Roman epicure found essential to reconcile to becoming sensibilities the mere brutish necessities of the animal economy? You must import and educate your cooks. You must appreciate justly the morals of the kitchen. You must study with diligence, night and morning, the profound pages of the *Physiologie de Goût*; you must forswear those streams of lard, those cruel abuses of the flesh, those hard bakings of meats otherwise tender, those salt and savage soddenings of venison, otherwise sweet, those mountains of long collards, inadequately boiled, and those indigestible masses of dough, whether in the form of pies, or tarts, or biscuit, which need a yesty levity before they can possibly assimilate with the human system. We have often thought, seeing these heavy pasties upon your tables, that, if they could only command a voice, they would perpetually cry out to the needy and devouring guest, in the language of the

ghosts to hunchback Richard, 'Let us lie heavy on thy soul to-morrow!'"

So much by way of objurgation and exhortation. We have spoken now of all the disagreeables of travel in the South—all the natural consequences of the previous neglect, by our "Softheads," of the claims of their own country. The change in affairs which shall hereafter keep these at home, will, in a short period, work out its natural fruits; and, with the increased facilities of travel, with better roads and better vehicles, we shall no doubt see such improvements in the Apalachian cuisine, as will leave to the stomach no occasion for revolt. Let us proceed to take a rapid bird's eye glance of the several points of attraction in the Southern States of the Atlantic country.

Virginia, the Mother of States, will first claim our attention; but her points of attraction, to the seeker after health and the picturesque, are too well known to require much detail. As regards both, we have no doubt that Virginia will compare favourably with any region in the world. A portion of her territory on the east, that which skirts the sea and is penetrated by rivers running through low lands, is liable, in the absence of a dense population, to the debilitating chills and fever usual under such circumstances. In all other parts, a more bracing climate, a more invigorating and healthy atmosphere, does not spread beneath the cope of heaven; and, even in those regions which are sickly, a denser population, for the purposes of drainage and thorough tillage, is all that is necessary to render the climate as healthy as any portion of Long Island or Connecticut. Along the sea, who needs to be reminded of Old Point and Fortress Calhoun, the salubrious breezes and beauties of which reinvigorate the spent sages of the capital, after the brutal and harassing strifes, the cogging and cajoling cares, of a wearisome congressional session? Of what is historical and traditional, in the great rivers which glide from her bosom into the Atlantic, we have all the clues in our hands when we remember that last representative of the days of chivalry, singularly unfortunate in an unheroic name, John Smith; when we recall the mighty chief, Powhatan; his successor, still nobler than himself, the famous, fierce old Apalachian, Opechancanough; the lovely *natural* christian, Pocahontas; the lonely ruin of Jamestown, the de

caying nest of a bird that has reared a progeny so numerous as to cover the face of the land. Nor can we forget Mount Vernon, sacred to later histories, and destined for longer duration in sublimer memories. Richmond, as nobly situated as any city in the United States, an abode of grace and genius, may well arrest the footsteps of the wayfarer for a season, while tracing his route through the picturesque and grateful regions of Virginia. Its beauties have never received the full measure of justice at the hands of the author or the artist. The special places of retreat for health, and for the cure of disease, in Virginia, are better known, and are singularly numerous. Her several sulphur springs have a world-wide reputation. That of the White Sulphur, of Greenbriar, in especial, affords one of the most grateful watering places in America. The spot lies on the western declivity of the Alleghany, in a spacious valley, scooped out beautifully from the bosom of the sheltering mountains. Art has not yet striven, in rivalry with nature, in this exquisite and salubrious abode; she has sought only to render the latter fairly accessible to the examination, if not enjoyment, of the spectator. An ample province, of more than twelve thousand acres, admirably susceptible of improvement, will hereafter employ the agencies of taste and wealth, and give great increase to the singular attractions of the region in all respects; not the least of which is to be found in that frank, elegant, and high-toned society, which, with some small exceptions, can only, in the United States, be found in their Southern portions.

The Warm Springs, in Bath County, lie north-east, some forty miles from those of the White Sulphur. They occupy a sweet and fertile valley, a couple of guardian mountains on each hand, locking them in as so much precious treasure. The view from these mountain summits, conducting the eye over a thousand corresponding terraces, range upon range,—a vast ridge stretching away for more than fifty miles,—is one of the most commanding and impressive in the country. In the neighbourhood of these springs you have the famous “Blowing Cave,” described in Jefferson’s Notes; a curious miracle in nature, from which the wind, supplied by some secret Cyclopean bellows, rushes forth in a torrent which is almost irresistible. In the same lovely valley with the “Warm,” are the “Hot Springs,” of strong medicinal qualities and greatly popu-

lar. The Grayson Sulphur Springs, in Carroll County, are of recent reputation, and rising still in favour. They are supposed to be of much efficacy in rheumatism and dyspepsia. Rising on the west side of the blue Ridge, the site partakes of all the physical characteristics of Harper's Ferry. The scenery is bold and grand, marked by a peculiar wildness, and warmly exciting to the imaginative and romantic nature. Jordan's White Sulphur Springs have recently risen into favour. They are said to resemble those of Greenbriar. They are in the County of Frederick, a few miles north of the town of Winchester. The Shannondale Springs are beautifully situated upon the Shenandoah, in Jefferson County. The Blue Ridge peers above them at the distance of a few miles only.

Such are the chief watering places of Virginia. Their attractions equally include health and beauty. They appeal at once to the invalid and the man of taste. Here, a salubrious atmosphere woos the languid and the wearied frame, while a genial society appeals to the moral, and the most glorious landscapes enkindle the imaginative, nature. Here, too, the society is mostly secure from that vulgar impertinence which, at Northern watering places, presuming entirely upon its wealth,—wealth suddenly acquired, without a corresponding acquisition of good manners—for there is no royal road to good taste and good behaviour—outrages a proper sensibility by a constant obtrusion of familiarity without grace, and a pert conceit and confidence, without any redeeming traits of talent or character. You may be safe here from that freedom which looks over your letters while you write or read them, or darts into your circle without so much as asking, "By your leave, gentlemen?" You are secure, also, from those pestiferous reporters for the scandal press, which feeds the prurient appetites of its readers by details of the way in which you eat, drink, sleep, sing, laugh, talk, walk or ride,—perverting what you say or do, your most innocent performances, and discussing the merits of your wife and daughter, as if they were bales of merchandize, or, at best, the busts and pictures in the studio of the artist,—things in the market, which the purchaser may freely discuss before he buys. Puppydom, of this sort, in these regions, exercises its faculties always in peril of the horsewhip. It is marvellous, if it ever

ventures here, how suddenly circumspect it becomes, in flat contradiction to all its usual tastes and habits.

But one would do great injustice to the motives of travel in Virginia, who should confine his view entirely to the fashionable watering places. Would you see this glorious old State in all her majesty, get yourself a stout hackney; adopt the preference of the Virginian himself, for the saddle, rather than the coach or buggy; and strike off from the ordinary routes, following the bridle path rather than the highway, and pursuing your sublimely solitary progress among gigantic towers and vast piles of mountain, where the precipice yawns beside your path, and the cascade, a virgin beauty, leaps, fearless in its living loveliness, into the mysterious gulphs that receive it in jealous and affectionate embrace below. Who needs be told of the pass of the river of Powhatan, where it breaks through the mighty towers of the Alleghany?—an awful gap, with the walls of granite closing it on either hand, while the stream, forcing its way over its thousand barriers of rock, sends up a perpetual roar, the voices of a strife enduring through a thousand ages! Who forgets what Jefferson has said of the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, at Harper's Ferry—that the sight is worth a voyage across the Atlantic! “You stand, says he, on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of a mountain a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.” Would you enjoy a wondrous mountain prospect?—there are the Peaks of Otter, an empire in the air, with a world of empire at its feet, on the summit of which John Randolph lay a night in deep watch and religious musing, filled with sublime convictions, and crying aloud, as the sun rose upon his vision in the morning, “Henceforth, let no man say to me there is no God!” Would you be reminded of “those days when there were giants in the land?” Visit the Cyclopean towers—seven mighty forms grouped together, near the Augusta Springs, in the county of the same name. Weyer's cave, in the same county, is one of the great wonders of the world, comparable with the famous grotto of Antiparos. Pursue the track of the Great Kanawha, and meditate sublime fancies at the foot

of that wondrous natural monument, now called Marshall's pillar. The ice mountain of Hampshire is another of these remarkable works of nature, which it behooves you to visit;—the natural tunnel of Scott County, still more wonderful—and the mammoth mound at Grave Creek,—a trophy of primitive art as full of mysteries as the pyramids of the Egyptian!

Time will not suffer us to linger in Virginia, though her wonders and beauties of nature, and attractions of society, are such as might well beguile us, summer after summer, with no wish to pass beyond her borders. The route, farther south, may be found along the sea, or continued over the mountains. The more easy progress, for the invalid or unadventurous, will be found in rail-road and steamboat progress to Charleston. Thence you may proceed, still in part by rail-road, either into North-Carolina or Georgia. In taking our way to the Old North State, we are somewhat assisted by one of the volumes contained in our rubric. Mr. Lanman's "Letters from the Alleghanies" is the most recent, and almost the only contribution of this sort to the stock of our knowledge in relation to this region. The very useful book of the Rev. Mr. Foote, his "Sketches" of the history of that State, has not been designed with any regard to its picturesque of physique. Mr. Lanman, though a pleasant, is a hasty and careless writer, who is quite too hurried to be satisfactory—to assure himself, or greatly to assist the curiosity of others. He gave himself quite too little time to see much, or to see it thoroughly. What he does report is calculated to stimulate desire, and so far it is useful. He is not an ambitious or refined writer, but is simple, clear, and sufficiently direct—sees good humouredly, and this is next to seeing philosophically, and sometimes succeeds in making as good a picture in his narrative as he does upon the canvas;—his profession being that of the landscape painter. We thank him for what he has done,—with all its imperfections,—and forgive an occasional blunder, in fact or in philosophy, in consideration of the good faith, and evidently good meaning, in which he makes it. We shall continue our route into North-Carolina by the mountains, avoiding that which he pursued by way of South-Carolina and Georgia.

North-Carolina has too frequently suffered from the disparagement of superficial wits and travellers. Her mis-

fortune chiefly arises from the same cause which has injured her two sisters on either hand. She has been one of the great maternal States of the South-west. Her young men have been drawn from her by incessant emigration. A sparse population has impaired the strength, and lessened the enterprise, if not the virtues, of her society. Morally, she is one of the noblest States of the confederacy. She has no debts, and will incur none. Her paths are those of peace and prudence. Her enterprise is curbed by a jealous honesty and circumspection, which trembles to do wrong. The habits of her people are simple and unsophisticated. They are manly and hospitable; as true and fearless as those of any people in the South; and as firm and tenacious when committed to a cause. They may be relied upon as friends. They are to be feared as enemies. Her yeomanry belong to the same sturdy, unaffected, hospitable classes which occupy the great interior of Virginia, South-Carolina and Georgia; and the events that shall array the people of the latter States in action, will find her's ranging along with them, prepared to partake the same destinies. The chief want of North-Carolina is that of a large commercial mart. Her facilities of trade have hitherto been few, and the impulse which, in States, is derivable mostly from commerce, has been denied to her condition. Her railroads have been gradually repairing this deficiency.

As a resort for summer travel, North-Carolina presents a field scarcely less ample than Virginia. Her mountain regions are quite as salubrious, nay, absolutely perfect in their salubrity. Her medicinal springs are only less famous, but not less deserving. She is less accessible to the traveller, and this is the great want under which she labours. The facilities which shall open to us the doors to the gigantic avenues among her mountains, are yet to be provided. The railways, which South-Carolina and Georgia are rapidly extending to her granite borders, will supply, in some degree, these facilities; and, in the mean time, let the traveller adopt the Virginia method, and employ the saddle rather than the coach. On horseback, he can penetrate to a thousand retreats of health and beauty, which he would not otherwise reach; and acquire a wondrous vigour and elasticity of heart and frame, by an average progress, over the Apalachian terraces in her domain, of thirty-three miles per day. He may effect no

small progress, as Mr. Lanman did, in incidental pedestrian journeyings. This will certainly be the process if he be an artist. Mr. Lanman's route in North-Carolina was from Trail Mountain, in Georgia, to the Owassa, or (as we write it, and prefer to write it, in spite of our traveller,) the Hiwassee, a tributary of the Tennessee; thence along the valley river which empties into the Hiwassee; thence across the spurs of the Nantihala, which, according to our traveller, means "Woman's Bosom." Pursuing his course in this region, he gets glimpses of Bald and Whiteside Mountain,—the latter otherwise called the Devil's Court House—a granite cliff, smooth-faced for half a mile, and twelve hundred feet high,—the very sight from which makes the head swim and the heart sink. By passing over a span of rock, but two feet in width, which overhangs the precipice, you may reach a cave in the summit of this mountain; an enterprise of so much peril, so well calculated to inspire awe and trepidation, that but one man was ever known to undertake it. His perils, on the occasion, did not arise merely from the narrowness of his bridge—one which reminds us of Al Sirat, the Muslim bridge to Paradise. When approaching the mouth of the cave, our explorer encountered a huge bear just making from it. Fortunately, the surprise of the bear was quite as great as his own; the animal being so startled at such unusual invasion, that he leapt the precipice and was dashed to pieces: but the man was so much terrified at the danger he had escaped, as to be compelled to remain some hours before he could so quiet his nerves as to venture his return.

Mr. Lanman wandered along the borders of the Tuskeedja, a sinuous and beautiful river. He next visited the Smoky Mountain, which stands, the loftiest of a large Anak brotherhood, upon the dividing line between North-Carolina and Tennessee. The scenery of this single neighbourhood he describes in warmest language. One of its wonders is the Alum Cave, a remarkable cavern, of rare qualities, extending near four hundred feet in depth, and, with the roof, stretching above, at a height of fifty or sixty feet. The scenery along Pigeon River reminds our traveller of the upper valley of the Mohawk. It is probably much more wild. He next finds himself at Deane's Sulphur Springs, a very popular watering place, equally attractive for the medicinal properties of the wa-

ter, and for the beauty of the scenery. Mr. Lanman is pleased to bestow his tribute upon the style of entertainment at Deane's, by saying it is "worthy of Saratoga." Saratoga fiddlestick! Mount Pisgah and other mountains claim his admiration; and, as a landscape painter, he deserves to be listened to on such subjects. The Hickory Nut Gap compels his worship, but his portraiture of it is scarcely in proof of his enthusiasm or his powers. We should have preferred to see him put it on canvas rather than in print. Here is what he says upon one of the most lovely landscapes that the world can show—a scene in which the sweet and the sublime, the grand and the beautiful, are so admirably harmonized, that awe mingles with desire, and the sense of fear tends rather to heighten the sense of love, as beauty in the torrent so often clings fondly to the side of terror.

"The entire length of the gap is about nine miles, and the last five miles are watered by the Rocky Broad River. The upper part of this stream runs between the Blue Ridge proper and a spur of the Blue Ridge, and at the point where it forces a channel through the spur its bed is exceedingly rocky, and on either hand, until it reaches the middle country of the State, it is protected by a series of mountain bluffs. That portion of the gorge which might be called the gateway is at the eastern extremity. From any point of view this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap being not more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full *twenty-five hundred feet*, it is nearly perpendicular, and, midway up its front, stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, which is of a circular form, and resembles the principal turret of a stupendous castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large proportion of the bluff in question positively hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it could possibly be made by the rains of uncounted centuries. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds; and in a neighbouring brook near the base of this precipice are three shooting waterfalls, at the foot of which, formed out of the solid stone, are three holes, which are about ten feet in diameter, and measure from forty to fifty feet in depth. But, leaving these remarkable features entirely out of the question, the mountain scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful and fantastic as any I have yet witnessed among the Alleghanies. At a farm-house near the gap, where I spent a night, I had the pleasure of meeting an English gentleman and tourist, and he informed me that, though

he had crossed the Alps in a number of places, yet he had never seen any mountain scenery which he thought as beautiful as that of the Hickory Nut Gap. My best view of the gorge was from the eastward, and just as the sun, with a magnificent retinue of clouds, was sinking directly in the hollow of the hills, and as I gazed upon the prospect, it seemed to me as was in reality the case, that I stood at the very threshold of an almost boundless wilderness of mountains."

According to Mr. Lanman, the Indian name of the "French Broad," which he next visits, was "Pse-li-co." This is a mistake, which we rather ascribe to the printer than the author. We have usually understood it to be "Tse-li-ca," the stress being on the second syllable. Of this river, and this name, we have an Indian tradition, which our limits will not suffer us here to relate. Speaking of the river Tselica, or French Broad, Mr. Lanman says,

"Judging of the whole, by a section of fifty miles, lying westward of Ashville, it must be considered one of the most beautiful rivers in this beautiful land."

He might have said with safety, "in *any* land!"

"In running the distance above mentioned, it has a fall of nearly fifteen hundred feet, and its bed seems to be entirely composed of solid rock. In depth it varies from five to fifteen feet. . . Its shores are particularly wild and rocky, for the most part nearly perpendicular, varying from one to four hundred (twelve hundred and two thousand) feet in height, and though usually covered with vegetation, they present frequent cliffs of granite, freestone and blue limestone, which actually droop over the rushing waters, and present a most imposing appearance. With regard to its botanical curiosities, it can safely be said that a more fruitful and interesting valley can nowhere be found in the Union. Here we have not only every variety of American forest trees, but bushes, plants, flowers and vines in the greatest profusion and of the most vigorous growth; many of the grape vines, which weigh down the mighty sycamore, seem to be long enough, and strong enough, to link together a hundred ships of war. When it is remembered, too, that the air is constantly heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and tremulous with the perpetual roar of the stream, it may readily be imagined that a ride down the French Broad is a unique pleasure."

This description affords but a faint idea of the startling beauties of this remarkable river, which, by the way, is of two great arteries, either of which will well reward the sight-seeker, the artist, and the student, though Mr. La-

mar seems to have pursued but one. Our traveller's imagination does not glow with passion, or he would not have dismissed this region with so much frigidity. He is but a feeble portrayer of the emotional. He fails always to give you the effect which the scene has had upon himself. Yet it would seem impossible for the least susceptible nature not to be "startled, raised, refined," by the wild passage of this peculiar river through the mighty bulwarks, which have been torn in twain, by the most terrible convulsions, in order that the stream might find its way to freedom. We shall never forget, though, we should be quite unable to describe the effect made upon ourselves, the first sights and sounds of this sublime passage. We travelled by night from Asheville, on the route to the Warm Springs. We reached the river, along whose margin thence the road proceeds, about the dawn of day. In the vague and misty twilight, the first flashings of the foaming torrent rose in sight, and, as the opposite shores could not be distinguished at that early hour, and in consequence of the heavy mist which overhung them, the illusion was perfect which persuaded us that we were once more on the borders of the great Atlantic Sea. These curling, flashing, white billows, reeking up and rolling over, and wallowing one after another, upon the shore, were the combing surfs upon our sandy islets along the eastern coast. The illusion was wonderfully aided by the deep and solemn roar of the perpetually chiding billows. They were the identical voices of the sea that we heard—as if these themselves were not properly natives of the deep, but mountain voices, torn away from their proper homes, and perpetually wailing their exode in a chaunt which is mournful enough to be that of exile. It was only in the full breadth of day that we could scan the boundaries beyond, and justly appreciate the wild grandeur of the route along which we sped. Our road, an excellent one for the mountains, is cut out along the very margin of the river. Occasionally, there is no ledge to protect you from the steep. The track does not often admit of two carriages abreast; and huge, immovable boulders sometimes contract, to the narrowest measures, the pathway for the single one. You wind along the precipice with a perpetual sense of danger, which increases the sublimity of the scene. The river, meanwhile, boils, and bounds, and rages at your feet, tossing in strange

writhings over the fractured masses of the rock, plunging headlong, with a groan, into great cavities between, now fretting over a long line of barrier masses, now leaping, with a surging hiss, down sudden steppes, which it approaches unprepared. Beyond, you note the perpendicular heights, stern, dark, jagged, impending, a thousand feet in air. You find yourself suddenly in a cavernous avenue; look up, and behold an enormous boulder, thrust out from the mountain sides, hanging completely over you like a mighty atlantean roof, but such a roof as threatens momentarily to topple down in storm and thunder on your head. And thus, with a sense keenly alive to the startling aspects in the forms around you, the superior grandeur of the heights, the proof which they everywhere present that the volcano and the torrent have but recently done their work of convulsion and revolution, you hurry on for miles, relieved occasionally by scenes of a strangely sweet beauty in the stream;—when the waters subside to calm; when they no longer hiss, and boil, and rage, and roar, in conflict with the masses whose bonds they have broken; and when, leaping away into an even and unruffled flow, they seem to sleep in lakes whose edges bear fringes of flowery vines, and the loveliest floral tangles, from which you may pluck at seasons the purplest berries, drooping to the very lips of the waters. Sometimes, these seeming lakes gather about the prettiest islets, such as prompt you to fancy abodes such as the English fairies delighted to explore, and where, indeed, the Cherokee has placed a class of spirits, with strange mysterious powers, who were acknowledged to maintain a singular influence over the red man's destinies. A landscape painter, of real talent, would find along the two great stems of the French Broad, or Tselica, a thousand pictures, far superior to any thing which Yankee manufacture has ever yet gathered from the banks of the Hudson, or the groups of the Catskill.

Of the Warm Springs, which still indicate the near neighbourhood of those volcanic fires by which the passage of the Tselica was opened through its barrier mountains, Mr. Lanman might have made a pleasant chapter. But he gives us only a paragraph. These springs

“Are thirty-six miles from Asheville, and within six of the Tennessee line.” There are several of them, the largest being “covered with a house, and divided into two equal apartments, either

one of which is sufficiently large to allow of a swim. The temperature of the water is 105 degrees, and it is a singular fact, that rainy weather has a tendency to increase the heat, but it never varies more than a couple of degrees. All the springs are directly on the southern margin of the French Broad; the water is clear as crystal, and so heavy that even a child may be thrown into it with little danger of being drowned. As a beverage, the water is quite palatable, and it is said that some people can drink a number of quarts per day, and yet experience none but beneficial effects. The diseases which it is thought to cure are palsy, rheumatism, and cutaneous affections. The Warm Springs are annually visited by a large number of fashionable and sickly people, from all the Southern States, and the proprietor has comfortable accommodations for two hundred and fifty people. His principal building is of brick, and the ball-room is 230 feet long. Music, dancing, flirting, wine-drinking, riding, bathing, fishing, scenery-hunting, bowling and reading are all practiced here to an unlimited extent; but, what is more exciting than all these pleasures put together, is the rare sport of deer-hunting."

The Painted Rocks, one of the curiosities of the neighbourhood, receives briefly our traveller's attention; but he overlooks "the chimneys," which are not less curious. We find him next at the Black Mountain, which is supposed to be the greatest mountain elevation east of the Mississippi. It is really seven thousand feet high, and may well deserve the name of the monarch of the Appalachian range. The valley of the Swannanoah, a charming mountain nymph of the most capricious beauty, a tributary of the Tselica, wins the passing homage of our traveller, as it might well do. It has frequently commanded ours. And Bald Mountain gives him occasion to tell the story of the crazy hermit, David Greer, who was its patriarch possessor, and who wrote sundry wild treatises on religion and government, such as might well accord with a country such as he occupied, where every animal but man was in his dominion. But we must not longer accompany the footsteps of our author, who, in his hasty and superficial manner, gives us many glimpses of other spots of rare beauty, such as we have already glimpsed at. What we have further to say, in respect to the pleasant and picturesque among the resources of the old North State, must be briefly gathered from our own experience.

Let the explorer adopt the plan pursued by us, seek the same regions and be always content with the same sort

of society, and we confidently promise him a summer of the most pleasurable and healthy excitement. We have crossed the mountains at the gaps of Saluda and Mount Tryon, passing through Flat Rock and Asheville. Flat Rock, by the way, to those who seek for society only, may well detain the refined and educated traveller. It is one of the most exquisitely placed of all the mountain villages of the United States. We can scarcely recal one, the charms and advantages of whose mere location is comparable to it; occupying grouped ledges of the mountains, in proper relation to each other, with valleys scooped out between, and winding paths, conducting to habitations, each of which has its special ledge, and keeps it almost entirely alone. The society here exhibits the highest polish of the Atlantic cities. The amenities are tenaciously observed; and, if there be any fault at all, it is in that want of the salient, which is necessary to relieve the monotony of mere polish—the fastidiousness which grows out of an extreme refinement being but too apt to deprive society of all proper piquancy. For this you must go beyond. You must do as we have done. Pass resolutely through the well settled regions, and, mounted on stout mountain steeds or ponies, having supplied yourselves with pack mules or horses, and summoned all the professional hunters to your aid, push beyond all the limits of civilization. We were singularly fortunate in pursuing this plan. Having the advantage of friends and kinsmen along the border limits of South-Carolina, we made our provision through their assistance, and directed our progress by their experience. We carried our baggage wagon and supplies. We gathered some famous hunters—men to the manner born—one fully seventy years of age, lithe yet and vigorous, whose cabin was perched among the loneliest cliffs of the Hogback Mountain. These came with their eternal long rifles, and their dogs, a peculiar breed,—the friends and companions, as well as the willing subjects of the owner. With these we pushed into the great billows of that sea of mountains which rolls upward and away from the borders of South and North Carolina, towards Tennessee and Virginia. We crossed the heights to which Mr. Lanman only looked up. We planted our tents among their valleys. The Black, Balsam, and other mountains yielded us our game; and, hunting for bear and venison by day, we slept by night at

their feet, with occasionally the howl of the wolf or the scream of the panther, sent down, as the proper music of the scene, from the lonely peaks above. Here, when the day was ended, we lay beside the fires with our hunters, and listened to the story of their lives, taking notes by the way, and accumulating a rare mass of mountain chronicle, which we may hereafter employ in other pages. In this way we whiled away a summer, conscious only of a pleasurable excitement, and never of fatigue. On the first day of October—such is one of the records in our note book—we picked our way to the top of one of the loftiest peaks east of the Mississippi, feeding on huckleberries at every step, the vast tracts of which spread from the base to the summit of the mountain. A thousand acres of huckleberries, at a single glance, was no ordinary spectacle.

Would you change the ground, and continue your route into South-Carolina? This is easy, and you will find it equally, or more abundant, in results. It is surprising what resources of beauty and sublimity in landscape are possessed by all these sister states. The same great ranges of the Apalachian; with the same varieties of form, the same curiosities of nature, the same lovely associations of the sublime, the terrible, the beautiful, are to be found in every day's progress. To pass from the stupendous summits of North, to those of South-Carolina, is but a step. But you may probably prefer to reverse the route—to take the latter State first, and move upward from the sea. You may linger profitably for weeks in the neighbourhood of Charleston. For a sea prospect, and the luxurious delights which accompany it, in a large, liberal and polished society, Sullivan's Island is surpassed nowhere along the Atlantic coast. There is not a finer beach in all the Union, and the associations, historical, traditional and social, are such as will admirably compensate the seeker. But you will find all these recorded in the book of Father A'bot, the proper hand-book of this region, to which we commend you.

Were it the winter, or spring season, which the traveller would employ, the parish country along the seaboard of South-Carolina, with a range of a hundred miles upward, would afford him ample sources of recreation and objects of interest, at once highly attractive and peculiar. The modes of life among the luxurious planters of this region,

the elegancies of society, the charm of manners, the presence of fine literary tastes, and the voice of the *genius loci*, speaking through scenes of eminent traditional and historical interest, might well compensate the loiterer who should devote a season to these precincts. But, leaving these for the present, as not calculated to attract in mid-summer, we proceed to the upper tier of districts, which belong to the mountain regions. We speed to Greenville, Spartanburg or Pendleton, points from which you may diverge to a thousand spots of a scenery not surpassed in any of the sister States. On your route, you pause at Glenn's Springs, one of the most fashionable of the watering places of South-Carolina. These springs belong to the same family, the members of which are scattered throughout all the South, in parallel regions, from Virginia to Mississippi. They possess the same general characteristics, and are probably equally medicinal, being impregnated more or less with sulphur, magnesia and salts. At Glenn's Springs you will make the acquaintance of the gentry of the middle and upper country generally, with a slight sprinkling of others from the seaboard. The former are here in considerable numbers throughout the season. You will find them equally courteous, intelligent and frank; easy in their manners, and prompt and graceful in their hospitalities. From this point the transition is easy to Spartanburg, a region of perfect health throughout, lying beautifully for farming, and remarkably well settled. Here you find other medicinal waters, the Cedar, the Pacolet, Limestone and Sulphur Springs, each of which has its advocates, though their visitors are much less numerous than those of Glenn's. The Pacolet, and other falls and rapids, are objects of great curiosity; and the famous battle-field of the Cowpens affords a point of great attraction to him who loves to seek out the memorials of the Revolution. But, if the object be mountain scenery, the traveller will speed for Greenville, which lies adjoining, to the north and west. The village of this name is a beauty among villages, and its cascade of Reedy River, which skirts the settlement, affords numerous subjects for the painter. In the northeast angle of the district, however, you find bolder pictures, where the beautiful blends with the sublime, and informs the imagination with images at once of the stupendous and the sweet. The Hogback Mountain, a cragged and perilous ascent,

that might find a more suitable name, is the first of a lordly brotherhood of heights, which enshrine a thousand scenes of the terrible and lovely. Adjoining it, you have the Glassy Moun'tain, so named because of the glazed beauty of its rocky sides, trickling with perpetual water, in the sunlight. The waters which flow from these mountains form the sources of the Tyger and the Pacolet. Here, also, you have the Saluda and Panther Mountains, and, above all, the wonderful rocky cliff and precipice of Cæsar's Head—a name given to it from a remarkable profile, which, at one view, the crag presents, of a human, which might be a Roman, face. Sachem's Head would be much more appropriate to the aboriginal locality, as the profile is quite as proper to the Indian as the Roman type of face. As the name of the Indian priest in the Southern States was Iawa, this title would seem a not inappropriate one to the stern, prophet-like image which this rock affords. The mountain itself is an entire mass of granite, rising abruptly from the valley, through which a turbulent river hurries upon its way. From the precipice, on this quarter, you have one of the most magnificent prospects that the world can show. Standing upon the edge of the cliff, your eye courses, without impediment, to the full extent of its vision, leaving still regions beyond, which the fancy spreads out illimitably beneath your feet. Apart from the sublime emotions of such a scene, from such a spot, the sense of danger is enlivened when you discover that the mountain rises erect from a base seemingly quite too slender for its support, while an awful fissure divides the mass from top to bottom, detaching an immense mass, that threatens momentarily to go down in thunder upon the unconscious valley. The Head of Cæsar, or the Iawa, is in some peril of serious abrasion, if not demolition, in the natural progress of events.

But, Pendleton is the district of South-Carolina most affluent in curiosities of this description. The Table Rock is one of the wonders of the Apalachian range. It rears its colossal front of granite—an isolated mass, perpendicular as a wall—more than eleven hundred feet in height, with a naked face of more than six hundred feet. The precipice is on the eastern side. It is ascended, on this side, by means of a ladder or steps of wood, fastened with iron clamps to the stone, and with several stagings compassing the perpendicular height. You literally hang

in air. You look down, with a shudder, upon the awful chasm a thousand feet below. Your ladder shakes—its steps are in decay—occasionally one has disappeared—and your heart sinks momentarily, rendering necessary the encouragements of your guide. The great black wall glistens with the descending streams, which the sun coins into brilliants as fast as they scatter into spray. Go below—look up—and your soul rises with the majesty of prayer. On the western side, a stream darts away, headlong, with great speed—as a doe pursued by the hunters, whom you may fancy you see in the five cascades which bound off, from as many quarters, on a like course, all striving equally for the Oolenoe, one of the tributaries of the Saluda, in which they are all finally lost. But, the chase is continued daily. There is still a doe to fly, and still as many hunters to pursue. The mountain, on this side, is well wooded, and is thus in remarkable contrast with the naked wall of rock in the opposite quarter. You gain the top of the rock, and find a rude square or platform. The wonders increase around you. Here is another rock, which is the giant's stool, as the mountain itself is his table. You may fancy a dinner party of Gog and Magog, and, if you sleep and dream, may conjure up images of a feast, where your chance is to be eaten last, unless, like Ulysses, you can succeed in couching the eye of your feeder. Your fancies will be greatly helped by the proofs around you of unknown races. You are shown the tracks of gigantic feet, beasts, birds and men, which may be those of elephant or tortoise—both are insisted upon—or the result of the natural attrition of water in the rock, which you may find it quite as pleasant to believe. Passing to the verge of the precipice, you feel, with Natty Bumppo, that you see creation. A cedar tree, for years, was the terminus, beyond which no foot was set. It grew in a crevice of the rock, and overhung the precipice. It was the ordinary trial of the adventurer's courage to clasp this tree in his embrace, and swing over the chasm. But, the tree perished, finally, and the feat is performed no longer. You sit and gaze; but it will require some time before the eye opens fully upon its vast possessions. To the north and east, your view is bounded by the Alleghanies, of which the rock upon which you recline is one of the barrier mountains. On all other sides, Nature seems happily to repose in the embrace of Beauty.

Vale and field, and river and cascade, and lonely peaks of kindred granite, employ and persuade the satisfied glance from side to side. Your eye communes with the Glassy and Hogback Mountains, in Greenville; sweeping over Spartanburg, to the east, it rests on King's Mountain, famous for the defeat of Ferguson, in the Revolution; next, in quick succession, you range from the Saluda Mountains to the Panther, Cæsar's Head, the Dismal, the Estado and Oolenoe; and, with the eye thus travelling west, you grasp the castellated heights of the Currahee, in Georgia.

Immediately in the rear of the Table Rock is that of Estado, foolishly called the Sassafras. This is a still higher eminence than the former. From its bosom gushes forth the waters of the Estado, which fertilize the beautiful valley of the same name. From this peak, you gain other prospects of grandeur and beauty on the west and north. The heights are fantastically called "the Chimney Stack," and "the Devil's Court." The smaller ranges, through which pour the numerous head waters of Chatuga and Keowee, contain many other treasures. Farms and villages, and a boundless stretch of country, inspire convictions of vast and various beauties in rock and valley, such as must need reward taste and curiosity. The Vale of Jocassee is among these treasures, which the mountain barriers enshrine as in a casket. It is worthy to compare with any in Thessaly. The Vale of Tempe was only superior in its arts and statues. That may be allowed to speak for the past; our valley declares for the present and the future. Here, Nature is allowed to do every thing. Jocassee is still a damsel of the aborigines. The valley, not more than a mile in breadth, is yet several miles in length. Through its centre, like a silver ribbon trembling through a purple sky, steals one of the most gentle and most pellucid of waters. At a single spot, the stream is spanned by a light and graceful bridge; while, here and there, and every where, indeed, its banks are fringed, and its waters overhung, by the most luxuriant shrubs, vines and wild flowers. Here is the bay, with its white and fragrant blossoms; the ivy, with its bright-embracing tendrils; the laurel, with its stately magnificence and green. Shadowy copse and open lawn diversify the surface of the valley: intricate woodland paths mystify pleasantly by circuitous progresses, only to open upon wav-

ing and highly-cultivated fields. At proper points, fitly placed to arrest the gaze that would wander, peeps out the trim white cottage from its little familiar empire of shrubbery and garden; and the whole sweet and happy world in little, thus described, is closely sheltered from the intrusive world—save at its southern entrance, which opens to the always-welcome breezes from that quarter—by a royal range of shadow-keeping mountains—steadfast and silent guardians, that never leave their places of watch—immovable sentinels, whose great green plumes you behold, night and day, still waving upon their brows in token of their solemn watchfulness.

At the head of the Jocassee are two cascades, of a beauty harmonizing sweetly with the general aspects of the valley. The one belongs to the main stem of the Jocassee river, and approaches the line of North-Carolina. The river precipitates itself from a rocky ledge, which overhangs its base so greatly that you have a cavernous and dry pathway below, between the waters and the rock. You look up, from this situation, and you are seized with fear and trembling. The illusion presents you with the rock itself in descent. It is not the waters, but the mountain, that seems rushing down upon you; and you retreat in safety, but with a feeling that persuades you still that you have narrowly escaped a great danger. This insignificant cascade falls from a height greater than that of Niagara. Were the mass of falling water greater—did it empty lakes instead of mountain streamlets—the world would contain no greater curiosity. As it is, the scene is one of the most beautiful to be found in the South.

The other fall is that of the White Water, otherwise called the Charashilactay. Of this beautiful mountain nymph, our painters have given us several fine pictures. One hangs before us now, from the pencil of a native artist. Rushing forward eagerly to join the Jocassee, near the northern extremity of the valley, the Charashilactay darts over a slope and continues its headlong tumble for nearly three hundred yards, in foamy and fearful conflict, all the while, with the fractured masses and the great hollows through which it has torn its way. But we could crowd chapters with details, and supply cabinets with endless sketches of the rare, the wonderful, the grand and the beautiful, to be found within the immediate

precincts of this most lovely valley. We must not forget to allude to the Toxaway, a pellucid Indian river, whose mournful murmur seems evermore to lament the fate of the primitive inhabitants. Here, in these sweet retreats, guarded by these mighty mountains, stood a happy village of the red men. Their restless young warriors, in one of their wild expeditions, gave provocation to the white man, and brought his troops upon them. The only pass into the valley was kept by a drowsy watchman, who perished while he slept. No alarm was given; the village was surprised, and the peaceful hamlet given to the flames.

But, we must hasten, warned by our limits that we shall have but little space to do justice to the exquisite scenery of our sister State of Georgia. Still, we cannot leave this region of South-Carolina without a glance at another of its sylvan beauties. Let us hurry to the mountains of Saluda, and look at the falls, vulgarly called Slicking—a corruption, in all probability, of the Indian word, Salicana. Some eight miles from this glassy cataract, you find the nearest stopping-place or inn. The road thence, leads, as the traveller chooses, over the Table Rock, which we have already visited, or by another route to the right. In our own visit, the latter, as the nearer route, was taken. From the piazza of your inn, you have a magnificent view of Table mountain on the north. A beautiful valley, at the foot of this mountain, is prettily styled “The Valley of the Cove.” It is almost envired by the Saluda, which winds about it—a stream of moderate size—on the northern side. Our course, for a while, pursued the margin of this stream—sometimes it led us through it. At length, we reached a cottage at the foot of the Saluda Mountain, and in close proximity to the falls—let us call them the Salicana—which leap down its rugged sides. We may mention, however, while thus seeking, as we think, to restore the Indian title, that our hostess, speaking of the subject, insisted that they were called Slicking, for the excellent reason that they so *sleekly* tumbled over. But, this would apply to every cataract. The waters accumulate amidst the meanderings of the Slicking River, and do not seem to get on very sleekly until they take their final plunge. Saluda Mountain, at the falls, lies within the district of Greenville, some thirty miles from its district town. The fall is the boast of all this section of the State, and is, indeed, well-

deserving of its reputation. You ascend the mountain on foot. Some breath, and a frequent pause, is required for the task. You follow the windings of the river, and, after a stride of a quarter of a mile, you reach what is called "The Trunk," it being the point of junction for two separate branches of the stream. Either of these branches you may pursue in your further progress. The space between them gradually increases, as you ascend, and they are widely asunder at the summit. Between the two, you hear the perpetual music of their rushing waters, like rival voices—deep calling unto deep—and seeming to regulate their mutual sounds in the recognition of an equal sympathy. They both abound in cascades, which cry, at intervals, loudly to each other, doubtless, even, when there are no listeners—so profligate are they of their music. The right hand arm of the stream is much the most preferred by visitors, as being much the most impressive and picturesque. "The Trunk," by the way, must not be passed impatiently; though your better plan will be to examine it on your return. Here, you may sit and ponder, equally busy with thought and eye. Here, you may witness, at once, the marriage of the two streams, and the ardour with which they precipitate themselves, at the same moment, to a fond embrace in the delicious bed below. This lies some seventy feet perpendicularly down, and would have done for Sappho as effectually as Leucadia. Find your way to it, without following the example of the cascade or the poetess. It is easy to do so. The path is quite accessible to a patient spirit and tolerably sure foot. Nay, for that matter, you need not be too cautious; only, do not hurry yourself, lest you lose some of the precious beauties of the scene. The place is full of them. And, now, that you are at the basin, stop and take breath. Sit and survey. Recline and meditate. It is a refuge quite as sweet and secure as that of Rasselas in the Happy Valley. It is the very paradise of shade and sensibility. It is the diamond in the desert, like that famous fountain which witnessed the combat of Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion;—like, yet unlike. Here is shade as well as seclusion—coolness as well as water—beauty and grandeur as well as repose and solitude. No retreat could be imagined more equally wild and winning—none so pleasing and picturesque. The sun, save at meridian, is seldom permitted to peep into

this holy chamber. He may safely presume to do so at that hour, as we may then suppose the wood nymphs and the naiads, all, to have made their toilet. And, now, that you have rested, look around you—look before you—look above you. On one side, you behold the mighty parapets of rock—the great towers—the perpendicular columns of venerable stone, which the guardian Nature has upheaved as appropriate homes and temples for the protection of her favourites. It is, you perceive, a bulwark; and it is only in the crevices of the decaying masonry, along the sides, that Beauty has been permitted to insert her loving fibres, her sweet shrubs, her velvet mosses, her chaplets of softest pink and gayest orange. Now, cast your eyes opposite, for the crowning drama, of which this is the appropriate scene and theatre. Lo! the two snow-white forms leaping over, with the action of a mingled grace and terror, to bury themselves at our feet. There are the two white masses of cascade, with hair streaming in the wind, like that of the Welch Bards described by Gray, darting headlong from the heights. This unique drama—this sacrifice upon the twin altars of Terror and of Beauty—takes place every day. There is no postponement of the performance, even though there be no spectators but the vulture and the wolf! But, let us hasten our march for Georgia.

Our fair sister was the region of most attraction during the last summer. The facilities for approaching her places of magnificence and beauty were greater than those of the adjoining States. She reaped largely of the benefits of that travel which cholera and abolition denied to the North. Her highways and inns were crowded, and the glories of her mountain scenery became fully known, for the first time, to her neighbours. Her watering places are singularly numerous. Her medicinal fountains are equal in virtue to any in the South. Every upland county boasts of its particular blessings of *hygæia*. Her waters have properties, besides, to which other regions make no claim. They bring inspiration, as well as health, to those who drink. A single cup converts a plain man into a Troubadour. He wakes at morning and finds himself famous, “blasted by Phæbus with poetic fire,” and he proceeds to sing, in strains that will be remembered when those of Milton are forgotten. Beauty listens with rapt senses to the unwonted melody, and in the enjoyment of

a new luxury, the pleasures of the ball-room are abandoned. From a hundred watering places the pealing accents ascend. Madison's, Gordon's, Rowland's, echo to one another with a lyrical overflow, that sweeps away the confounded sense and "laps it in Elysium." It is the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world, when chalybeates answer the purposes of champagne—when, to produce all the effects of nectar and ambrosia, one has only to swallow a few quarts of salts and magnesia, in tolerably thick solution.

Thus health, youth, beauty, taste and art, attended by song and sunshine, walk the faces of her mountains, and group themselves joyously about her fountains and her streams. Madison Springs are deservedly famous in the regards of Georgia. A fine house, well kept, and crowded usually with excellent company, makes it easy to forget Newport and Saratoga. It would task a more fruitful pen than ours to describe the variety of influences which serve to beguile the thousands who seek this place of resort, and forget the progress of time in the unceasing round of their enjoyments. The ball, the *pic nic*, the *fête champetre*, the *soiree*, the *tableaux vivans*, nightly, render life a charming illusion, as well for heart as fancy; and, if the eye is permitted to see the dropping of the sands in the hour-glass, they are of gold and amber as they flow. The beauty of the wings of time, in this region, makes one heedless of his flight. Here was the best society in Georgia. Hither came her selectest circles. You might meet at the same moment the gravest signiors of the State, dignified sages of the long robe, yielding themselves to the fascinations of the most piquant of its fashionables; the stern man of public cares, revelling in the gardens of Armida, under the grateful despotism of the Faery Queene. Nor is Madison's Springs alone. It is only one of many places of like attraction, which, as our purpose is not a catalogue, we need not particularize. If the reader is curious, let him look to the second work in our rubric, the "Georgia Illustrated," which is a beautiful specimen of the arts in the South. Here he will find full and interesting details of much that is conspicuous in the resources and scenery of our lively and lovely sister. The volume of Mr. Lanman will also supply him with much information in respect to her scenery and characteristics. He gives sketches of Dahlonga, a region of equal health

and beauty, to which the route of travel, last season, did not sufficiently incline;—of the Valley of Nagoochie—Mount Yonah—Clarksville—the Cascade of Tuccoah, and the Cataract of Tallulah. Here is his description of Tuccoah:

“The Tuccoah is a very small stream—a mere brooklet, and, for the most part, is not at all distinguished for any other quality than those belonging to a thousand other sparkling streams of this region; but, in its oceanward course, it performs one leap which has given it a reputation. On this account the Aborigines christened it with the name of *Tuc-oah*, or *the beautiful*. To see this cascade, in your mind’s eye, (and I here partly quote the language of one who could fully appreciate its beauty,) imagine a sheer precipice of gray and rugged rock, one hundred and eighty-six feet high, with a little quiet lake at its base, surrounded by sloping masses of granite and tall shadowy trees. From the overhanging lips of this cliff, aloft, between your upturned eyes and the sky, comes a softly flowing stream. After making a joyous leap, it breaks into a shower of heavy spray, and scatters its drops more and more widely and minute, until, in little more than a drizzling mist, it scatters the smooth, moss-covered stones lying immediately beneath. All the way up the sides of this precipice cling, wherever space is afforded, little tufts of moss and delicate vines and creepers, contrasting beautifully with the solid granite. There is no stunning noise of falling waters, but only a dripping, pattering, plashing in the lake; a murmuring sound, which must be very grateful during the noontide heat of a summer day. There comes also a soft, cool breeze constantly from the foot of the precipice, caused by the falling shower, and this ripples the surface of the pool, and gently agitates the leaves around and overhead.”

The Hon. R. M. Charlton, in the “Georgia Illustrated,” thus describes the same scene:

“Several years have passed away since I last stood at the beautiful Fall of the Toccoa. It was one of the delightful summer days peculiar to the climate of Habersham County. The air had all the elasticity of the high region that surrounded us, and the scenery was of a character to elevate our spirits and enliven our fancy.

“A narrow passage led us from the road-side to the foot of the Fall. Before us appeared the perpendicular face of the rock, resembling a rugged wall, and over it

‘The brook came babbling down the mountain’s side.’

The stream had lost much of its fulness from the recent dry weather, and as it became lashed into fury by its sudden fall, it resembled a

silver ribbon, hung gracefully over the face of the rock, and waving to and fro with the breath of the wind. It reminded me, more forcibly than any other scene I had ever beheld, of the poetic descriptions of fairy-land. It is just such a place—as has often been remarked by others—where we might expect the fays and elves to assemble of a moonlight night, to hold their festival on the green bank, whilst the spray, clothed with the varied colours of the rainbow, formed a halo of glory around their heads. It is indeed beautiful, surpassingly beautiful: the tall trees reaching but half way up the mountain height, the silver cascade foaming o'er the brow of the hill, the troubled waters of the mimic sea beneath, the lulling sound of the falling water, and the call of the mountain birds around you, each and all come with a soothing power upon the heart, which makes it anxious to linger through the long hours of the summer day.

“Tearing ourselves away from the enchantment that held us below, we toiled our way to the top of the Fall, using a path that wound around the mountain. When we reached the summit, we trusted ourselves to such support as a small tree which overhangs the precipice could give us, and looked over into the basin beneath. Then, growing bolder as our spirits rose with the excitement of the scene, we divested ourselves of our boots and stockings and waded into the stream until we came within a few feet of the cascade. This can be done with but little danger, as the brook keeps on the even and unruffled tenor of its way until just as it takes its lofty plunge into the abyss below.

“The height of the fall is now 186 feet; formerly it was some feet higher, but a portion of the rock was detached some years ago by the attrition of the water, and its fall has detracted from the perpendicular descent of the stream.”

“Toccoa forms but one of the beautiful links in the chain of mountain scenery in the north-western part of Georgia. *There* may be beheld the grandeur of the lofty Yonah, the magnificence and terrific splendour of Tallulah, the quiet and romantic vale of Nacoochie, and the thousand brilliant landscapes that adorn and beautify the face of nature. All these attractions will, doubtless, before many score of years have passed away, make Habersham County and its environs the summer retreat of Georgians from the low country, and help to unite in closer bands the dweller on the sea-shore and the inhabitant of the mountain.”

Tuccoah is, indeed, a mountain beauty of rare loveliness. The cascade falls in a sheet most like a thin gauzy veil, through which sparkles a galaxy of little brilliants. It is the emblem of equal purity and beauty. Its adjuncts are all of the same character. Beauty, rather than gran-

deur, is the word by which to describe it, though the latter element is not wanting to its charms. It is only held in subjection to the superiour sweetness of its fascination. Tuc-coah is a lyric to the eye. It is a single outgushing of fond musical notes, with a sudden and sparkling overflow—wildly quick, but rarely temperate; eager and full of impulse, yet chastened by the exquisite method of a grace and tenderness which prevail throughout the picture.

A few miles from Tuc-coah is another scene, in rich and absolute contrast with it. If Tuc-coah is the beautiful, Tallulah is the terrible! We give a portion of the description of Mr. Lanman:

“The Cherokee word *Tallulah* or *Tarrurah* signifies *the terrible*, and was originally applied to a river of that name, on account of its fearful falls. This river rises among the Alleghany mountains, and is a tributary of the Savannah. Its entire course lies through a mountain land, and in every particular it is a mountain stream, narrow, deep, clear, cold, and subject to every variety of mood. During the first half of its career it winds among the hills, as if in uneasy joy, and then, for several miles, it wears a placid appearance, and you can scarcely hear the murmur of its waters. Soon, tiring of this peaceful course, however, it narrows itself for the approaching contest, and runs through a chasm whose walls, about four miles in length, are for the most part perpendicular, and, after making, within the space of half a mile, a number of leaps, as the chasm deepens, it settles into a turbulent and angry mood, and so continues for a mile and a half further, until it leaves the chasm and regains its wonted character. The Falls of Tallulah, properly speaking, are five in number, and have been christened, *Lodore*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Horicon* and *the Serpentine*. Their several heights are said to be forty-five feet, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, fifty and thirty feet, making, in connection with the accompanying rapids, a descent of at least four hundred feet, within the space of half a mile. At this point the stream is particularly winding, and the cliffs of solid granite on either side, which are perpendicular, vary in height from six hundred to nine hundred feet, while the mountains which back the cliff reach an elevation of perhaps fifteen hundred feet. Many of the pools are very large and very deep, and the walls and rocks in their immediate vicinity are always green with the most luxuriant of mosses. The vegetation of the whole chasm is particularly rich and varied. For you may here find not only the pine, but specimens of every variety of the more tender trees, together with lichens, and vines, and flowers, which would keep the botanist employed for half a century. Up to the present time, only four paths have been discovered leading to the margin of the water, and to make either of

these descents requires much of the nerve and courage of the samphire-gatherer. Through this immense gorge a strong wind is ever blowing, and the sun-light never falls upon the cataracts without forming beautiful rainbows, which contrast strangely with the surrounding gloom and horror; and the roar of the waterfalls, eternally ascending to the sky, comes to the ear like the voice of God, calling upon man to wonder and admire."

He goes into subsequent details, which describe the several best points of view along the Falls of Tallulah. We could wish that our Georgia friends would find out, and restore, the Indian names of these places, instead of compelling us to borrow the stale epithets employed in other places. What is *Lodore* to us, or *Horicon*? Let them stay where they belong, and give us our own sonorous names, which, as in the case of Tallulah itself, must always have been superiour, in dignity and music, to the foreign graffings which we put upon them. The "*Georgia Illustrated*" contains finely engraved views, both of *Tuccoah* and *Tallulah*. That of *Tuccoah* is very felicitous. We regard that of *Tallulah* as quite unfortunate, and conveying a most inadequate impression of the wondrous beauty and sublimity, the terrible grandeur and wild powers of the scene. If *Tuccoah* is the lyric of water-falls, *Tallulah* is the grand five act drama, the sublime and awful tragedy, scene upon scene, accumulating with new interest, until the repose of death overspreads the catastrophe. It so happens that *Tallulah* is a series of cascades, five in number, with a pause between each, in which the waters, exhausted apparently by previous conflict, rest themselves before resuming their fearful progress to new struggles. These rests afford you glimpses of the sweetest repose. The stream seems momentarily to sleep, and, in such lovely lakelets, that you almost look to see the naiad Princess emerging from the surrounding caves, with loosened tresses, preparing for the bath. The next progress increases the action and the interest of the scene, until, at the close, you see only the convulsive forms below you, writhing as if in death, and hear the deep groans of their panting agony, sent up to you in an appeal that seems to ask for sympathy and vengeance. But, we have no space left for description or dilation. *Tallulah* takes rank with *Niagara*. If inferior in the volume of its waters, it is vastly superior in the variety of its scenes. In *Niagara* you are the witness of one grand, overwhelming

catastrophe. It is a single act, and all is over. Here you have the whole drama, and watch its progress with increasing interest, from the first to the final scenes. The scenery of the surrounding country is also very far superior to any thing that Niagara may boast. A landscape painter might spend his life within a space of fifteen miles square, in this neighbourhood, and find a new and noble subject for his pencil every day in the year.

We have said nothing, in our progresses through the several States to which we have given our attention, of the thousand lovely traditions and domestic histories which crown nearly every one of their scenes of beauty with a commanding moral interest. These must be reserved for future pages. Enough, in this place, to remark that the lover of the legend may find fresh food for the imagination at every step he takes. The future ballad-monger may weave a thousand border and Indian lays, from what he hears, such as, allied with peculiar localities, shall make them famous in the affections, and objects of search and study to the lover of the marvellous. It is indeed surprising what resources for romance, for art, and poetry accumulate about you as you proceed. The *genius loci* needs a priesthood only, to have a voice of power for hill and valley, stream, dell, dingle and bosky wood, and temples and memorials upon a thousand summits, such as will make for us a *via sacra*, which the future will as greatly love to tread, with a passionate veneration, such as we now feel when we wander along the banks of the Illissus, or muse upon the past beneath the mountain summits of Taygetus and Ægaleus.

But a truce to our travail. The summer is begun, and our "Softheads" are already on the move. Their numbers, however, are greatly diminished. They have opened their eyes upon the truths, North and South, which they have been too slow to see—and will not close them again suddenly. In the former, they see that neither peace, nor comfort, nor security awaits them—they see hostility, envy, malice and all uncharitableness;—in the latter, they discover abundance, harmony, a world of treasures, equally open to the mind and eye; and sympathies which welcome them to abodes of hospitality, and regions equally precious to the heart and fancy.

ART. III.—TOPICS IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Topics in the History of South-Carolina. By WILLIAM J. RIVERS. Charleston: Walker & James. 1850.

THE history of the States of this Union is one that, from their peculiar origin and formation, requires to be studied in detail. Colonized at widely different periods, by differing classes of persons, sects and parties, and under widely different auspices, there was, in several respects, a substantial dissimilarity between the people at the outset, and one which had no little influence in discouraging the league which was subsequently forced upon them by a common necessity. They had each a long and painful probation through which to pass before arriving at a condition of permanency or even security. The events in the career of each were thus several and particular. Some of them were favourites of the mother country; others had shown themselves more or less refractory; some of them had been established under royal patronage; others, almost in defiance of the crown. The tendency of one or more portions was with the dominant power of Great Britain; others, again, even when professing fidelity, were known to nourish a secret antipathy which was only concealed, during their term of colonial weakness, to flame up, and boldly declare itself, the moment that such a demonstration might be made with safety. The interests of one section led its people to the marts of trade and commerce; those of another conducted to pasture, tillage and forest life. The infusion of people from foreign states, other than those of Great Britain, modified the national characteristics of certain sections, and greatly tended to lessen their homogeneousness, and, consequently, the tone of feeling, the sympathies, or the antipathies, by which they were originally distinguished. The temperament of communities was thus altered. Some were phlegmatic, cold, uncongenial, stubborn of purpose, tenacious of their objects, capable of endurance if not enthusiasm, and achieving, by the slow processes of painstaking, caution and industry, if not by gallant enterprises and an ardent appetite for fame. Other sections, again, were filled by a people, restless, impatient, fond of change, delighting in the adventurous, full of sympathy as of courage, genial,

frank, and perhaps too eager for results, not to hurry to the performance without precaution, and with little heed to the securities, whether of the present or the future. At all events, we behold in the several colonial settlements of the North American Confederacy a singular severalty—a marked peculiarity in each—quite as obvious in character and purpose as in the events which accompanied and distinguished their career. This severalty of character and condition requires examination in detail. The histories of all can scarcely have justice done to them under a single head. The narrative which describes their fortunes must have relation to the peculiar origin, objects and necessities of each; and the colonial chronicles of the United States are thus necessarily at once the most important and the most interesting—when truly written—of the whole history of our continent.

These facts tacitly recognized, the several histories have mostly been written; but they have been written mostly by inferior hands, under circumstances of great discouragement, by which much research was denied, and therefore abridged of all those details of society and the times, which, minute and seemingly of no connection with leading events, are yet most particularly essential to what is called the Philosophy of History. Of these histories, those of Virginia, Massachusetts and the Carolinas are the most valuable. These are the great mother States of the continent. Their materials were the most various and ample. The interest in their career was the most earnest and exacting; and their chronicles, accordingly, made their way into print before the Revolution; while, from the earliest periods, rude local histories were to be found, illustrative of the progress of single sections, or of certain episodes in the march of special colonies. Smith, Stith, Beverley, Burke, and others, have thus given us highly valuable sketches in the history of Virginia—sketches rather than histories—affording, perhaps, a sufficiently general account of the settlement and progress of the State, but wanting in a thousand particulars which we should need to know before we could safely judge of the true causes and results of those exterior events which are the chief objects of the mere narrative historian. Massachusetts has many writings of similar, but inferior value; and her large and instructive Historical Collections have contributed to supply many of the deficiencies of her his-

torians. South-Carolina was, probably, not less ably served by her chroniclers than were these more powerful States; and the volumes of Hewatt, Williamson, Lawson, Adair, Glen, Archdale, and numerous pamphleteers, are still in proof of the extent and value of the materials thus secured for the more elaborate analysis of the future historian. The separation from the mother country, and the exciting events of the Revolution, afforded new topics for a special history; and, in the absorbing character of this period, we have been but too much disposed to pass lightly over that by which it was preceded—by which, in fact, the revolutionary spirit was first evoked into birth, nourished, made strong, and finally armed for battle. Of the histories of this period, we perhaps have an abundance, such as they are. No one of the old thirteen States is without its chronicler of the Revolutionary struggle within its precincts. Our authorities, in South-Carolina, most relied on, are Ramsay, Moultrie, Drayton and Johnson; all others, of subsequent publication, being mostly abridgments of these, and adding but little to their original materials. The works of Moultrie and Drayton are really not histories, but masses of authority. Johnson's *Life of Greene* is only incidentally a history of the State, though in parts very copious, and, so far as the review of our colonial career is taken into consideration, much superiour to any other. Ramsay remains, and is the only writer we may boast whose ambition it has been to make his narrative complete and to frame it in the usual mould which custom has assigned to history. His first volume, almost entire, is due to Hewatt, from whom he appropriated without scruple; in the second, and in the work devoted wholly to the Revolutionary War, he deserves the highest praise for painstaking, original research, a clear, simple and intelligible style, and a well-ordered arrangement of contents. Perhaps, a careful and just survey of what has been done by the native chroniclers throughout the Union, will satisfy us that South-Carolina is not a whit behind any of her sisters in the means of supplying her own people with sufficient details of the career of their ancestors in the new world.

But, this is not saying very much. Few of the States have well-written or ample histories of their progress from the beginning of their settlement to the close of the Revolution; and histories of the United States, as a whole,

cannot possibly or well supply the deficiency. Grahame has achieved a high reputation for what he has done in respect to our general history; Bancroft has won a reputation in other quarters than ours; and the work of Hildreth awaits future judgment. It is not within the compass of any history of the United States, as a whole, to do justice to the colonial history, or contemplate particular sections, except as tributary to the whole; and it devolves upon the separate States, each, to make provision by which its facts are to be furnished forth for the benefit and instruction of its people, if it does not desire that they shall acquire false notions of the relation in which they stand to other States, and of the true nature of the fame, character and public services of their ancestry. We repeat, that it must be the special duty of the State, desirous of correcting error and preventing its perpetuation, to see, by public act and appropriation, to the proper preparation of its own history. It can scarcely be done by individuals. The history of a single State rarely commands a purchaser beyond its limits; since all such persons prefer to compass the several histories in one. The pride of place, the feeling of the homestead, must be appealed to, in order to secure to our children the ample chronicle of our career from the beginning; and the Legislative Assembly of the State must assume, on the part of its constituents, the desire for a work of such paramount interest to their patriotism, if not their securities.

But, materials are to be procured. Our archives are sadly wanting. Our facts are locked up in the vaults of the several colonial and other offices of the different States of the old world—Great Britain, France, and Spain—by which our provincial establishments were either promoted or assailed—assisted or embarrassed. These materials properly belong to us; and the comity of States requires that copies, at least, should be yielded now, at our simple request. No doubt they would be. Georgia, and other States have succeeded, with little difficulty, and at small expense, in procuring large bodies of material—numerous folios of correspondence—all relating to their several colonies. It behooves all of the States to make the same application; and there can be no question but that they must, in like manner, be successful. A State should be in possession of its own facts, whether these concern its mineral, its metallic, its agricultural, or its moral resources. Whether she appoints the historian or not, let

her, at all events, be able to conduct the historian to the resources which shall enable him to make the history. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars, in the hands of a proper historiographer, who shall visit Europe, and explore the colonial archives of France, Spain, England and Holland, will probably amply suffice to procure us all the documents wanting or desirable ; and a further appropriation of two thousand dollars will enable a proper officer, at home, to put in order and good preservation whatever may already be in our possession. This pittance should not be withheld any longer. The materials will soon escape us, elude search, and suffer from remediless mischances. Ten years ago, the manuscripts in our own offices (South-Carolina) were reported to be in a wretched condition of decay ; and, as we know of no steps which have been taken to arrest this ruin, we dread to ask after their condition now. The reproach is a serious one, and without excuse. We have been frequently admonished of the fact. One or more of our Governors have brought the subject before the Legislature, but without commanding the ears of that body. Some public steps, it is true, have been taken in respect to the acquisition of the foreign material ; but these have been of a kind rather to defeat than to promote their own objects. It seems to have been expected that the work should be done by individuals, and at the mere suggestion or entreaty of the authorities ; but such expectation is absurd and impertinent. The State must make its appropriation to the work, precisely as in the case of a geological survey ; and money spent in this manner, and for this object, belongs to the same class of appropriations, and possesses precisely the same justification.

Now, let it not be supposed, from any thing that we have here said, in respect to our deficient materials for the domestic history, that we are actually ignorant of the main facts in our condition, or of any of those leading events which afford a perfect outline of our sectional progress. To the citizen, disposed to read any of our local histories, there is an ample survey afforded him of all the ground, such as the ordinary citizen desires to take. We are not prepared to admit that any substantial fact or matter is wanting, by which the simple reader would be left uninformed of what is absolute or necessary in the progress of the State. Nor is he liable, from any thing that is written, to a misapprehension of the truth on any

leading topic. But the simple reader of history is not the only one that needs to be supplied. The class of true inquirers has larger demands, and these have a basis sufficiently legitimate to render it necessary that the State should do its utmost to comply with them. It is important that there should be a class to whom events should always be made subservient to philosophy. It needs that there should be students, working below the surface, to discover the latent causes of events—who will trace a progress to its first beginning—show in what desires or exigencies it originated, and declare the true causes of defeat or prosperity, by which future generations are properly counselled how to avoid the one and secure the other. It is needful that these should be put in possession of all the facts, no matter how seemingly minute, irrelevant or unimportant. The truth is necessarily questionable always, from which the more subtle of its constituent qualities is suffered to escape research and analysis.

The collection of very clever historical essays, now before us, has been prompted by the absence of that thoroughness and fullness of our histories which are their great deficiency. The writer has modestly withheld his name from the title page, where we have taken the liberty to place it. He has long been known to us as an earnest yet sober worker in the field of letters; turning aside, ever and anon, from the routine of professional duty, to commerce with the compensative and beguiling muses. He belongs to a class of rising young men in Carolina, of whom we rejoice to say that the number daily increases, under new impulses given to society; and who, we feel assured, from their zeal, talent and industry, will do honour to themselves hereafter, and reflect credit upon their country. The collection under notice consists, as its title indicates, of sketches illustrative of the history of South-Carolina. The subjects are seven in number, under the following heads, viz :

1. Was Cabot the first European who visited our coast?
2. The earliest visits to our shores—Vasquez de Ayllon, Verazzana and Ribault.
3. Was South-Carolina called Chicora by the Indians?
4. The massacre of the Cherokee hostages at Fort Prince George.
5. Remnants of the Indian nations in South-Carolina—their migration.

6. How a great nation was enfeebled. Indian warfare.

7. Charges against the policy of the colonists examined. Indian customs leading to habitual warfare.

These topics are all of considerable interest, and upon their proper discussion the correct elucidation of our early history will greatly depend. Mr. Rivers treats them with a fair degree of insight and research, and his style and manner are graceful and unexceptionable. His notes were made with reference to the desires of a literary club, but should not have been limited by them. Literary clubs, though very useful in provoking inquiry, are never to be regarded as courts of dernier resort; and the writer whom they stimulate to discussion must never content himself with so small an audience. Our author might have extended his discussions to a volume, and performed a better service to the public. As it is, however, we have reason to be pleased with what he has done. We shall examine his topics *seriatim*.

The first, as we perceive, is devoted to the inquiry—"Was Cabot the first European who visited our shores?" It is unfortunate, in pursuing this discussion, that our author had not obtained the "Memoir of Sebastian Cabot," (Biddle's,) published in Philadelphia in 1831. It might have been procured without difficulty. We have long had it in our collection, and it now lies before us. With this volume he would have been able to have reconciled the difficulties of his authorities and all the embarrassments of his subject. He would, at all events, have seen that good Master Hakluyt, though a very industrious worker—one to whose painstaking, and passion for sea voyages, a great deal of our gratitude is due—was perhaps the very last person in the world to be relied on in a doubtful matter. He was not only ignorant of the Spanish and Italian, but partially so of the French language, through the medium of which, alone, did he seek the knowledge of histories, the originals of which were to be found in the former only. But this is not the only charge against him. He was faithless and treacherous, and, where it suited his purposes, did not scruple to alter, interpolate, and pervert his text, with an audacity equally barefaced and bungling—in many instances leaving behind him the clues to his own detection, not caring to sweep away the chips which showed how, and where, he had been clipping and carving the honest coinage. In

no part of his labours are these sins of ignorance and dishonesty more apparent than in this very history of Sebastian Cabot. To account for much of this faithlessness, on the part of Hakluyt, we have only to refer to his objects in making his compilations. The chief of these was to encourage maritime enterprise on the part of the British nation. But he had other motives for misrepresentation, growing out of his friendships and hostilities, or due to caprices and policies peculiar to the temporary condition of the realm, and the moods of governors and people.

The life of Cabot, to which we have referred, corrects many of these mistakes and misrepresentations, convicts them conclusively, and settles the difficulties in the career of Cabot and others in a manner to satisfy the most sceptical. The work is mostly controversial, and has thus been precluded from becoming popular. Though well argued throughout, full of research and industry, showing equal knowledge, good sense and good taste on the part of the author, it seems to have fallen dead from the press. It neither provoked curiosity among readers, nor discussion, as far as we remember, among reviewers. It had matter in it which should have done both. It exposes a thousand mistakes of the modern, as well as of ancient historians, and is suggestive of numerous questions, which deserve study and examination. He not only convicts Hakluyt of ignorance and treachery, but exposes the blunders, mistakes and misrepresentations of a host of his successors, from whom better things might have been expected, and whose pretensions are infinitely greater. These have usually repeated Hakluyt's errors and perversions, occasionally improving upon them by mistakes of their own. That they have done so is due to a culpable remissness, which, taking too much for granted in the case of Hakluyt, forebore to look to his authorities, and, where they found him blundering into obvious inconsistencies, boldly ventured further correction, upon conjectures of their own, which involved the subject in still greater contradictions. We might quote from the life of Cabot innumerable proofs of this sort, but content ourselves with referring the curious reader to the volume.

The chief object of this biography is to establish the claim of Cabot to the first discovery of the continent of America. In this the author is completely successful.

By the recent discovery of the *original* of the *second patent*, granted to Cabot by Henry VII., found in the Rolls Chapel, all the difficulties which have environed the claims of this great voyager disappear. This second patent recites his discovery of "londe and isles of late, founde by the said John (it was under the patent of his father that Sebastian voyaged) in oure name and by oure commandement." This is dated 3d Feb., in the 13th of Henry VII., corresponding with 3d Feb., 1498. The discovery was made the summer of the previous year, under the first charter, granted to John Cabot and his three sons. It establishes, conclusively and forever, the fact that the American continent was first discovered by an expedition from England, and by Englishmen. It effectually supersedes all claim of Americus Vesputius. The English boast, of Queen Elizabeth's time, of having discovered that land, "*quam nullus prius adire ausus fuit*," is thus incontestibly proven. The discovery was made on the 24th June, 1497, and the name of the English vessel which first made our shores, was the "Matthew, of Bristol!" Our author's desire to prove the main fact of the discovery of our continent by Cabot, and of the progress of the voyager north, to the mouth of Hudson's Bay, in search of the north-west passage, has made him regardless of the smaller details of the subject. He accordingly lays no stress upon the point which considers the progress of Cabot south. This must be looked for, accordingly, in in other pages; though, even in his, enough may be found to satisfy us that Cabot reached the extreme point of the cape of Florida—certainly, that he traversed the coasts now belonging to South-Carolina and Georgia. Without dwelling upon this point, or accumulating anew the evidence, it will suffice to give one or two particulars, in confirmation of the fact. Here, then, we find, in this biography, a reference to an *early* publication of Hakluyt, by which his larger collection was preceded. In the dedication to this work, he says, "I have here first put down the *title which we have to that part of America which is from Florida to 67 degrees northward, &c., . . .* with Sebastian's own certificate to Baptista Ramusio of his discovery of America."

Now, there is one tract in this earlier collection, which does not appear in the enlarged and subsequent work, which is of considerable importance, not only to the par-

ticular question, but to our Southern history. It is a translation, published originally in 1563, of the detailed report made to Admiral Coligny by Ribault, who commanded the French expedition, in 1562, to Florida." . . . Ribault, in this tract, referring to the several navigators who had visited America, speaks of the "very famous" Sebastian Cabot, "an excellent pilot, sent thither by king Henry VII., in the year 1498." This would seem to be conclusive, since the testimony of Ribault fixes the identity of places, he, Ribault, distinctly associating it with the very spot, in Carolina, in which, but the year before, he had planted a Huguenot colony. In confirmation of this, we must not forget that Laudonniere, though starving on the St. John's, regarded the approach of Hawkins, the English adventurer, with jealousy and fear, "lest he should attempt something in behalf of his mistress,"—Elizabeth;—and he kept from sight the silver which he had gathered, buying supplies and shipping from Hawkins, with his guns and ammunition, rather than his precious metals;—for "feare lest the Queene of England, seeing the same, should the rather bee encouraged to set footing there, *as before shee had desired*;"—a desire which the comity of nations, in that day, quite as certainly as in ours, would not have allowed her to entertain, unless with some show of right from prior discovery. We need not pursue this topic. Our commentary, with the notes which Mr. Rivers has accumulated, will probably suffice the occasional reader. To others, more curious, we have suggested all the necessary clues for research and discovery. The "Life of Cabot," from which we have quoted, is abundantly suggestive.

In his second topic, Mr. Rivers finds some inconsistencies, which leave his opinions unsettled. He mentions it as curious, that, in the visits of the several voyagers to the coast of Carolina, ranging through a period of forty years, they should each report the presence of tribes, occupying the region in question, whose names essentially differ from those given by the previous discoverers. But this difficulty readily disappears under a few considerations. The voyagers were either French, Spanish or English. The ear of each, even where the word given was pronounced by the same lips, would cause it to be reported differently; and when, as is the case, we derive our knowledge through imperfect translations and wretch-

ed misprints, we may reasonably conclude that large allowance is to be made for these causes of mistake and misapprehension. Thus, for example, where Hakluyt writes Iawa, as the name of the priests of Florida, Charlevoix writes it Iona. Where Hakluyt gives us Paracoussi as the name of the prince, Charlevoix gives us Paraousti or Paracousti. The Audusta of Hakluyt, which is our Edisto, becomes the Andusta of the French; and, subsequently, on their maps, undergoes another change, and appears as Ediscow. Apalachy, with one, is Apatatcy with another, and all these corruptions or variations, whether of the press or of the ear, must be ascribed really to the want of that interest in the *details* of the subject, which was not to be expected among the nations, who, in these progresses for discovery, sought rather bold conquests, large outlines and extensive interests; and bestowed but little attention upon the names of petty tribes and insignificant places. Take Garcillasso de la Vega, through the French translation of Pierre Richelet, and the latter, into English, through the hands of Stevens, Hakluyt or Paul Rycaut, and you have such transmutations of all the proper names as will effectually mystify a hurried or indifferent seeker. But there is yet another reason for this seeming contradiction and real confusion, which we have had occasion to suggest in other places, and which, properly regarded, will explain away all the difficulties of the subject. The Indians were nomadic tribes, broken up into small families for the more easy procuring of food and sustenance. Their retention of any one place depended chiefly on the fertility of the soil, which they cultivated, or the abundance of game in the neighbouring forests, and of fish in the neighbouring waters. These were the only sources of their subsistence. Their patches of cultivated ground were cleared by burning down the trees. As they did not manure the lands, these were soon temporarily exhausted, and prompted their departure to other places. Perpetually hunting, they drove away the game to deeper forests. Thither they followed them; and, where the hunting proved good, there they proceeded to clear their little maize fields. In this way they gave place to other tribes, wandering about in like manner. Five years would probably suffice to effect the entire removal of all traces of one tribe from the spot which it once inhabited. But we must not forget another matter. Even

where the savage held a spot for a season, meaning still to occupy it,—perhaps as a favourite fishery,—they invariably left it in the autumn, for the deeper forests of the interior, seeking the deer, the bear and the turkey—returning to it in the spring, when the fish were to be taken, and the corn to be put into the ground. The voyager who came to the coast in the spring, would probably hear a very different name given to him as that of the people inhabiting the place, from him who sought the same region in the autumn or the winter. There is yet another fact, which must not be forgotten in respect to this question. It was well understood among the early voyagers, that the name of the nation or tribe, or of the place which they occupied, was usually that of the favourite war chief. If he were slain in battle, his successor's name, or that of the tribe, would be given to the stranger in answer to his questions. The history is a common one. The practice prevailed among the Jews. Our Indians answered that they were of the tribe of Maccou or Stalame, as the Hebrew claimed to be of the tribe of Dan or Jasher; and, in either case, the name might, or might not be, that of the country. In both, in all probability, it indicated nothing more than a district. This matter does not rest on speculation. Charlevoix distinctly records that each canton or province of Florida, bore, among the red men, the name of the ruling chief—“*Car dans cette partie de la Floride, chaque canton porte le même nom que le chef, et apparemment que c'est le chef, qui prend celui de son petit état.*” He adds, in a note,—“*Garcillasso de la Vega dit la m n e chose des quartiers, où aborda Ferdinand de Soto.*”

The title to this chapter of Mr. Rivers but imperfectly distinguishes its contents. Of the early voyagers he says little. We shall follow his example, and content ourselves with referring to the curious conjectures in regard to Verazzani, contained in the “Memoir of Sebastian Cabot,” which has already attracted so much of our attention. Mr. Rivers is partly right, and partly wrong, in regard to the several characteristics of the Southern and Northern Indians, as developed in their relations with the whites; but the subject is one which, properly to discuss, demands a larger space than we can now give it. What he quotes from Bancroft, touching the fruits of Vasquez de Ayllon's kidnapping, is but one of the thousand specimens of the frigid and un-

meaning declamation of that writer. The Indians, north and south, were sprung from the same roots generally, and maintained the same general characteristics. They were hunters and professional warriors, and, in conflict with a superiour people, must have been, and were, universally treacherous and blood-thirsty.

"Was South-Carolina called Chicora by the Indians?" is the next question of our author. We think that he sets out with an error, when he asserts that this application of the name is well known in our history and literature. Bancroft barely says, speaking of De Ayllon's voyage, that he "passed to the *coast* of South-Carolina, a country which was called Chicora." Stevens says no more, and they both repeat a bald statement, describing the brief visit of certain Portuguese to a certain single locality, and their brief encounter with the tribes in this one immediate neighbourhood. We may judge for ourselves, what degree of probability there is in the assumption that the Indians gave them any other name than that of their immediate chief. It will be difficult to discover any other proofs, in our literature, of the adoption of this name. A ship was built and called the Chicora—and for a time, this word was alleged to be the Indian name of Ashley River. A newspaper received the same name, and then we were told that the word, in the aboriginal language, signified the mocking-bird. We have been able to find no sort of authority for either of these statements; and, with these exceptions, we believe it will be found difficult to find any other use of the name, "Chicora," as that of the country. Chicora and Chiquola were probably the same. The name was no doubt that of the chief of a populous tribe, kindred with the Catawbias, occupying the country along the South Edisto, who, in July, engaged in the summer occupation of fishing, had transferred his tribe to their occasional abodes along the sea, and there encountered with the vessels De Ayllon. In confirmation of our opinion, we have a passage directly in point, from Garcilasso de la Vega. We use the French translation of Pierre Richelet. He distinctly designates Chicora as "one of the *provinces* of Florida,"—"demander permission de se rendre maître de la Cicorie, l'une des provinces de la Floride," &c. We need not farther pursue the subject.

In the narrative of the massacre of the Cherokee hostages, at Fort Prince George, Mr. Rivers has given us a

full account, which corrects some small errors in previous narratives. But does he not exaggerate the importance of Miln's narrative, and do injustice to previous historians, in alleging that their deficiencies of statement deprive the garrison of the proper justification of the horrid butchery? He alludes to the history of South-Carolina, by Simms. In that history, though an abridgement, the substantial facts are given as in Miln's narrative. The writer states that, in attempting to put the hostages in irons, the Indians resisting, stabbed three of the garrison, and were slaughtered by the latter in their exasperation. If this was any justification—which it clearly was not—it is contained in the preceding historians, though perhaps with less circumstantiality. The fact that two guns were fired while the butchery was going on, and that the Indians without, by their cries, endeavoured to cheer the struggling hostages within, are details which do not alter the nature of the transaction. Nor is there any force in the suggestion of the bottle of poison subsequently found in the quarters of the slain savages, and with which the garrison supposed they were to be destroyed. The fact is, that the whole affair was a shocking piece of cowardice and brutality. The simple statement of facts is as follows:

Governor Lyttleton, refusing to take the counsel of persons of superior sagacity and experience than himself, put under guard certain chiefs of the Cherokees, a people who, while at peace with us, had been badly treated by some of the Virginia and South-Carolina borderers. He visited the nation at the head of an army. He assembled the chiefs together, and demanded, as the price of peace, that twenty-two of their principal men should be placed in his hands as hostages, to be kept confined until certain murderers of the whites had been given up. These twenty-two were kept in a close and wretched loghouse, kept from the light, and denied all communion with their people. Meanwhile, the Governor disappears with his army, having done nothing; leaving the care of Fort Prince George to a Capt. or Lieut. Cotymore, with a small but apparently sufficient garrison. That this was the case, was proved by a fruitless effort of the Cherokees at investment and assault, in which they failed entirely, after besieging the fortress for several days. Having an invincible hatred for Cotymore, they, at all events, determined to destroy *him*. They, unhappily, knew his weakness.

They abandon the leaguer, but, placing a party of sharpshooters in ambush, beguile Cotymore from the fort, through the artifices of an Indian woman, his passion for whom gets the better of his prudence. He is shot down, mortally wounded, and the two officers who accompany him are wounded likewise. This exasperates the garrison within. They threaten the lives of the Indian hostages, who are kept closely confined in a blockhouse. Mr. Rivers states that they were permitted to see their friends. Where does he find this authority? Hewatt writes, "They were closely confined in a miserable hut, having permission neither to see their friends nor the light of day." There is nothing in Miln's statement to invalidate this assertion. On the contrary, he tacitly confirms this account, when he tells us that the garrison could not persuade the hostages to come forth when they desired to put them in irons,—the apprehension of the poor wretches being that they were only summoned forth to be massacred. Miln, it appears, interposed at first to prevent this massacre. He consents to put the hostages in irons, to appease his men. What would be the natural fears of the savages at such an attempt, and at a moment of such insane excitement among their keepers? Why, necessarily, that the object was their destruction. They resist accordingly, and, with some few knives which they have concealed about their persons, they mortally wound two or three of the garrison, and are then butchered to a man—shot down, like dogs, without an opportunity of farther struggle being afforded them. The alleged justification is, that, while the butchery was going on, two guns were heard without the fort, and the cries of the savages, encouraging and cheering those within, with the promise of early rescue. To this is added a discovery, made after the massacre, of a bottle of concealed poison, with which, it is conjectured, they had designed to impregnate the water of the well, from which they, also, have to drink. Now, neither poisoning or suicide are common Indian practices. It is possible, barely possible, that the hostages entertained such a design; but this is conjectured only *after* the massacre, be it remembered, and is not to be received in excuse or justification of it. But, with all the array of facts and excuses taken together, even as offered by Lieut. Miln, himself,—clearly not a competent witness, since it was under his authority that the crime was committed,—and the act stands with-

out apology—that only excepted which the historians have long since furnished—viz: the natural exasperation which the garrison felt at the assassination of their captain, and in the first transports of their fury. No doubt all the facts were duly weighed by Hewitt, and the authorities, at the time. At all events, with the additional testimony which Mr. Rivers has brought to bear upon it, the judgment of the present must re-assert and affirm that which the past has solemnly pronounced. It was a great crime and a wretched barbarity, which could never have occurred under a proper administration of government in the garrison. But the circumstances which led to the death of Cotymore show how improperly he was assigned to such a trust. It was in the mixed panic and insubordination of the soldiery that the deed was done. The ironing of the hostages, *after* the assault from without had been abandoned, was in proof of their panic;—that they compelled the assent of their commander, sufficiently reveals the inadequacy of his authority and their contempt for it. The persons of these poor hostages should have been sacred. They had been entrapped into their bonds. They were the chief men among their people. They had themselves committed no crime; and the first outrages by which the peace had been ruptured between the parties, were committed by the whites, and at a period when, not only were the Cherokees their friends, but when they had just returned from fighting their battles on the frontier. Humanity, good policy, and good faith, all demanded, not only their safety, but that they should be honourably kept.

Mr. Rivers objects somewhat to the testimony of Adair, in this history. But, had Lyttleton taken Adair's advice, or that of Lieut. Gov. Bull, the quarrel never would have taken place. Adair is one of the best authorities on Indian subjects, and on this subject in particular; honest and intelligent, however prejudiced. There is another point, in the evidence of Adair, to which Mr. Rivers objects. The old Indian trader was perfectly right when he asserted the ignorance of the savages in respect to the "custom and meaning of hostages;" nor have they often understood the terms of the treaties they have made, as our author quite too liberally assumes. Indian hostages, for example, cannot easily be taught that, if opportunity occurs, they shall not fly from captivity. Their sense of

"hostage" is that of prisoner simply; and their instincts of freedom are such that they will always break their bonds if they can. The point of honour with the hostage, which requires that he should refuse the means of escape, even with the door open,—as it does in our sense of the pledge—is one that you can teach, by no sort of process, to the red man. It was with difficulty that the Cherokees procured these hostages. It was only by an arbitrary stretch of power, on the part of their chiefs, that the thing was done; and their loss of popularity with the nation, was, in all probability, great accordingly. We have no doubt that, in this case, the poor Indians looked upon themselves as victims, offered for the sacrifice; and when the garrison approached them with bonds and violent hands, it was the instinct of a natural courage that prompted them to sell their lives at the highest possible price.

Here we must pause, leaving the remaining titles of our author, which are chiefly devoted to the Indian tribes of Carolina, to a period when we can command more space and leisure. His brochure is a highly creditable one, showing ingenuity, research and good sense. His style is clear, correct and forcible. We trust that he will pursue his inquiries, making this little pamphlet the groundwork for a comprehensive volume. In treating of the Indian nations of the South, it will be important, however, that he should look more to the traveller than the historian. We give a brief chapter from this collection, as a fair specimen of our author's manner, and his subjects, in the section, entitled, "How a great nation was enfeebled. Indian warfare."

"The Indian trader's life was beset with dangers. He traversed the forests alone. Every bush beside his path might conceal a lurking marauder. While in the rude wigwam of the savage, hundreds of miles from the settlement, to be timid was hazardous, to be audacious was certain death. Calmness, firmness, shrewdness, scrupulous honesty, a patient endurance of hunger and cold and parching heat, in short, all the qualities of a good tradesman, combined with the best characteristics of the soldier and commander, must distinguish the man who would be successful in his quest of fortune amidst the wilderness, and among the tomahawks and scalping-knives of distrustful and sanguinary multitudes.

Many traders lost their lives by their imprudence. Many were dissolute and worthless, and were despised even by the savages.

Many conciliated favour, and ensured their own safety, by adopting the Indians' habits and marrying among them. But, on the other hand, some were gentlemen, who, doubtless, would have achieved renown in the most arduous and important duties of a public career.

"Let us follow a trader who is going to the Chickasaws. The Governor of South-Carolina has told him to keep a journal of all that occurs, that he might be informed of the condition, resources, and policy of the tribes. We will follow him from the enlivening activity of a thriving commercial town; from the teeming farms and plantations of the colonists; from the huts by the way-side, and from the drunken gaze of lounging Indians, who have learned only the vices of the white men; from some old homestead of departed warriors, over the ruins of which bounds the affrighted stag; beneath the moss covered oaks, then far off amid the dull uniformity of interminable pines; over the smooth river, in the swift canoe; across the slippery ford of the boisterous stream; and far again into the solemn stillness of the forest; challenged now by a group of moccasined hunters, tall and proudly calm; now suddenly avoided by the scampering of nude and black haired urchins to some village near, where old squaws anxiously inquire the price of rum, and the girls offer their choicest smiles for one red bead, or half a yard of yellow tape. Again, before sunrise, he is far away on his journey. But, not being accustomed to travel on these wearisome trading-paths, and since reckless war parties of the Choctaws are scouring the hilly region through which we must pass, we will let Mr. John Buckles finish the remaining seven hundred miles by himself, and we will borrow his journal when he shall have come back.

"Extract from Mr. Buckles's Journal, made in the Chickasaw nation (Bk. no. 4, Sec. Off.)—1757, May 28. 'A gang of Choctaws set a house on fire in the night, but did no other mischief. June 12. A gang of Quapaws killed and scalped six Chickasaws in the night, at a hunting camp, July 20. Eleven Chickasaws, who went to the river Mississippi in order to meet with the French, accordingly discovered several boats on the north side of said river. They attacked them and caught several; but were at length forced to quit them by the fire made by the French, and are returned with several of their party wounded. 24th. A small gang of Choctaws came into the nation in the night, killed a fellow and wounded a child as they were asleep on a corn-house scaffold. August 1. Five Chickasaws were killed by the Cherokees, being a hunting on the Cherokee river. 14th. The Choctaws kill a young fellow in the night. * * Sept. 26. Three Chickasaws were killed at their hunting camp by a gang of Choctaws.' A gang of Chickasaws arrive, who had gone on a war party against the French Fort on the Wabash, bringing one French prisoner. 'From Sept. 26 to Oct.

26. Five gangs of Chickasaws went to war against the Choctaws and French, and one gang against the Cherokees; the latter I did all in my power to hinder, to no purpose—they having lost no less than 10 of their warriors, who were killed by said Cherokees. Oct. 5. Five Chickasaws were killed by the Choctaws at a hunting camp. Dec. 15. The Choctaws killed a Chickasaw fellow as he was going out a hunting, and carried off a woman and two children prisoners. 16th. The Chickasaws pursued them; came up with them; killed five, and redeemed said woman and children. 18th. A gang of Chickasaws went against the French on the 20th Sept.; returned, having killed one Frenchman and brought in his scalp. 19th. A gang of Chickasaws returned from war with one Choctaw scalp. Feb. 8. A Chickasaw woman was killed in sight of the houses by the Choctaws. 14th. A Chickasaw was killed by the northward Indians. 16th. A woman was killed and scalped, as she was cutting wood in sight of the houses, by the Choctaws.’

“After so disastrous a system of warfare, how humble and mournful in its tone was their language to the English Governor: ‘It is true, some years ago, we did not mind how many our enemies were; but that is not our case at present: our numbers being reduced to a handful of men, and thereby we are rendered incapable of keeping our ground, without a continuance of your friendly assistance. We are not able to hunt, nor are we free from the hands of our enemies even in our own towns; so that it is impossible for us to kill deer, to buy clothing for ourselves, our wives and children, or even to purchase ammunition. This the English traders who come among us are too sensible of from the small quantity of skins they have carried out of this nation these two last years, to what they used to do formerly.’ (Indian Bk.)

“These passages need no comment. Could I have found a similar, and faithful exhibition of the ruin of a nation within our borders, I would have preferred it. But the same practices, of mutual revenge and barbarity, prevailed among all. Before the discovery of this continent, many great nations must have dwindled away, till none of their lineage was left to rehearse the history of the mighty chieftains who once led their thousands of plumed and painted warriors to the ambuscade and battle-field. Sometimes, as we have still on record, fatal diseases broke out, which neither the rattles, nor bags, nor charms, nor incantations of their medicine-men could check or alleviate; and the sad survivors bade farewell to their homes, and departing far from the infected region, sought for some spot which they believed the Great Spirit had not cursed, and where their little ones might grow up like sturdy oaks, and the eagle and the buffalo become the emblems of their tribe.”

ART. IV.—HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

1. *History of Spanish Literature*; by GEORGE TICKNOR. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.
2. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*; by J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. Translated from the original, with notes and a life of the author; by THOMAS ROSCOE. Second edition. London. 1846.
3. *History of Spanish Literature*; by FREDERICK BOUTERWEK. Translated from the original German by THOMASINA ROSS. With additional notes by the Translator. London. 1847.

THE publication, within so short a period as that of three years, of no less than three different works, in the English language, wholly or mostly devoted to sketches of Spanish literature, evinces how great is the interest which the English and American public take in its history; and the many other works recently produced on literary history, special or general, unite with them in showing how strongly the taste of authors and readers encourages the cultivation of that branch of letters. Under such circumstances, it becomes the duty of the critic not only to contribute his aid in encouraging the cultivation of a taste so laudable and salutary, but also to examine the manner in which it is guided and satisfied by those who have catered for it; and to warn, when necessary, against the errors and abuses which that manner, and the successes of it, may introduce into the domain of letters and taste in general. In so doing, he cannot find safer guides than those great minds which, by the common consent of the learned, have been recognized as the political economists, if we may use such a term, of letters and science; who have treated of the very nature and bounds of knowledge, laid down the rules by which its domain should be cultivated and its wealth increased, and, by a like common consent, have been elevated to the rank of literary legislators, whose laws may not be disregarded with impunity, or without detriment to the commonwealth over which they preside.

For these laws among the moderns, we naturally turn to the writings of Bacon, to which, as to a Magna Charta of literary liberties, all litigants in the commonwealth of letters must appeal, when the lawfulness of their conduct

is questioned, before the tribunals of literary opinion ; which may admit or deny their claims to that possession of reputation, *in præsentis*, which may ripen by prescription into an estate of fame for all time. To Bacon also belongs the honour of being the first who pointed out the necessity of adding to letters a history of their own progress, and described the manner in which such a history should be written. In judging, therefore, of the recent progress in the history of Spanish literature, we shall take as our guides the maxims of that great luminary of science.

In laying down these maxims, in the fourth chapter of the second book, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, Bacon has in view, it is true, the universal history of letters in all ages and countries. But his remarks equally apply to the history of a single literature ; the difference is only in the extent of the subject, not in the manner of treating it. In his view, then, a history of literature should comprise the "antiquities" of letters, and accounts of their progress from one region to another, their decline or total oblivion, and their restoration, in the order in which they may have occurred. In each department of knowledge, its origin, and the manner in which it has been handed down, cultivated and used, should be traced ; the sects and controversies which have occupied the attention of the learned should be described, and their history narrated. The principal authors and books, the schools to which the learned have professed themselves, their academies, societies, colleges and orders, in fine, every thing which regards the state of letters, should be noted. Above all, in narrating events, their causes should be stated ; for instance, the nature of the country, the character of the people, for what particular departments of knowledge its genius was fitted or unfitted, the events which were favourable to the advancement of knowledge, the influence of religion and the laws, the exertions of individuals in promoting or discouraging literature, and every thing else affecting the progress of letters, should be specially described. And all these should be treated of, not after the manner of a critic, blaming or praising as to him may seem fit, but after that of an historian, relating the events themselves, and interposing with caution his own opinion of them.

Respecting the method of preparing such a history,

Bacon warns that the materials for it should be sought not only in histories and criticisms, but also in the body of the literature itself; in each period of its history, commencing with its earliest age, the principal books should be consulted, that, from an examination of them, and observation of their tenor, style and method, rather than from a careful perusal of them, (which, he justly adds, would be an endless labour,) the “LITERARY GENIUS of that age may, as by some incantation, be raised from the dead.”

Nor should the object of such a history be merely to exhibit the pomp and glory which have surrounded letters, or, from an excessive love of them, to search out and preserve from oblivion all that pertains to letters, however frivolous and unimportant; but rather should its aim be more serious and weighty, to add to the wisdom of our own age, which, by noting the movements and disturbances, the virtues and vices, which have characterized intellectual as well as civil affairs, may form better rules for its own guidance.

Thus far, Bacon. It is quite evident that he uses the term letters, or literature, in its widest, and, indeed, most proper sense. Literature is the sum of those monuments of thought which have been committed to writing or to print;—not “the whole intellectual movement and progress of a nation,” as M. de Vericour terms it in his admirable *Sketches of Modern French Literature*, but the whole intellectual movement and progress of a nation, not in arms, art, policy, inventions, etc., but in *letters*, in writing, without distinction of subjects. It is, we venture to suggest, from not keeping the real, strict meaning of *literature*, or letters, with sufficient distinctness before our eyes, that such confusion seems to have originated of late in the use of those words. This confusion has been aided, perhaps, by the vanity of authors who have treated of literature, and by the ambition of the numerous class now claiming to be “literary.” To such it is a great convenience to pare down the Baconian amplitude of meaning. To comprise, under that term, merely poetry and eloquence, excluding even philosophy, the nurse of all knowledge, as there is now a tendency to do, may have advantages for readers who, after a pleasant saunter down the flowery paths of knowledge, wish to flatter themselves that they have traversed the whole domain, or for authors who,

without the interest or the intellect necessary for the prosecution of severer studies, are ambitious of the fame of having mastered all branches of knowledge that are worthy of a "literary" man; but it is not, therefore, the less a mortal offence against literature herself, to shear her of any of her fair proportions. Besides, it would introduce a grammatical confusion and uncertainty, which is easily avoided. If literature be not the sum total of the intellectual monuments which a nation possesses, in *letters*, i. e., in writings, we must then invent some new word to express that aggregate; but is it not better to abide by the customs of our ancestors and the laws of our language? Let us continue to call that aggregate by the name of literature, and the only inconvenience which will arise will be to vainglorious authors, who will have to change the titles of their works, from Histories of Literature, to Histories of Poetry, Eloquence, and whatever other branches of universal letters they may have condescended to include in their studies.

Did these innovators use the term eloquence in its largest meaning, there would be little, if anything, left on which to dispute. Did they include under that term everything eloquent, they would then include nearly all literature. But this is not their meaning. Eloquence, in their phraseology, includes only writings of which eloquence is the chief characteristic; it means elegant literature, which is elegant in its subject as well as in its form—polite learning, which is above the vulgarity of arts and sciences—*belles lettres*, which are flowers of the idler's garden, not of the labourer's field. In truth, the very vagueness and slipperiness, so to say, of these terms, warns us to trust less to general definitions, and explain our meaning by examples. For instance, in the interpretation now frequently given to the word literature, works on law, medicine, theology, the exact sciences, or the arts, would not be noticed in a "History of Literature;" but, do they not belong to letters?—are they not often models of eloquence?—do they not act a conspicuous part in the progress of literature? Their subjects may not be elegant; may have no connection with elegant letters; but, for such a reason, would a History of Greek Literature be complete which said nothing of Aristotle's physics? So, also, in modern literature, would a History of English Literature give a complete idea of the letters and intel-

lectual culture of England, were it silent concerning Blackstone's Commentaries, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures on Painting, or the innumerable works which have appeared on mechanics and the useful arts? We think not. Of course, no undue importance should be attached to works whose chief merits lie in the nature of their subjects; but this is true of all classes of works. Yet every good book, worthy of remembrance for its matter or its manner, should receive its appropriate notice in a history of literature, the annals of the entire intellectual progress of a nation in letters.

In writing the history of modern literature, another question, of no small import, arises: What place is to be given to modern works, written in Latin? If literary history is to be only a history of books, there is some propriety in classing together those written in the same language; but there would then be scarcely any difference between bibliography and literary history. If, however, the latter has higher and nobler aims—if it claims to exhibit the entire progress of a nation in letters, as shown by the records and monuments it has left, it will be incomplete if it excludes a large number of those records and monuments, only because written in a language sealed to the mass, but which was the recognized and intelligible medium of communication in the class which controlled the course of the very events to be narrated. As well might the writer of a nation's civil history exclude from his pages all mention of wars carried into foreign territories, or of victories gained by foreign troops in the pay of the government, even when their triumphs have enured to the benefit of the very nation whose progress he is narrating.

There is one branch of letters which is usually—nay, as far as our reading extends, invariably—treated with great superciliousness by the professed writers of literary history, but which yet forms always a most important, and, during some stages of a nation's progress, the most potential part of literature—we allude to translations. The literary productions accessible to the Russian and the Pole, at the present day, in their respective native tongues, are said to be chiefly translations from French and German works. We know also that half the works now issued from the Spanish press, in the Spanish tongue, are translations of French and English histories, romances,

and works on science and philosophy. A marked period in German history is one in which the educated classes read only French books, or translations from them. Of course, a complete history of a nation's literature must record every such influence, and particularize the instruments through which it was exerted. And, even when no general, all-pervading influence of a foreign literature is to be noted, the remarkable translations which have unsealed to a whole nation the fountains of living water discovered by a great, though foreign mind, often form as important a part of that nation's literature, and exert as great an influence on its literary history, as though they had been originals in its own tongue.

We should be betrayed into a length unsuitable to a criticism, in the pages of a review, did we pursue the subject, and attempt more closely to define what is, and what is not, within the legitimate scope of a history of a single nation's literature. We turn, therefore, to the works whose titles head this article. Instead of noticing each of the three in turn, we shall devote our attention chiefly to the most modern and complete, that of Mr. Ticknor, and describe, as we proceed, the points of difference between it and the others, where they seem most worthy of attention.

This work is entitled a "History of Spanish Literature;" but, in the table of contents, and division into periods, it professes to treat of "the literature that existed in Spain." There is some difference between the two things, and we shall have occasion, in the course of our remarks, to advert to it. In the preface, the author makes, in—we think—a tone rather of ostentation than of explanation or apology, a profession of peculiar qualifications for a task which Bouterwek and Sismondi approached with misgivings, and protestations of the difficulties attending it. It is only in the course of his work, and in notes, that he alludes to the labours of those who preceded him—a course both singular and unwise; for, while it tacitly assumes that the field he enters has been so neglected that no apology is necessary for a new description of it to the public, it prompts a rigid examination of the claims which the new work may have to supercede those which it comparatively ignores, but which have hitherto had a high place in public favour. Nor can it avail much that the author says, "the natural result of such a long-continued interest in Spanish

literature, and of so many pleasant inducements to study it, has been—I speak in a spirit of extenuation and self-defence—a book.” The statements of the preface, together with the whole tone of the work, and the position claimed for it by its friends, since its appearance, justify us in considering it, despite its quasi disclaimer, as one aiming to supercede what others have written on the subject, and not merely to come to their aid, by a modest contribution of facts that had eluded their search. Into this claim we propose to make an impartial examination.

Mr. Ticknor divides Spanish literary history into three periods. The first extends, from the appearance of the Spanish language, to the beginning of the sixteenth century; the second, from that period to the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the third, through the eighteenth and to the present day. This arrangement appears to be better than that made by Bouterwek, and substantially followed by Sismondi, who close the second period at the middle of the seventeenth century, and include in the third both the decline of Spanish literature, in the latter half of the seventeenth, and its partial revival, under the Bourbons, in the eighteenth century. Spanish literary, as well as civil history, has three strongly defined periods. The first, truly Spanish, ended with the conquest of Granada, and the extinction of the native races of sovereigns; during this term, the literature of the peninsula developed itself, little influenced by that of neighbouring nations, and under the guidance of comparatively free and liberal institutions. Within that period it arose, flourished, and finally wasted away, in spirit and form, under the attacks of the Inquisition, the consolidating spirit of the catholic sovereigns in internal affairs, and the European extent of view given their foreign policy, so different from the almost exclusively peninsular system which had hitherto guided the councils of Spanish monarchs. The second extends throughout the reigns of the Austrian princes. Spanish literature, under that ultra-Romanist, stern, exclusive dynasty, partook of the character of the court. It was less exclusively national; it borrowed many of its forms, and much of its inspiration, from the foreign countries into which the policy of the court had carried Spanish arms and influence; like the dynasty, it arose in sudden vigour, and flourished and decayed along with the country's masters. The literature of that period is a

whole, in its rise, its flourishing, and its decay. The seeds of the diseases which destroyed it under Charless II. were sown in the palmy days of Charles I., (as Emperor, Charles V.) and the Philips. With the accession of the Bourbons, in 1700, and the war of the Spanish succession, began a new and essentially different period. French taste was introduced, and French models imitated. The Inquisition, always distasteful to that humane though zealous family, lost much of its power; the practical arts and sciences were encouraged, and the whole spirit of the nation became more European and less Gotho-Mauritanian. That period, in which Spain yet exists, must be treated as a whole; in it Spanish literature has formed the character which it still retains. Bouterwek disregarded both the unity of character of the declining literature of Charles's reign, with the flourishing literature of the sixteenth century, and the dissimilarity of spirit between them both and the literature which arose under the Bourbons. Mr. Ticknor has made a more accurate and felicitous division.

In the first period of Spanish literature, the questions most deserving attention are, the origin of the Spanish language, the birth of its literature, the influence of Provençal and Arabic literature upon it, the origin of the peculiar Spanish versification, the poem of the Cid, and the ballads.

Mr. Ticknor has thrown into an appendix a chapter on the origin of the Spanish language. It is clear, thorough and satisfactory. We are disposed to consider it the best chapter in the work. He begins with the Iberian or Basque tongue, that of the aborigines of the Peninsula, and probably of all Western Europe, and traces, in historical order, the admixture of Celtic, Phœnician or Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, Vandal, Gothic, Arabic and Mauritanian, which formed, out of that strange old language, the sonorous and flowing Castilian. He wisely avoids burthening his text with prolix accounts of the various characteristics of these discordant elements, though his erudite notes furnish ample references for those who wish to pursue the subject farther; at the same time, the space devoted to the manner and extent of each admixture, is in well-balanced proportion with the comparative importance of each. He does not enter into the much vexed, and, we think, almost absurd question, of the origin of the *lingua rustica* or *quotidiana*. It seems to us to

require but little *practical* acquaintance with the different dialects of any one tongue, at the present day, to arrive at a conclusion on the subject. Just as the *patois* of a Gascon peasant differs from that of a Norman, or as that of a Valencian differs from that of an Asturian, although the educated Frenchman, at Bordeaux or at Rouen speaks the same French as a native of Paris, and the educated Spaniard at Alicante or at Oveido uses the true Castilian of Toledo; so, also, the languages formed for the vulgar, by the admixtures of Latin with Punic and Iberian in Andalusia, with Iberian, Celtic and Punic in Northern Spain, with Celtic and Greek in Provence, and so on, throughout the Western Roman Empire, must *always* have differed from each other, more or less, and could never have been pure Latin, or even the same kind of corrupted Latin. Any supposition that the nations of Western Europe had been completely Latinized, and, before the origin of the modern tongues, spoken a common *lingua rustica*, which was a corruption of the Latin, which had once been their common tongue, seems absurd, because it would contradict all past and present experience of the manner in which dialects are affected by the language of a conquering race. In each province, or each section of a province, in the Western Roman Empire, a different *patois* or *lingua rustica* was spoken, as in our own day; on the withdrawal of the Romans, and extinguishment of learning, that *patois* continued to exist. With Mr. Ticknor, we are "persuaded the modern languages and their dialects, in the South of Europe, were, so far as the Latin was concerned, formed out of the popular and vulgar Latin, found in the mouths of the common people; and that christianity, more than any other single cause, was the medium and means by which this change was brought about." Had the clergy, and a considerable class of educated men, continued to use the pure Latin, the Latinist nations of Europe might possibly have continued to this day to have a common language, but slightly different from the Latin of Boethius or the Pandects. But early christianity, which finally comprised in its priesthood all the cultivation of the West, addressed itself to the masses, and had to speak in terms which they could understand;—and hence the change.

By the admixture of Gothic and Arabic with the local Latinized dialect, the modern Spanish of each part of

Spain has been formed. The manner of the admixture is easily discernible in the language itself, and is the same as in the Italian, French and English. The form of speech which prevailed among the dominant class, or at the court, in the end, became the recognized national language. That class, being Gothic, adopted the same mode of communicating with their Latin-speaking inferiors that any traveller would use in making himself understood by a servant in a foreign town—he seizes on the words in the form in which they most frequently or most readily catch his ear, and places them in the order and manner of construction to which his mind is accustomed. This *lingua franca* of the Gothic nobles was mainly Germanic in its structure, mixed of Germanic and the *lingua rustica* in its words. From it arose the court dialect, the parent of the modern language. As there were several courts, so several languages arose—the Castilian, the Limousin and the Gallician. The supremacy of the first over the second decided the national language of Spain, and the independence of Portugal preserved the third in its polished Lusitanian form.

Concerning the influence of Arabic literature on that of Spain, Mr. Ticknor arrays himself against Sismondi, Ginguenè, Conde, and the Spanish writers generally, who find in the former the origin both of rhyme and romantic fiction. He says that “both are now generally admitted to have been, as it were, spontaneous productions of the human mind, which different nations, at different periods, have invented separately for themselves.” This seems an exaggeration. As far as authorities go, they greatly preponderate on the other side, and even Mr. Ticknor cites but one or two who favour his “generally admitted” version of the matter. It is a question peculiarly difficult to determine, since we must base our reasonings on facts which it is difficult or impossible to ascertain with certainty, or on so-called internal evidence, which is often but the fancy of the investigator; while we can obtain little light from analogy, since the instances in which nations have borrowed the forms of their poetry are as frequent as those in which they have originated them spontaneously. Mr. Ticknor’s manner of assuming the present predominance of the opinion he favours deserves notice, since it is one of several instances in which he exhibits a tendency to consider dominant and universally

received, if not indisputable, opinions which are either sanctioned by his own judgment or favoured by the writers he more particularly esteems; though, in fact, they may be much controverted, particularly in Spain. In so doing he neglects that duty of a literary historian which consists in impartially describing the true state of disputed questions—"the controversies," as Bacon says, "which have existed among the learned,"—and, above all, in giving, as an essential part of a nation's literature, the opinions which have predominated among its own leaders, in matters concerning its own fame. In this, however, Mr. Ticknor only obeys a marked impulse of the general New-England mind, which, akin in many qualities to the German, is in none more so than in its self-confidence, its intense belief in the irresistible reasonableness of its own dogmas, and a consequent disposition, unconsciously perhaps, to underrate the relative weight and authority of those embracing opposite views.

There is, however, great plausibility in the theory which assigns an Arabic origin to Spanish versification. To give a proper view to this interesting controversy, it is necessary to correct some singular errors into which Mr. Ticknor has fallen. He states that Andrés, the originator of that theory, and "all" his followers, among whom Sismondi is mentioned by name, "date the communication of the Arabian influences of Spain upon the South of France from the capture of Toledo, in 1085," and, as Raynouard has since discovered a Provençal poem of a date certainly earlier than the year 1000, the theory must fall to the ground. Sismondi, who must certainly be conceded to be the best expounder of his own theory, says distinctly, (I., p. 84, note,) in noticing the work of A. W. von Schlegel, (cited by Mr. Ticknor,) "the taking of Toledo, in 1085, is *not*, then, the period which the Abbé Andrés, M. Ginguené or myself, have fixed as the era of the Provençal poetry; nor does the discovery of the romance poetry of Boethius, anterior to the year 1000, give us the *coup de grace*. The taking of Toledo merely placed the most celebrated school of the Arabians in the power of the Christians. This school continued to spread the sciences of the Arabians in the West, *long* after the mixture of the courts had rendered *their poetry familiar*." This inaccuracy of Mr. Ticknor leads us to hesitate in accepting another of his declarations on this subject. He

says, (I., p. 110,) "the earliest of the Spanish ballads, concerning which *alone* the question can arise, have not all the characteristics of an imitated literature. Not a single Arabian original has been found for any one of them, nor, so far as we know, has a single passage of Arabic poetry, or a single phrase from any Arabic writer, entered directly into their composition." Yet Conde, as quoted by him, (I., p. 109,) positively asserts that, "in the versification of our Castilian ballads and *seguidillas*, we have received from the Arabs *an exact type* of their verses," and versification is certainly a "characteristic" which may indicate imitation. The poem of the Cid was composed about the year 1200, (I., p. 13,) and we know, (I. p. 140,) that ballads about the Cid existed as early as 1147. Sismondi asserts (II., p. 120,) that "it is said that the original chronicle of the Cid," which is to be distinguished from the Spanish chronicle, which Mr. Ticknor shows, (I., p. 167,) to have been written after 1272, "was written in Arabic, a few years after his death, by two of his pages, who were Mussulmens, and from this chronicle the poem was taken, as well as the romances [or ballads]. The poem, though a most Christian performance, bears some traces of its Arabic origin. The style in which the Divinity is spoken of, and the epithets which are applied to him, bear traces of a Moorish rather than of a Catholic pen." Sismondi, as usual, does not cite his authorities; but the statements of so careful and accurate a writer deserve some attention; and it is somewhat surprising that Mr. Ticknor, who is by no means sparing of references, in his notes, to writers comparatively unknown, should have omitted all allusion to these assertions of Sismondi, not only in his (the former's) remarks on the origin of Spanish versification, but also in his chapter on the poem of the Cid, when he says, (I., p. 22,) that it "has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and *none at all* in its imagery or its fancies." The Life of the Cid, by a nephew of Alfaxati, the converted Moor, is referred to in the chronicle, and Cayangos possesses an Arabic chronicle, as Mr. Ticknor informs us, (I., p. 168,) on the same subject. May not, then, the *old* ballads of the Cid, which are now lost, have been, as these chronicles, composed by converted Moors or Muzarabic Christians? But let us return to our subject.

There are, in this matter, several questions which have

not been kept sufficiently distinct by Mr. Ticknor. Did modern versification, beginning with the Troubadours of Provence, come to them from the Arabs? Is Spanish versification of Moorish origin? Was the spirit of Spanish and Romanic poetry, as well as its versification, borrowed from the Arabs? Sismondi cites facts which conclusively show the constant intercourse between Christians and Arabs, previous to the Crusades and great Moorish wars of Spain. Rhyme is found among the Romanic poets after the beginning of this intercourse; few or no traces of it can be discovered previous to that period. As it did exist among the Arabs, and they were more polished than their Christian neighbours, he considers it evident that the former communicated it to the latter. He also expresses the opinion that the general tone and spirit of the Troubadour literature is Arabic. This A. W. Von Schlegel disputes, and Mr. Ticknor follows him. In respect to Spanish versification, Conde, as we have stated, asserts it to be identical with the Arabic which existed even before the days of Mahomet; and, in the absence of disproof or contradiction, by competent authority, his great name must decide the matter. The tone and spirit of old Spanish poetry are, of course, Moorish, to the same extent as the customs and manners of the nation were borrowed from their neighbours; whether they were more so we have not the materials to judge. Mr. Ticknor draws, from the strongly national tone of the old Spanish poetry, an argument against the Arabic origin of its manner and versification. It seems an unsound one: for no poets were more national than the Roman, and yet they professedly took the Greeks as their models. Nor is national antipathy any argument against the probability of an intercommunication of manners and fashions, literary or social. The French and English offer a signal example. But, in the case of the Spaniards, even this argument falls to the ground: for, by means of the Muzarabic Christians, gradually rescued by successive Spanish conquests, the Moorish tone and manner might have been introduced into compositions full of the true national spirit. However, on this whole question, of the precise degree of resemblance, in spirit and tone, between early Spanish and Arabic poetry, we confess our inability to judge; yet, in the face of such authorities as Conde and Sismondi, we must be excused for not giving much weight to the

assertions of Mr. Ticknor, however broad and confident; since it nowhere appears, in his work, that he professes even the slightest acquaintance with the Arabic language itself.

There are other theories, worthy of notice, concerning the origin of Spanish versification. We confine ourselves to the form, because it appears almost self-evident that the spirit and tone of poetry follow the genius of the time and nation, and whether they be of native growth or foreign importation, it is equally impossible to account for all their changes; while, on the contrary, the form seldom changes, and serves equally well the expression of the most varying and opposite sentiments, just as the English ballad verse suited the bard of Chevy Chase as well as it now suits the strolling beggar in a London street. Of these theories, Mr. Ticknor briefly notices, and more briefly dismisses, (I., p. 109,) that which has all the arguments from nature on its side, and which has been ably sustained in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 146—so ably, indeed, that it is surprising that Mr. Ticknor should think it worthy of no further attention than he gives it in the remark that “these and similar suggestions have so slight a foundation in recorded facts, that they can be little relied on.” It argues that the Spanish ballad is as ancient as the inhabitants of the country themselves—that it is only one of the many traces, which may yet be discovered in Spain, of their manners and habits.

To this day, there is a striking resemblance between Moorish and Spanish popular music. Ole Bull assured us that, in listening to the street ballad singers of Andalusia, he was most forcibly reminded of the tunes he had heard among the wild tribes of the Atlas; and, so striking was the resemblance, that it was evident, even to our own unscientific ears, as we listened to the chant of a Moor, whilst the music of the Andalusian dance we had lately witnessed might have been said to be almost still reverberating around us. It is a melancholy music, yet of a sad gaiety, such as we might imagine a captive to compose during an interval of partial freedom, which he knew was soon to end; the serf of an Oriental despot to feel, when his yoke felt lighter amid the festivity of a moment; or a worshipper of Moloch to chant in thanks for the acceptance of his sacrifice, while his paternal heart still yearned after the offspring he had surrendered to the

deadly embrace of the gloomy king of fiends. It reminded us of the scene described by Silius Italicus, in Roman times :

*"Barbara nunc patriis ululantem carmina linguis ;
Nunc, pede alterno percussa verbere terra,
Ad numerum resonas gaudentem plaudere cetras."*

The dances, too, are, according to the accurate Ford, exactly such as those with which certain damsels of Cadiz electrified the Romans in the days of the Republic, and horribly shocked the fastidious old Censor, Cato. May not the *Beta* dance of modern Andalusia be the very *Bætican* national dance which these antique Taglioni's introduced into the Eternal City? These customs are, perhaps, but the remains of Oriental manners, introduced by the Phœnicians, prevalent among the Roman Spaniards, who had their ballads, though both the language and its poetry had been lost before Strabo's time. The Tyrians, through whom the civilization of the East spread to Spain, were an eminently musical people. Jehovah's prophecy to Tyre, (Ezekiel xxvi., 13,) says, "I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease, and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard;" and, to the prince of Tyre He said, "The workmanship of thy tabrets and thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created." Isaiah, too, (xxiii., 15,) taunts her on her songs: "Take an harp, go about the city, make sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou may'st be remembered." David wrote psalms, and Solomon's "songs were a thousand and five." The whole region of Canaan was filled with the inspiration of music and poetry, and thence it spread to the Tyrian and Carthaginian colonies in Spain.

Could all this have perished, and left not even a vestige behind? The Highlanders and Welsh of our own day furnish instances of the great length of time that national ballads continue to exist in the memories of the common people, despite the powerful influences of modern civilization. Silius Italicus testifies to the existence of ballads in the native dialects of Spain, in his day, and they were sung precisely as the Spanish ballads in our own—the tone was sad, like a howl, as he contemptuously says, and the accompaniment was a beating with the feet. The natives of Spain adhered tenaciously to their religious forms; the Roman and Greek mythology effected little

against the Baal Hercules and Ashtaroth Venus who ruled the superstitious mind of Ante-Christian Spain ; and even Christianity itself, with a policy boldly avowed by a subsequent Pope, sought to facilitate its own introduction, by setting up the "Mother of God and Queen of the Angels" on the altar of the heathen Queen of Heaven ; while St. Christopher, succeeding to the honours of Atlas, is still most heathenishly named San Cristobal. Children in Spain still "pass through fire," unconsciously honouring Moloch in their sport. Nay, we even recollect one shocking instance, in which a downright Venus, with Cupid at her side, has been christened "the Virgin, mother of beautiful Love," and in this suspicious dress, yet receives the veneration of the devout. Song, among the ancient Spaniards, as in the East, was intimately connected with religion. Silius Italicus calls their "howling" songs "*ea sacra voluptas*." It is then only reasonable, and in accordance with the natural course of things, to suppose that this ancient music, and, with it, the songs and mode of versification, was that which was preserved by the common people, up to the time of Silius Italicus—Christianity, of course effecting afterwards some change, probably a slight one, in the tone and sentiments, though not in the style and mode of execution. The fact of their existence being testified by Silius Italicus, the great difficulty is to imagine how they could have disappeared : for a nation may cease to be warlike, or polished, or religious, but it can scarcely cease to have its music and its songs. The Gothic conquerors gave the general name of Roman or Romance to the conquered people, its laws, manners, language, and, of course, its songs too. These ballads, exclusively, are called *Romances*, i. e., songs after the manner of the *Roman* inhabitants, and *not* that of its Gothic or Arabic conquerors, or their Muzarabic allies. We find in these ballads a versification different from that of the Latins, and also different, as Sismondi shows, from that of the ancient Germans, which was alliterative, but not in either consonant or assonant rhyme. The conclusion then follows, that it was derived from the inhabitants of Spain, who preceded the Goths and Arabs. The testimony of Silius Italicus and Strabo carries its origin into still earlier times, and its similarity to, or identity with, the versification of the Arabs, is accounted for by a community of origin, in the countries of the Canaanites and

descendants of Abraham, whither, perhaps, it came from Egypt;—Miriam's song, with dances, being a trace of the migration.

Bouterwek has broached a theory, which it is strange that Mr. Ticknor has passed over in entire silence. He says, (p. 12,)

“They [the *redondillas*] may, with more probability, be considered a relic of the songs of the Roman soldiers, which were doubtless often heard in these countries, and which must have left recollections easily communicated by the Romanized natives to their conquerors, the Visigoths.”

In a note, he adds :

“How does it happen that none of the Spanish authors have taken notice of the ancient songs sung by the Roman soldiers, though they are evidently *redondillas*? Suetonius has preserved some remarkable examples of these songs, and the same measure occurs after the decline of Latin poetry, particularly in some pious verses of Prudentius.”

We confess ourselves inclined to the theory which assigns a remote, though obscure antiquity to rhyme. A writer in the Southern Literary Messenger, about two years ago, has, for the first time, we believe, advanced the theory that accentual poetry is also of ancient origin. We are disposed to think the same of rhyme. It seems to us as natural as punning, another process by which words or syllables, similar in sound but different in meaning, are placed in close neighbourhood, to gratify an intellectual sense. Both must have been as old as language itself; and the elevation of rhyme, as of ballads, to a dignified position in poetry, is due, perhaps, to that singular conjunction of circumstances, at the fall of the Roman Empire, by which the lower, or subject classes, and their organ, the democratic Catholic Church of the middle ages, became the depositories of whatever was left of culture and civilization. Under the Romans, to write ballads and rhymes, like the *seguidillas* of the soldiers, would have been as vulgar as to write negro songs would be in America; and, but for gossiping Suetonius, we might never have known that any existed. But, after the irruption of the barbarians, the tables were turned. To write ballads, and in rhyme, was still to write as a vulgar Roman, but yet better than an illiterate Goth; and, in any event, in

accordance with the tastes of the most polished, and, if we may use the term, most literary portion of the population that remained, and from which the clergy, the principal authors of that day, chiefly arose.

Yet we are convinced that satisfactory results can be arrived at, if at all, on this question, only by a comparison of the history of music with that of poetry. We have heard, or read, somewhere, that there are hymn tunes still in use, which are supposed to be as old as, if not older than, christianity itself. Our hymn and ballad tunes could scarcely be long sung without suggesting rhyme. In the mouths of the people, music and poetry are inseparable; and it would be a curious inquiry whether our mode of singing, and our versification, have not one common origin in the East, whence, in different streams, from the Tyrian, Phrygian and Pelasgic emigrations, which first carried the knowledge of musical instruments to the West, down to the missions of the Christian apostles, they pervaded Europe, and, with a religion of like Oriental origin, now rule our melody and our poetry.

The poem of the *Cid*, and the Spanish ballads, are so well known to all who take an interest in Spanish literature, that we need not dwell on them or their merits. We confess, however, to a suspicion that much of the highly wrought admiration often extended towards them, is the result of mere fashion. To its prevalence, the polished translations which have appeared, of the best ballads, have greatly contributed. The *North American Review*, on the appearance of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, showed that, though very pretty poetry, they had about the same connection with the pretended originals as Dr. Watts's *Hymns* with the *Songs of Solomon*—whole verses were interpolated, and the naked Spanish done into particularly florid English verse. Bouterwek contented himself with giving extracts, without translations, and Sismondi has generally translated into French prose those made in his work. This seems the wisest course, since it is impossible to transfer the poetical form and spirit of the original; and the most that can be obtained is to give the reader an accurate impression of the poetry of its meaning, ideas and sentiments. Mr. Ticknor has been more ambitious, for his poetical versions are, with two or three exceptions, of his own composition. As ballads, they are quite successful, and lead us to indulge the hope that

they are not the last poetical effusions with which their author will favour the public. It may be heterodox, and might sound strange even to Mr. Ticknor, that we should prefer them to those of either Longfellow or Lockhart; but we nevertheless do so. The versions of the two authors named are, doubtless, gems of poetry; but one, accustomed to the originals, is perpetually reminded that he is perusing a *new* poem, often very different from, though sometimes superior to, the Spanish ballads, of which they profess to be, at least, imitations. Mr. Ticknor's versions, on the contrary, have an unpretending air, that approaches nearer to the simplicity of the Spanish text. Lockhart has written, as he would have written had he been a Spanish *romancista*; his versions resemble the originals in little else than the outlines of the tale. The same is true, though to a less extent, of Longfellow. But Mr. Ticknor seems to us to have endeavoured to bury his own poetical spirit in that of the *romancista*, and to have aimed to write precisely as the author of the original would have written had English been his native tongue, and had he endeavoured to express precisely the same ideas and feelings in our language. In the following, (I., p. 143,) the attempt to preserve the manner, tone and phraseology of the original has been remarkably successful; we place in italics the few interpolations of Mr. Ticknor, that our readers may see how successfully he has eluded the restraints imposed on a translator by the hard necessities of versification and language.

"Away! away! *proud Roderic!*
 Castilian proud, *away!*
 Bethink thee of that olden time,
 That happy, honoured day,
 When, at Saint James's, *holy* shrine,
 Thy knighthood *first* was won;
 When *Ferdinand*, my royal sire,
 Confessed thee for a son.
 He gave thee *then* thy *knightly* arms,
 My mother gave thy steed;
 Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,
 That thou no grace might'st need.
 And had not chance forbid the vow,
 I thought with thee to wed;
 But Count Lozano's daughter *fair*
 Thy *happy* bride was led.
 With her came wealth, *an ample store,*
 But power was mine, and state;
Broad lands are good, and have their grace,
 But he that reigns is great.

Thy wife is well ; thy match was wise ;
Yet, Roderic ! at thy side
 A vassal's daughter sits by thee,
 And not a royal bride."

While on the subject of Mr. Ticknor's translations, we will give one other specimen of his powers, with the expression of our regret that our limits do not permit us to insert others. It is a translation of a hymn by Luis de Leon, who may, perhaps with some propriety, be called the Spanish Milton ; in which Mr. Ticknor confesses to have used a freedom greater than he has generally permitted to himself, "in order to approach, if possible, the bold outline of the original thought." It is but a just tribute to say we think he has done so as closely as the restrictions of versification and language permit. It is the "Hymn on the Ascension," as follows :

"And dost thou, holy shepherd, leave,
 Thine unprotected flock alone,
 Here, in this darksome vale, to grieve,
 While thou ascend'st thy glorious throne ?

O, where can they their hopes now turn,
 Who never lived but on thy love ?
 Where rest the hearts for thee that burn,
 When thou art lost in light above ?

How shall those eyes now find repose
 That turn, in vain, thy smile to see ?
 What can they hear, save mortal woes,
 Who lose thy voice's melody ?

And who shall lay his tranquil hand
 Upon the troubled ocean's might ?
 Who hush the winds by his command ?
 Who guide us through this starless night ?

For Thou art gone !—that cloud so bright,
 That bears thee from our love away,
 Springs upward through the dazzling light,
 And leaves us here to weep and pray !"

Although Mr. Ticknor's versions of the Spanish ballads approach surprisingly near the originals, yet, even the few ornaments which he has been compelled to introduce, in order to do them into English verse, may mislead the reader. It must always be recollected that, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (January, 1824) expresses it, "they are characterized by a peculiar spirit of simplicity—a straight-forward earnestness—which thinks only of the end, and presses on, without turning to the right hand

or the left, in search of ornament." So near are they akin to prose, and so simple is their structure, that, as Mr. Ticknor informs us, (I., p. 113,) "while Sarmiento has undertaken to show how Spanish prose, from the twelfth century downwards, is often written unconsciously in eight-syllable *asonantes*, Sepulveda, in the sixteenth century, actually converted large portions of the old chronicles into the same ballad measure, with little change of the original phraseology—two circumstances which, taken together, show indisputably that there can be no wide interval between the common structure of Spanish prose and this earliest form of Spanish verse." Indeed, we venture to conjecture that many passages of the old chronicles are merely literal transcripts of ballads of their time. Had they come down to us as ballads, and not as chronicles, it would doubtless have been as much the fashion to admire them as it is to laud the recognized *canciones* to the skies.

It would be too long a task to follow Mr. Ticknor through all, or even most of his criticisms; we must therefore content ourselves with giving our impressions generally, of the manner in which he has performed his labours. In a note to chap. ii., of the First Period, he makes acknowledgments to his two great predecessors, in the following manner: "None but those who have gone over the whole ground occupied by Spanish literature can know how great are the merits of scholars like Bouterwek and Sismondi,—acute, philosophical and thoughtful,—who, with an apparatus of authors so incomplete, have yet done so much for the illustration of their subject." On his having gone over the *whole* ground, and on the completeness of his own apparatus of authors, Mr. Ticknor would seem to base much of his own claim to consideration.

He has brought to the notice of his readers several productions which have not been described by Bouterwek and Sismondi; but, with few exceptions, they are works of little merit or importance. Among the most remarkable of these exceptions is the mention of Father Feyjoó, of whom Clemencin says truly that, "to his enlightened and religious mind is due the overthrow of many vulgar errors, and a great part of the progress in civilization made by Spain in the eighteenth century." Mr. Ticknor also relates the fact that Oliver Goldsmith held the father's

works in high esteem. To the influence of his writings is to be attributed the introduction of a French taste and colour into Spanish literature. A traveller could scarcely mingle, even a short time, among modern literary Spaniards, without learning something of Feyjoó and his merits. Yet, strange to say, neither Bouterwek or Sismondi, nor their translators, Miss Thomasina Ross and Mr. Roscoe, seem to have been aware even of his existence. Indeed, in their accounts of Spanish literature, during the reigns of the Bourbons, both these historians seem to labour against the meagreness of their own information. It is easy to perceive that, where Nicholas Antonio deserts them, and they are left to their own resources, their course is uncertain, and their judgments frequently not to be trusted. To that diligent and accurate author they are doubtless indebted for their information concerning the writers of the periods antecedent to the Bourbon reigns, and he has left little to be gleaned, either by the antiquary or the historian. Of this little, whether collected by himself or by others, Mr. Ticknor seems to have made a diligent use. How far the accuracy of his numerous references is to be relied on, we will not venture to judge, as we have neither his own rich collection nor the resources of Spanish public libraries to aid us in the investigation. Yet we feel bound in candor to say that, where we have been able to pursue the inquiry, such sad mistakes as that concerning the position of Sismondi, Guingené, etc., on the Arabic origin of Spanish poetry, have somewhat shaken our faith in the general accuracy of his statements.

In copiousness of details, and in the number of works and authors treated of, Mr. Ticknor excels all who have preceded him. Nor does he assign to each any greater or less degree of attention than is merited. In this respect, and in the clearness, system and order which pervade his text, he leaves no room for criticism or complaint. As a compendium of facts and notices, his work leaves all others far behind. It is perhaps owing to an endeavour to be calm and unbiassed in his criticism that he seldom permits himself to show much fervour or enthusiasm; and, in this respect, he is inferior to Sismondi and some of the English reviewers, and scarcely equals even the German Bouterwek. In Mr. Ticknor's pages, the history of Castilian literature seems to us to lose some of that exciting

interest raised by the glowing eloquence of the French historian and the vivid pictures of the Goettingen professor. Extracts from these several works will best illustrate the difference; and those of our readers who have not perused them will, we are sure, not find them tedious, while those who have, will pardon, we hope, their length, in consideration of the obligations of the reviewer. We select from Bouterwek the passages concerning Luis de Leon. As Mr. Ticknor's estimate of this writer is as high as Bouterwek's, a comparison of their respective remarks on him is a fair one.

"Luis Ponce de Leon," says Bouterwek, "the next lyric poet to be noticed, pursued a course very different from that of Herrera, whose contemporary he was. He is usually called, by abbreviation, merely Luis de Leon, and did not obtain the surname of divine, to which, however, he might have laid claim with infinitely more justice than Herrera, had his pious humility permitted him to entertain the idea of maintaining any competition for earthly honours.

"This poet, who, for classical purity of style and moral dignity of ideas, had never been surpassed in Spanish literature, was, like Herrera and Mendoza, a native of the south of Spain. He was born at Grenada, in the year 1527, where the family of the Ponces de Leon, which was connected with the most distinguished of the Spanish nobility, flourished. At an early period of life, Luis de Leon felt poetic inspiration, and cherished a love of retirement, which rendered him indifferent to outward show, and all the pleasures of the great world. He found only in poetry, and in the contemplation of a superior existence, that food for which his soul longed. His tranquil and placid mind exhibited none of the gloomy features of fanaticism, but was devoted to moral and religious meditation. As soon as he had finished his scholastic studies, he entered, of his own free choice, into the ecclesiastical state. He was sixteen years of age when he made his profession in the order of St. Augustine, at Salamanca. Theology now became his proper occupation. In Spain, especially at that period, a man of the character of Luis de Leon, even if he possessed a mind capable of divesting itself of prejudice, could scarcely be expected to doubt the dogmas of the Catholic faith; but his poetic imagination was not to be satisfied with their dry and scholastic interpretation, and he was irresistibly impelled to adorn them. Luis de Leon transferred the mild enthusiasm of his pious feelings into the theological studies to which his vocation devoted him. On religious subjects he was a learned and diligent author; but it was only in poetry that his heart found, at least during the first years of his mo-

nastic life, the faithful interpreter of his love for that pure truth, to the attainment of which all his arduous efforts were directed. Though invested in his thirty-third year with the dignity of doctor of theology, he maintained, even within the cloister, his intimacy with the classic writers of antiquity. Hebrew poetry also worked powerfully on his imagination; and on one occasion he nearly fell a martyr to an attempt to translate and comment on the Song of Solomon. He was far from wishing to give a very liberal interpretation of the amatory language of the original; and he explained the sacred poem in accordance with the sense attributed to it by the church. But the Inquisition had, at that time, strictly prohibited the translation of any part of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Luis de Leon, therefore, ventured to communicate his version in confidence to one friend only; but that friend was not faithful to his trust, and the translation found its way into the hands of several individuals. It was soon denounced to the Inquisition, and the author was immediately thrown into prison by that terrible tribunal. Luis de Leon mentions, in one of his letters, that, for the space of five years, he was deprived of all communication with mankind, and was not even permitted to see the light of day. Conscious of his innocence, he enjoyed, during his captivity, according to his own testimony, a tranquility and satisfaction of mind which he never afterwards so fully experienced, when restored to freedom and the society of friends. At length justice was done him. He returned in triumph to his monastery, and was reinstated in his ecclesiastical dignities. From that period, he appears to have been wholly devoted to the duties of his order and the study of theology. He died in 1591, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, being at that time general and provincial vicar of Salamanca.

"The poems of this amiable enthusiast are, according to his own testimony, for the most part the productions of his youth; but no other Spanish poet has so well succeeded in expressing the intense feelings of his heart under the control of so sound a judgment. It is only by reference to the pious placidity of a cultivated mind wrapt up in self-communion, that the extraordinary correctness of this author's style can be explained; for Luis de Leon is, without exception, the most correct of all the Spanish poets, though he constantly regarded the metrical clothing of his ideas as a very secondary object. To use his own language, he wrote poetry rather in fulfilment of his destiny, than purposely and by dint of study. At an early age, he became intimately acquainted with the Odes of Horace, and the elegance and purity of style which distinguish those compositions made a deep impression on his imagination. Classical simplicity and dignity were the models constantly present to his creative fancy. He, however, appropriated to himself the character of Horace's poetry too naturally ever to incur the danger

of servile imitation. He discarded the prolix style of the canzone, and imitated the brevity of the strophes of Horace, in romantic syllabic measures and rhymes. More just feeling for the imitation of the ancients was never evinced by any modern poet. His odes have, however, a character totally different from those of Horace, though the sententious air which marks the style of both authors imparts to them a deceptive resemblance. The religious austerity of Luis de Leon's life was not to be reconciled to the epicurism of the Latin poet; but, notwithstanding this very different disposition of mind, it is not surprising that they should have adopted the same form of poetic expression; for each possessed a fine imagination, subordinate to the control of a sound understanding. Which of the two is the superior poet, it would be difficult to determine, as each formed his style by free imitation, and neither overstepped the boundaries of a certain sphere of practical observation. Horace's odes exhibit a superior style of art, and, from the relationship between the thoughts and images, they possess a degree of attraction which is wanting in those of Luis de Leon; but, on the other hand, the latter are the more rich in that natural kind of poetry which may be regarded as the overflowing of a pure soul, elevated to the loftiest regions of moral and religious idealism.*

"Luis de Leon himself published a collection of his poetic works, divided into three books. The first contains his original poems; the second, translations from some of the ancient classics; and the third, metrical versions of several of the Psalms, and some parts of the book of Job.

"The reader who peruses the poems of Luis de Leon, which are all odes, in the spirit in which the author wrote them, will fancy himself transported to a better world. No furious zeal disturbs the gentle piety that pervades them; no extravagant metaphor destroys the harmony of the ideas and expressions; and no discordant accent breaks the pleasing melody of the rhythm. The idea of the perishableness of all things earthly is united with smiling pictures of nature. The imitations of Horace are only introduced to aid the poetic light in which the poet views those objects which were peculiarly interesting to his contemporaries. One of Luis de Leon's most celebrated odes is the *Noche Serena*, but the concluding stanzas do not correspond with the beauty of the commencement. In the ode to Felipe Ruiz, the ardent aspiration for heavenly truth is very picturesquely expressed. But the exalted inspiration and tender enthusiasm in which Luis de Leon so widely departs from

* (NOTE OF BOUTERWEK.)—How highly Cervantes esteemed Luis de Leon, may be seen from a passage in his *Galatea*, in which one of the characters says:

Fray Luis de Leon es quel que digo,
A quien yo reverencio, adoro, y sigo.

Horace, are most prominently evinced in his ode on Heavenly Life, (*De la Vida del Cielo*.) Here his fancy is bold, without launching into extravagant metaphor. What an ethereal effulgence glows through his lyric picture of the soft bright region, the meadow of holiness, never blighted by frost, nor withered by the sun's rays; where the good shepherd, his head crowned with blossoms of purple and white, without either sling or staff, leads his beloved flock to the sweet pasture covered with ever blooming roses; where the shepherd, reclining in the shade at noon, blows his heavenly pipe, whose feeblest tone, should it descend on the ear of the poet, would transform his whole soul to love.' The ode in which the genius of the Tagus prophesies to king Roderick the misfortunes of Spain, is more in Horace's style, and possesses a very happy uniformity of character. In some other imitations of a similar kind, the fancy of the pious poet willingly descends from the Heavenly regions. The poems contained in the first part of the collection are few in number. Those which Luis de Leon himself inserted amount only to twenty-seven, and among them is an indifferent elegy, and a cancion in the Italian style of not much greater merit. Several other compositions, which he seems to have rejected, have been recently printed from manuscripts.

"The greater portion of the poetic works of Luis de Leon consists of translations; but these translations form an epoch in the department of literature to which they belong. Those in the second book of the collection are the first classical specimens, in modern literature, of the art of renewing the ancient poetry in modern forms. Luis de Leon has himself explained the principles by which he was guided in bringing the ancient poetry within the sphere of the romantic. He endeavoured to make the ancient poets speak as they would have expressed themselves, had they been born in his own age in Castile, and had they written in Castilian.' However bold this attempt may appear, and whatever defects a translation of this kind may present to the eye of a connoisseur who wishes for a faithful resemblance of the original, and not a flowery imitation, yet, if the validity of the principle be once admitted, Luis de Leon will be found to have fulfilled all that the most rigid critic can desire. Besides, it must be considered that the translations of a more literal character would scarcely have found readers in Spain at that period. Luis de Leon translated Virgil's eclogues, partly in tercets, and partly in coplas; a considerable series of Horace's odes in the same romantic syllabic measure which he chose for his own odes;—and a portion of Virgil's Georgics in stanzas. But the easy flowing style of his Spanish version of Pindar's first ode excels all the rest. To these translations are also added two imitations of Italian sonnets, which prove that he succeeded very well in that species of composition, though among

his own original poems there is not a single sonnet. He translated the Psalms of David, according to the rule he had prescribed to himself. His translations speedily obtained the rank in Spanish literature to which they were entitled; and they have served as models for all succeeding versions of Greek and Latin poetry in the Spanish language. Luis de Leon may indeed be blamed for having thwarted, by the style of translation which he introduced, all the attempts made to form Spanish poetry on the model of that of the ancients. But, on the other hand, to his example the Spaniards are indebted for numerous translations of Greek and Latin poetry, which have all the air of Spanish originals.

"If Luis de Leon had not confined his prose writings exclusively to spiritual subjects, he would, doubtless, have also exercised a very decided influence on the rhetorical cultivation of Spain. His sermons (*oraciones*) are, however, invariably mentioned in terms of praise by Spanish writers whenever they allude to the theological literature of their country. Among his other works intended for edification, *The Woman as she should be*, or *The Perfect Wife*, (*La Perfecta Casada*), will perhaps be found the most interesting to the untheological class of readers; though it constantly turns on the positive morality of Catholicism, and therefore, like every mixed treatise of theology and morals, is no legitimate specimen of the developement of ideas in the didactic style."

In this ample, thoughtful and judicious criticism, the peculiar merits and characteristics of the great poet are vividly and warmly, yet faithfully depicted; by it we are introduced to the man and the writer, and almost feel as if we knew his inmost soul. The text is accompanied by notes containing extracts from the odes referred to in it. In Bouterwek's work they are quoted in Spanish; but we cannot forbear adding translations of two of them, which we find in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1824. The first is of the ode commencing with the words *Zue descansada vida*, and is an imitation of Horace's *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, etc.

O happy, happy he! who flies
Far from the noisy world away,
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way—
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to God.

No passions in his breast arise;
Calm in his own unaltered state,
He smiles superior as he eyes
The splendour of the great;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering hall and gilded roof

He heeds not, though the trump of fame
Pour forth the noblest of its strains,
To spread the glory of his name ;
And his high soul disdains
That flattery's voice should varnish o'er
The deed that truth or virtue would abhor.

Such lot be mine : what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power ;
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour ;
To chase an empty shape of air
That leaves me weak with toil and worn with care !

Oh ! streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly—
To fly, and be at rest ;
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle nature, do I turn to thee !

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fullness of the day ;
Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies ;
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like these sad shapes that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Be mine ; my hopes to Heaven to give,
To taste the bliss that Heaven bestows,
Alone, and for myself to live,
And 'scape the many woes
That human hearts are doomed to bear,
The pangs of love and hate, and hope and fear.

A garden by the mountain side
Is mine, whose flowery blossoming
Shows, even in spring's luxuriant pride,
What autumn's sun shall bring ;
And from the mountain's lofty crown
A clear and sparkling rill comes trembling down.

Then, pausing in its downward force
The venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course ;
And, as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks
With ever changing flowers its mossy banks.

The whisper of the balmy breeze
 Scatters a thousand sweets around,
 And sweeps in music through the trees
 With an enchanting sound,
 That laps the soul in calm delight,
 Where crowns and kingdoms are forgotten quite.

Their's let the dear bought treasure be,
 Who in a treacherous bark confide ;
 I stand aloof, and changeless see
 The changes of the tide,
 Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
 When angry winds are warring with the deep.

Day turns to night—the timbers rend,
 More fierce the ruthless tempest blows ;
 Confused the varying cries ascend,
 As the sad merchant throws
 His hoards, to join the stores that lie
 In the deep sea's uncounted treasury,

Mine be the peaceful board of old,
 From want as from profusion free ;
 His let the massy cup of gold,
 And glittering baubles be,
 Who builds his baseless hope of gain
 Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.

While others, thoughtless of the pain
 Of hope delayed and long suspense,
 Still struggle on to guard or gain
 A sad pre-eminence,
 May I, in woody covert laid,
 Be gaily chaunting in the secret shade.

At ease within the shade reclined,
 With laurel and with ivy crown'd,
 And my attentive ear inclined
 To catch the heavenly sound
 Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings
 Some master-hand its practised finger flings.

The other, a translation of parts of the *Noche Serena*, is, as the reviewer remarks, “a specimen of his loftier manner, when, viewing the stars, he abandons himself entirely to the impulses of his fancy, and forgets the mere propriety of Horace in the more exalted feelings and images which his enthusiasm suggests to him :”

I gaze upon yon orbs of light,
 The countless stars that gem the sky ;
 Each in its sphere, serenely bright,
 Wheeling its course—how silently !
 While in the mantle of the night,
 Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

* * * * *

Temple of light and loveliness,
 And throne of grandeur! can it be
 That souls whose kindred loftiness
 Nature has framed to rise to thee,
 Should pine within this narrow place,
 This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
 For ever leads our steps astray,
 That, reckless of thy pure delight,
 We turn from that divine array,
 To chase the shade that mocks the sight—
 A good that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
 To dull forgetfulness a prey,
 The rolling of the rapid wheels
 That call the restless hours away;
 While every passing moment steals
 His lessening span of life away.

Awake ye mortals! raise your eyes
 To yon eternal starry spheres—
 Look on the glories of the skies!
 They answer, how this world appears,
 With all its pomps and vanities,
 With all its hopes and all its fears.

What but a speck of earth at last,
 Amidst th' illimitable sky,
 A point that sparkles in the vast
 Effulgence of yon galaxy;
 In whose mysterious rounds the past,
 The present and the future, lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
 Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining;
 Through the unbounded void of space,
 A hand unseen their course assigning,
 All moving with unequal pace
 Yet in harmonious concord joining;

Who sees the silver chariot move
 Of the bright moon, and gliding slow,
 The star whose lustre from above
 Rains influence on the world below;
 Or the resplendent queen of love,
 So bright and beautifully glow;

Or, where the angry god of war
 Rolls redder on his troubled way;
 Beyond, the mild majestic star
 That o'er the gods of old held sway,
 That beams his radiance from afar,
 And calms the heaven beneath his sway;

Where Saturn shows his distant beam,
 Sure of the golden days of yore,

Or where the starry host that seem
Thick as the sands that line the shore,
From their eternal seats, a stream
Of glory and of radiance pour ?

Who that has seen these splendors roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sighed to scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between ?*

There, in their starry halls of rest,
Sweet peace and joy their homes have made ;
There, in the mansions of the blest,
Diviner love his throne hath laid,
With ever-during glory graced,
And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O boundless beauty ! let thy ray
Shine out unutterably bright ;
Thou placid, pure, eternal day,
That never darken't into night ;
Thou spring, whose ever green array
Knows not the wasting winter-blight ;

O fields of never-dying green,
Bright with innumerable flow'rs !
O crystal rills that glide between !
O shady vales and sunny bowers !
Hath mortal eye these glories seen,
Yet clung to such a world as ours ?"

These translations are not equal to those of Mr. Ticknor, and fall greatly behind the lofty simplicity of the original ; yet they may give our readers some faint idea of the high rank justly assigned to Luis de Leon. The same reviewer considers him "the greatest of the Spanish poets of his age," the Augustan period of Spanish literature, and "perhaps one of the noblest lyric poets that ever existed." Truly "a profound scholar, and deeply versed in the Grecian philosophy, he had 'unsphered the spirit of Plato'

* Byron, who understood Spanish, has coolly appropriated this idea, in the moonlight scene in the *Sage of Corinth* :

—— " blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?"

and embodied in his poetry the lofty views of the Greek philosopher, with regard to the original derivation of the soul from a higher existence; but heightened and rendered more distinct and more deeply interesting by the Christian belief, that such was also to be its final destination."

Let us now turn to Mr. Ticknor's account of Luis de Leon. It is a chapter in which his usually calm and somewhat too sober style becomes eloquent, and the nature of the subject excites in him an unusually near approach to congenial enthusiasm. Yet it appears tame in comparison with Bouterwek's remarks on the same author, and does not leave on the mind of the reader as satisfactory and complete an idea of Luis de Leon's merits and characteristics. Yet, as Mr. Ticknor shows himself, in his translation of the Hymn on the Ascension, fully equal to an appreciation of this great poet's merits, it may be that he has thought it more consistent with the dignity of history and criticism to check the impulses of his own poetic temperament, in methodically dissecting the character even of a poet. The fact that, in the present work, he assigns a much more limited space to the congenial subject of early Spanish poetry, than in his lectures at Harvard, would seem to confirm the surmise that he has placed a rein on himself in this respect. As it is, however, he has too often given us an anatomy, instead of the physiology of a great writer.

"It should not be forgotten," says Mr. Ticknor, "that, while we have gone over the beginnings of the Italian school and of the existing theatre, we have had little occasion to notice one distinctive element of the Spanish character, which is yet almost constantly present in the great mass of the national literature—I mean the religious element. A reverence for the church, or, more properly, for the religion of the church, and a deep sentiment of devotion, however mistaken in the forms it wore or in the direction it took, had been developed in the old Castilian character by the wars against Islamism, as much as the spirit of loyalty and knighthood, and had, from the first, found no less fitting poetical forms of expression. That no change took place in this respect in the sixteenth century, we find striking proof in the character of a noble Spaniard, born in the city of Granada, about twenty years later than Diego de Mendoza; but one whose gentler and graver genius took the direction which that of the elder cavalier so decidedly refused.

"Luis Ponce de Leon, called, from his early and unbroken connection with the church, 'Brother Luis de Leon,' was born in 1528, and enjoyed advantages of education, which, in his time, were almost exclusively confined to the children of noble and distinguished families. He was early sent to Salamanca, and there, when only sixteen years old, voluntarily entered the order of Saint Augustin. From this moment, the final direction was given to his life. He never ceased to be a monk, and he never ceased to be attached to the University where he was bred. In 1560 he became a Licentiate in Theology, and immediately afterwards was made a Doctor of Divinity. The next year, at the age of thirty-four, he obtained the chair of St. Thomas Aquinas, which he won, after a public competition against several opponents, four of whom were already professors; and to these honours he added, ten years later, that of the chair of Sacred Literature.

"By this time, however, his influence and success had gathered round him a body of enemies, who soon found means to disturb his peace. A friend, who did not understand the ancient languages, had desired him to translate 'the Song of Solomon' into Castilian, and explain its character and purpose. This he had done, and the version which he thus made is commonly regarded as the earliest, or one of the earliest, among his known works. But, in making it, he had treated the whole poem as a pastoral eclogue, in which the different personages converse together like shepherds. This opinion, of course, was not agreeable to the doctrines of his church, and its principles of interpretation; but what he had done had been done only as an act of private friendship, and he had taken some pains to have his version known only to the individual at whose request it had been made. His manuscript, however, was copied and circulated by the treachery of a servant. One of the copies thus obtained fell into the hands of an enemy, and its author, in 1572, was brought before the Inquisition of Valladolid, charged with Lutheranism and with making a vernacular translation from the Scriptures, contrary to the decree of the Council of Trent. It was easy to answer the first part of the complaint, for Luis de Leon was no Protestant; but it was not possible to give a sufficient answer to the last. He had, however, powerful friends, and by their influence escaped the final terrors of the Inquisition, though not until he had been almost five years imprisoned, in a way that seriously impaired his health and broke down his spirits.

"But the University remained faithful to him. He was reinstated in all his offices, with marks of the sincerest esteem, on the 30th of December, 1578; and it is a beautiful circumstance attending his restoration, that when, for the first time, he rose before a crowded audience, eager to hear what allusion he would make to his persecutions, he began by simply saying, 'As we remarked when we last

met,' and then went on, as if the five bitter years of his imprisonment had been a blank in his memory, bearing no record of the cruel treatment he had suffered.*

"It seems, however, to have been thought advisable that he should vindicate his reputation from the suspicions that had been cast upon it; and therefore, in 1580, at the request of his friends, he published, in Latin, an extended commentary on the Canticles, interpreting each part in three different ways—directly, symbolically and mystically—and giving the whole as the theological and obscure a character as the most orthodox could desire, though still without concealing his opinion that it was originally intended to be a pastoral eclogue.

"Another work on the same subject, but in Spanish, and in some respects like the one that had caused his imprisonment, was also found among his manuscripts after his death. But it was not thought advisable to print it till 1798. Even then a version of the Canticles, in Spanish octaves, as an eclogue, intended originally to accompany it, was not added, and did not appear till 1806—a beautiful translation, which discovers not only its author's power as a poet, but the remarkable freedom of his theological inquiries, in a country where such freedom was, in that age, not to be tolerated for an instant. The fragment of a defence of this version, or of some parts of it, is dated from his prison, in 1573, and was found long afterwards among the state papers of the kingdom, in the archives of Simancas.

"While in prison he prepared a long prose work, which he entitled "The Names of Christ." It is a singular specimen at once of Spanish theological learning, eloquence and devotion. Of this, between 1583 and 1585 he published three books; but he never completed it. It is thrown into the form of a dialogue, like the 'Tusculan Questions,' which it was probably intended to imitate; and its purpose is, by means of successive discussions of the character of the Saviour, as set forth under the names of Son, Prince, Shepherd, King, etc., to excite devout feelings in those who read it. The form, however, is not adhered to with great strictness. The

* (Ticknor) Villanueva (Vida, Londres 1825, 8vo., Tom. I., p. 340,) says that all the papers relating to the inquisitorial process against Luis de Leon, including admirable answers of the accused, were found, in 1813, in the archives of the tribunal of Valladolid, but were not printed for want of means. They must be very curious documents.

[Mr. Ticknor cannot be very *au fait* in contemporary Spanish Literature—for these papers were printed in 1847, and are very interesting. His translation of the opening remarks of Luis de Leon, in his first lecture after his liberation, de troys all their pith and poetry. They were, *Hesternia die dicebam*—"I was saying yesterday;" and thereon he took up the subject of his last lecture, where he had left it six years previously, before a different class, which could not have "met" him on his return.—*Reviewer*.]

dialogue, instead of being a discussion, is in fact a series of speeches; and once, at least, we have a regular sermon, of as much merit, perhaps, as any in the language: so that, taken together, the entire work may be regarded as a series of declamations on the character of Christ, as that character was regarded by the more devout portions of the Spanish Church in the author's time. Many parts of it are eloquent, and its eloquence is not unfrequently the gorgeous colouring of the elder Spanish literature; such, for instance, as is found in the following passage, illustrating the title of Christ as the Prince, and proving the beauty of all harmony in the moral world from its analogies with the physical:—

“ ‘Even if reason should not prove it, and even if we could in no other way understand how gracious a thing is peace, yet would this fair show of the heavens over our heads, and this harmony in all their manifold fires sufficiently bear witness to it. For what is it but peace, or, indeed, a perfect image of peace, that we now behold, and that fills us with such deep joy? Since, if peace is, as Saint Augustin, with the brevity of youth, declares it to be, a quiet order, or the maintenance of a well-regulated tranquility, in whatever order demands, then what we now witness is surely its true and faithful image. For while these hosts of stars, arranged and divided into their several bands, shine with such surpassing splendour, and while each one of their multitude inviolably maintains its separate station, neither pressing into the place of that next to it, nor disturbing the movements of any other, nor forgetting its own—none breaking the eternal and holy law God has imposed on it; but all rather bound in one brotherhood, ministering one to another, and reflecting their light one to another—they do surely show forth a mutual love, and, as, it were, a mutual reverence, tempering each others' brightness and strength into a peaceful unity and power, whereby all their different influences are combined into one holy and mighty harmony, universal and everlasting. And therefore may it be most truly said, not only that they do all form a fair and perfect model of peace, but that they all set forth and announce, in clear and gracious words, what excellent things peace contains within herself, and carries abroad, whithersoever her power extends.’ ”*

“The eloquent treatise on the Names of Christ was not, however, the most popular of the prose works of Luis de Leon. This distinction belongs to his ‘*Perfecta Casada*,’ or Perfect Wife—a treatise which he composed, in the form of a commentary on some portions of Solomon's Proverbs, for the use of a lady newly married, and which was first published in 1583. But it is not necessary specially

* (Ticknor.) *Obras*, Tom. III., pp. 342 343. This beautiful passage may well be compared to his more beautiful ode, entitled “*Noche Serena*,” to which it has an obvious resemblance.

to notice either this work or his exposition of Job, in two volumes, accompanied with a poetical version, which he began in prison for his own consolation, and finished the year of his death ; but which none ventured to publish till 1779. Both are marked with the same humble faith, the same strong enthusiasm, and the same rich eloquence that appear from time to time in the work on the Names of Christ ; though, perhaps, the last, which received the careful corrections of the author's more matured genius, has a serious and settled power, greater than he has shown anywhere else. But the characteristics of his prose compositions—even those which from their nature are the most strictly didactic—are the same everywhere ; and the rich language and imagery of the passage already cited afford a fair specimen of the style towards which he constantly directed his efforts.

“Luis de Leon's health never recovered from the shock it suffered in the cells of the Inquisition. He lived, indeed, nearly fourteen years after his release ; but most of his works, whether in Castilian or in Latin, were written before his imprisonment or during its continuance, while those he wrote afterwards, as his account of Santa Teresa and some others, were never finished. His life was always, from choice, very retired, and his austere manners were announced by his habitual reserve and silence. In a letter that he sent with his poems to his friend, Puertocarrero, a statesman at the court of Philip the Second, and a member of the principal council of the Inquisition, he says that, in the kingdom of Old Castile, where he had lived from his youth, he could hardly claim to be familiarly acquainted with ten persons. Still, he was extensively known, and held in great honour. In the latter part of his life especially, his talents and sufferings, his religious patience and his sincere faith, had consecrated him in the eyes alike of his friends and his enemies. Nothing relating to the monastic brotherhood of which he was a member, or to the University where he taught, was undertaken without his concurrence and support ; and when he died, in 1591, he was in the exercise of a constantly increasing influence, having just been chosen the head of his order, and being engaged in the preparation of new regulations for its reform.

“But, besides the character in which we have thus far considered him, Luis de Leon was a poet, and a poet of no common genius. He seems, it is true, to have been little conscious, or, at least, little careful of his poetical talent—for he made hardly an effort to cultivate it, and never took pains to print any thing, in order to prove its existence to the world. Perhaps, too, he showed more deference than was due to the opinion of many persons of his time, who thought poetry an occupation not becoming one in his position—in the prefatory notice to his sacred odes, he says, in a deprecating tone : ‘Let none regard verse as anything new and unworthy to be

applied to Scriptural subjects, for it is rather appropriate to them ; and so old is it in this application, that, from the earliest ages of the Church to the present day, men of great learning and holiness have thus employed it. And would to God that no other poetry were ever sounded in our ears ; that only these sacred tones were sweet to us ; that none else were heard at night in the streets and public squares ; that the child might still lisp it, the retired damsel find it her best solace, and the industrious tradesman make it the relief of his toil ! But the Christian name is now sunk to such immodest and reckless degradation, that we set our sins to music, and, not content with indulging them in secret, shout them joyfully forth to all who will listen.

“ But whatever may have been his own feelings on the suitability of such an occupation to his profession, it is certain that, while the most of the poems he has left us were written in his youth,* they were not collected by him till the latter part of his life, and then only to please a personal friend, who never thought of publishing them ; so that they were not printed at all till forty years after his death, when Quevedo gave them to the public, in the hope that they might help to reform the corrupted taste of the age. But from this time they have gone through many editions, though still they never appeared properly collated and arranged till 1816.

“ They are, however, of great value. They consist of versions of all the eclogues, and two of the Georgics of Virgil, about thirty odes of Horace, about forty Psalms, and a few passages from the Greek and Italian poets, all executed with freedom and spirit, and all in a genuinely Castilian style. His translations, however, seem to have been only in the nature of exercises and amusements. But, though he thus acquired great facility and exactness in his versification, he wrote little. His original poems fill no more than about a hundred pages ; but there is hardly a line of them which has not its value, and the whole, when taken together, are to be placed at the head of Spanish lyric poetry. They are chiefly religious, and the source of their inspiration is not to be mistaken. Luis de Leon had a Hebrew soul, and kindles his enthusiasm almost always from the Jewish Scriptures. Still he preserved his nationality unimpaired. Nearly all the best of his poetical compositions are odes written in

* [How is it, then, that the translation of Solomon's Song, which brought him before the Inquisition when he was forty-four years old, “is commonly regarded as the earliest, or one of the earliest, among his known works ?” This is not the only instance in which a certain vagueness or carelessness in Mr. Ticknor's manner of stating facts, becomes somewhat perplexing ; and it is remarkable in a writer who, by his profuse notes and references, evidently lays claim to minute and scrupulous accuracy. Had he simply stated *when* the translation of Solomon's Song and the other poems are supposed or known to have been written by Luis de Leon, there would have been no further difficulty.—*Reviewer.*]

the old Castilian measures, with a classical purity and rigorous finish before unknown in Spanish poetry and hardly attained since.

"This is eminently the case, for instance, with what the Spaniards have esteemed the best of his poetical works: his ode, called 'The Prophecy of the Tagus,' in which the river god predicts to Roderic the Moorish conquest of his country, as the result of that monarch's violence to Cava, the daughter of one of his principal nobles. It is an imitation of the Ode of Horace, in which Nereus rises from the sea and predicts the overthrow of Troy to Paris, who, under circumstances not entirely dissimilar, is transporting the stolen wife of Menelaus to the scene of the fated conflict between the two nations. But the ode of Luis de Leon is written in the old Spanish *quintillas*, his favourite measure, and is as natural, fresh and flowing as one of the national ballads.* Foreigners, however, less interested in what is so peculiarly Spanish, and so full of allusions to Spanish history, may sometimes prefer the serener ode 'On a Life of Retirement,' that 'On Immortality,' or perhaps the still more beautiful one 'On the Starry Heavens;' all written with the same purity and elevation of spirit, and all in the same national measure and manner.

"A truer specimen of his prevalent lyrical tone, and, indeed, of his tone in much else of what he wrote, is perhaps to be found in his 'Hymn on the Ascension.' It is both very original and very natural in its principal idea, being supposed to express the disappointed feelings of the disciples as they see their master passing out of their sight, into the opening heavens above them.

[Mr. Ticknor's translation follows the passage just quoted. We have already given it.]

"In order, however, to comprehend aright the genius and spirit of Luis de Leon, we must study not only his lyrical poetry, but much of his prose; for, while his religious odes and hymns, beautiful in their severe exactness of style, rank him before Klopstock and Filicaja, his prose, more rich and no less idiomatic, places him at once among the grandest masters of eloquence in his native Castilian."

This, which is one of the best chapters in Mr. Ticknor's History, will give a good idea of the merits and defects of the whole work. His fondness for minute and often unimportant particulars, as when he tells us that the Exposition of Job, which "it is not necessary especially to notice," was "in two volumes;" his cautious or hesitating manner of expressing his, at bottom, decided and occasionally dogmatical judgments, as shown in the repeated

* (Ticknor.) It is the eleventh of Luis de Leon's odes, and may well bear a comparison with that of Horace, (Lib. I., Carm. 15.) which suggested it.

use of the word "perhaps;" and his ambition to crowd facts, however notorious, into his text, as when he gravely informs us that Don Roderic's world-renowned Cava was "the daughter of one of his principal nobles;"—deform passages in which he occasionally rises to a just and eloquent appreciation of his subject. We have copied only such notes as appeared essentially connected with the text; but in others Mr. Ticknor's pardonable ambition to display the extent of his rare erudition has occasionally betrayed him into the composition of a perfect farrago. In one note we have an account of Arias Montano's version of Solomon's Song; in another, a short history of a Portuguese Jew, named Pinto Delgado, who wrote poems on parts of the Hebrew Scriptures; and in a third, a notice of a play produced in 1837, by Don José de Castro y Orozco, and called "Fray Luis de Leon." All these have their value, and the information is perhaps entitled to a position in some part of the history. But it would have been more appropriately placed in some part of the text, which should treat professedly of those writers or their works; where it is, and in the form of notes, it distracts the attention of the reader, wearies him and confuses his thoughts. This is true of the greater part of Mr. Ticknor's notes; in very many cases it is difficult to conjecture why they should not form a part of the text, to which they are now merely appended. They are almost always valuable, and we should re-peruse the work with more satisfaction and less fatigue, should the author, in a future edition, think proper to discard most of them, and embody their matter in some additional chapters of the text.

Here we must pause for the present, reserving what is still to be said for another paper. T. C. R.

ART. V.—*The Government and the Currency.* *New edition, with alterations.* By HENRY MIDDLETON. New-York: Charles B. Norton. 1850.

THIS series of essays on currency obtained general commendation, on their first appearance, some few years since. A new edition having allowed the author to enlarge, limit or modify his conclusions, permits us the opportunity of recording our opinion of the merits of this

contribution of a South-Carolinian to economical science. The theory of money is explained by him with great clearness and precision. He, in fact, possesses a peculiar aptitude for the elucidation of the more abstract and recondite doctrines of currency. His exposition and illustration of the laws of monetary phenomena, from pages 31 to 58, may be characterized as eminently philosophical, indicative of those habits of thought necessary to the accuracy of scientific reasoning on subjects so remote from ordinary contemplation.

The practical portion of the work will of course give rise to various degrees of dissent; for, in the application of principles to a subject of legislation which comes so home to the bosoms and business of men as currency, there will be endless controversy. It enters largely into every man's daily operations. All are dealers in money, whilst the principles of its right regulation form the theme of meditation to only a small number, whose duties with regard to it are those of legislation and administration. And of these there are still fewer who have not been trained and educated in certain schools, that exclude comparison and amendment, except on preconceived theory, whilst they profess to reject all theory. The public are, therefore, largely indebted to writers like Mr. Middleton, who occasionally recall the legislator, as well as the banker, to the truth of those principles by which they should be governed in their plans for the regulation and reform of the currency.

The writer divides his subject into two parts, and although the topics embraced in his second division would appear properly to belong to the theory rather than the practice of banking, yet, as he does not profess to present a formal treatise, he should not be held, perhaps, to a strict order of arrangement. Nevertheless, if he had separated the general principles and definitions more entirely from their application, the essays would have gained in scientific method. If he should think it worth while to recast and extend them, which we hope he will do, the discussion of constitutional powers and legislative remedies would best follow, and not precede, or become blended with, the exposition of elementary truths.

In offering an abstract, or rather outline, of our author's views, we must limit ourselves to the leading considerations which find a place in his plan of currency re-

form, and not follow him in that minuteness of examination which belongs to the details of a subject necessarily complex and comprehensive. In what manner the currency shall be rendered sound and secure presents the two conditions of the general problem, as our author exhibits it in the course of his inquiry. Yet it is obvious that both are, in a great degree, embraced in the same class of remedial measures.

Mr. Middleton's leading practical suggestion for obtaining a sound currency, is the exaction of security for notes issued by bankers and banking companies. This, no doubt, fully protects the note holders, as it measurably secures the solvency of those who are both lenders of credit and capital employed in banking. The note-holder, Mr. Middleton intimates, should be the first object of the legislator. In this we concur with him. Depositors and share-holders in banks can and should protect themselves. But the various legislative contrivances to preserve payments in specie, are no less necessary to protect the note-holder against loss from depreciation, than a guarantee fund, by a deposit of stocks, or other convertible securities, is essential to guard against insolvency. The lodgement of securities, readily convertible into cash, and rigorous penalties against the issue of irredeemable notes, with prompt remedies against the issuers, fairly exhaust the expedients of the legislator for the soundness and security of the currency. Yet how inadequate is all that has been devised, as preventive or remedial measures, against the evils of excessive banking? The injudicious action of banks is not solely, or even mainly, attributable to making money too cheap, or worthless. The evils of expansions and contractions are not traceable, in times of monied derangement, to a surcharge of the channels of circulation. They will be found in the enlargement of other modes of credit, besides "promises to pay." When banks are filled to repletion with deposits—when money is, on every side, seeking investment—when credit begins to run riot, and banks sympathize with the movements of speculators—there is generally the smallest amount of bank notes in circulation, but an abundance of checks, drafts and book credits. Of these forms of credit, bank notes are susceptible of only limited increase; the others are capable of indefinite extension.

To confine ourselves to one form of credit. The average

amount of the bank note circulation in Great Britain and Ireland is less, in ordinary periods, than thirty-five millions, and the addition made in periods of speculation, rarely exceeds one or two millions more; whilst the average amount of bills of exchange in circulation, calculated on the value of the stamps issued, exceeds one hundred millions sterling. Now, this is only a portion of the general mass of credit.

The currency theory, as it is called in England, presupposes the reverse, and Mr. Middleton has moulded his views more in conformity with that theory than recent investigations have shown to be practically true. The consequence of the long prevalence of the doctrine that the state of prices is solely dependant on the quantity of the circulating medium, has led, on both sides of the Atlantic, to abortive legislative attempts to place it under regulation. Sir Robert Peel's bill, of 1844, dividing the functions of the Bank of England into two separate departments, placing a limitation on the power of issue, and giving to banking proper, unrestricted operation, is founded on the old assumption, that prices are regulated by the amount of bank note issues, in a mixed system of paper and coin, and that, consequently, a currency may become redundant, although convertible, leading to an exportation of the precious metals, to a commercial crisis, revulsion and panic. If the converse of this long received currency tenet is true, the practical rule of legislation should be reversed. Mr. Tooke, in his *History of High and Low Prices*, has established the principle that high and low prices are invariably the antecedents, and never the consequents, of an enlargement or diminution of the volume of the currency, and that the efflux or influx of the precious metals, is governed in all cases where bank notes are readily convertible into specie—except in peculiar political and other circumstances—by commercial causes, by the law of demand and supply, in relation to each commodity, or class of commodities.

If these views be correct, it materially narrows the question of the regulation of the currency, and should introduce important modifications in its administration. The currency, so far as its soundness, depending on its invariability of value, was concerned, would be left to a self-regulating principle—namely, the spontaneous action of the public. If banks cannot enlarge their issues at their

convenience and for their profit, *ad libitum*—if their notes, on being issued in excess, returned on them—the limits of a convertible paper currency are soon reached. If banks pass these limits in their issues and discounts, their only remaining source of profit must be their capital, not their circulation—their deposits, not their “promises to pay.” The true problem, then, of the currency is, by what practical principle can the other forms of credit in use, by banks, admit of regulation? Is this capable of satisfactory solution? We think not.

If the business of banking proper is thrown open to the most unrestricted competition—the principle of Sir Robert Peel’s bill—the amount of bank loans and discounts can be measured solely by the action of the public—by the sum of transactions on credit, through the medium of bank accommodation, which the state of demand for that accommodation makes necessary at the time, combined with the supply of loanable capital by the banks. There is no legislative regulation that can or ought to prescribe a limit to the first, and no check to the last which would not interfere in too great a degree with the free flow or circulation of capital. Would it not be absurd to limit banks to the employment of only a certain amount of their deposits?—the great instrument or means of a too great extension of bank credit, when the public are prepared for speculation? How much less a mockery is the legal limit, in some bank charters, to loans and discounts, in proportion to capital, than is such limit as to issues, compared with specie on hand! The only expedient that appears to promise the least violation to the freedom by which capital should flow in and out of banks, is a maximum rate of dividend. Yet no one, familiar with the devices by which evasion is effected, of all legislative checks whatever, could become the advocate of this form of restriction, though recommended for its simplicity. To declare that banks should not divide above the average rate of interest, for the time their loans have run, might, perchance, if it were a general regulation, restrain undue lending; but it would not prevent the withdrawal of deposits, and the use of those accumulations for purposes of speculation, if a speculative feeling was abroad; nor would it preclude any of that large mass of transactions, during mercantile and general excitement, which are conducted through book and other forms of credits.

The only seat of safe legislation, in these respects, is the bank parlour, as the only sound legislators are a body of prudent directors. The rules of cautious management form the best system of practical regulation. Next to seeing that the funds of banks are loaned to discreet borrowers, the coincidence between the average period of payments, in and out of bank, is the grand secret of administration. It is here that banks are liable to lose their equipoise. There arises at times a plethora of capital. Deposits accumulate, large balances draw no interest, investments are difficult, all parties become restive, those who wish to borrow and those who desire to lend. A speculation opens—the borrowers offer long-dated paper; the lenders, oppressed with fullness of resources, are happy to be relieved of some of their surplusage. Presently comes the recoil. All are sellers, few buyers of commodities and stocks. Engagements are not met, out of payments or sales. Immediate liabilities of bank to bank—of banks to the public—are met, perhaps, by long-dated paper—by advances made at six, nine or twelve months. The payments in and out of bank are not coincident, and this no legislation will rectify or can prevent.

The other questions, discussed at some length and with ability by Mr. Middleton, appear to be of subordinate interest, in connection with the currency. Whether limited or unlimited liability of the shareholders should prevail—whether the lowest denomination of bank notes should be five, ten or twenty dollars—whether a system of published accounts, at short intervals, should form parts of a scheme of regulation;—are questions which are much narrowed in importance when the fundamental tenet, that the quantity and value of bank notes are determined by the action of the public, and not through the agency of banks, no longer admits of denial. As far as experience, and not theory, should determine these questions, we know that unlimited liability has not prevented numerous failures of the English private and joint stock banks, whilst limited liability has not been followed by as great a number of bankruptcies among banks in the United States, as theory would lead us to suppose. £1 notes in Scotland have not led to as much loss among their holders as £5 notes have to their holders in England. We would not deny the necessity of some limitation in the denomination of notes issued, but we would not place it above five dollars.

If we are resolved to secure the advantages of economy and convenience, by a cheap instead of a costly medium of exchange, and if it is no longer disputable that it is not in the power of banks to issue an excessive quantity of convertible notes, producing depreciation, whilst protection against their discredit, with the insolvency of the issuers, is secured by a guarantee fund of adequate amount, surely the necessity of multiplied restrictions is obviated. Mr. Middleton would place the limitation in the minimum value of bank notes permitted to be issued as high as fifty dollars. Surely this would divest the bank note currency of nearly all advantage on the score of cheapness and convenience.

Periodical statements of the affairs of banks are of no value as checks against mismanagement. To the community at large, they are, in their too often technical jargon, a medium of mystification. Sums, in the abstract, convey no definite information. To dissect them is the work of astute practice. In the line of discounts and loans, for example, what knowledge to the public is conveyed by their total or aggregate amount, unless there is such an analysis as to show how far the character of a bank's assets is in correspondence, as to both time and amount, with its liabilities? How is it known to the public what proportion of those assets is of short-dated paper, given by solvent parties, and, consequently, whether the average liability to the public coincides with the average resources of banks, including time and amount? Whether banks possess the usual regulated proportion between their specie and notes would be of some importance to the public, if this were not a matter not possible to reduce to rule, and easy to evade in practice, unless the publication is made weekly. Periods of three months enable banks, by suddenly contracting their circulation, to show, at the period of publication, a higher relative proportion between specie and notes than the average in the intervals of publication. Besides, any fixed proportion between coin and notes, whether established by law or opinion, is not in conformity with the fluctuations of the money market. A ratio of one-third to immediate liabilities would be too low, when an adverse exchange has set in and specie is flowing out; whilst the proportion of one-half would throw on the banks a needless loss of interest, during a state of high commercial

confidence, with a large amount of exchange in possession, the equivalent of specie. All such arbitrary and artificial regulations attempt to give fixedness and uniformity to that which is in its nature fluctuating and uncertain.

The question, then, of currency regulation has drawn off the attention of writers and legislators in too great a degree from one that lies beyond it, and is the real source of monied derangement. This is the regulation of credit, if this were possible, through the agency of banks, which is not necessarily connected with the currency. Whilst banks continue to be the depositories of almost all the loanable capital of the community, much of it seeking investment, expansions and contractions are inevitable. Very little attention has been paid to this source of irregular action on the part of banks, whilst the regards of the legislator have been fixed exclusively on their issues. The question of regulation resolves itself finally into circumstances of habit and position. If banks in the United States were placed under any high degree of stringent regulation—if unlimited liability governed, and small notes were excluded—unless the employment of capital and its profits were narrowed in a degree that it is impossible to witness in a new country, with an indefinite extent of fertile territory, it would be idle to attempt to place credit under those checks and restraints by which its advantages may be obtained without incurring its hazards. Habit also determines the extent of credit and the character of the institutions in which it is organized. The Hollanders and the Scotch possess banks of a peculiar form, the result of social circumstances. They have a character for prudence in the use of credit, more the effect of position and circumstances than superinduced by legislation. They have not a vast unexplored field before them, as in the United States. They are satisfied with gains which are limited by competition. The state of credit is in sympathy with these circumstances, as it is in correspondence with the physical and political condition of the people of the United States.

To conclude by presenting a summary of the foregoing views:—the quantity of a mixed currency of bank notes and coin must be determined by the spontaneous action of the public, and its regulation should be limited to legal provisions for the ready convertibility of notes into coin, as a security against depreciation, whilst their holders are

protected against loss from the insolvency of the issuers, by an ample deposit of public stocks. It is now an axiom of currency, that the supply of bank notes invariably adjusts itself to the demand, and that banks can neither enlarge nor contract their issues according to their views of profit and convenience. Prices not being dependent on the amount of convertible currency, but being elevated or depressed by commercial causes, the state of credit, and not that of the currency, operates on them extensively. Prices being high or low are the causes, and not the consequences, of the enlargement or contraction of the circulating medium. It follows, from these principles, that it is the expansion and contraction of credit, in one or other of its forms, which, in a period of speculation, produces the recoil of prices, revulsion, mercantile insolvency, and general panic.

Redundancy of bank notes, with an efflux of specie, and their reduction with its influx, are not phenomena necessarily are usually attendant on what is called a commercial crisis, with a great collapse of credit. On the contrary, there can be no excess and depreciation of bank notes, with an exportation of coin, whilst they are strictly convertible, as the consequence of such excess; but the efflux of the precious metals takes place, whilst bank notes are convertible, entirely from commercial circumstances—from the necessity of liquidating a mercantile balance, or when their exportation occurs from political causes, independent of the state of markets. A loan or subsidy remitted in money, for the supply of the military chests of warring powers, or, as frequently occurs in Great Britain, the necessity of purchasing, with gold, grain abroad—will alter the level of these metals, but will not derange prices. When an influx takes place, the fall of prices is the consequence of the destruction of credit, the absence of purchasing power in the great dealers in commodities and in public stocks, with a rise in the rate of interest. This induces the return of the metals, for investment in low-priced stocks, and not any reduction in the quantity and appreciation of the currency. The currency actually in circulation, is simultaneously lessened in amount, from hoarding by the public; and bankers keeping reserves larger than ordinary, being inevitable incidents during a period of panic. But any effect from these causes is

quite insignificant compared with the destruction of credit and the consequent recoil of prices.

The final practical view from these conclusions is, that, as credit and not currency, is the great operating cause on prices, it is its expansions and contractions which call for the remedial or preventive measures of the legislator, greatly circumscribing the sphere of his regulating powers in relation to the circulating medium, consisting of bank paper and coin. We have indicated what we think should be the correctives or preventives against depreciation or insolvency. Those minor regulations that least interfere with the operations of banks—that trammel in the smallest degree the discretion, and impose restrictions on the administrators of the currency, or those who have the disposal of the loanable capital which finds its way into the banks—are best suited to safe and sound banking. No one thinks of so regulating credit as to prevent its undue extension when there is a plethora of capital, when the interest of money has greatly fallen and there is a predisposition in the public to indulge in speculative purchases, which the low price of money fosters; so there should be less disposition in public bodies to interfere with a mixed currency, its flexibility to the influences of movement and pressure from without, being its chief excellence and most valuable characteristic.

J. N. C.

ART. VI.—*Anne Boleyn: a Tragedy*; by GEO. H. BOKER, author of *Calaynos*, &c. Phila: Published by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

At the close of a review of *Calaynos*, we ventured to predict that Mr. Boker would, in some subsequent essay at dramatic composition, furnish us with a production that would be eminently worthy of that department of American literature; and it is quite gratifying to us to learn that we were not deceived. In fact, in consequence of an unusual delay in the publication of our former article, the prediction and its fulfilment have reached the public almost simultaneously. A few moment's inspection of

Anne, a single glance at the *dramatis personæ*, nay, the title alone, are enough to satisfy us that the new tragedy must be altogether superior to its precursor. We see, in an instant, that the author has the first essential of a good drama—a great, exalted subject; a subject, not the offspring of invention or fiction—which most frequently mimics, and, at best, only imitates reality—but a subject which is the genuine growth of the great, real world itself—which is an inseparable portion of the history of humanity—which is embalmed in the memories of millions of the wisest and most civilized of our race.

The chief characters are all world-characters—men and women who, in their time, have played a great part and played it well—whose words and actions were the note and comment of a whole nation—whose fate was watched with interest by an entire continent. To us, of the present day, they are household intimates; we are familiar with their faults and their follies, and we can rejoice over their successes and mourn over their reverses; their images pass and repass before us, like those of the friends whom, in years long gone by, our own hands have consigned to the tomb.

Henry the Eighth, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Sir Henry Norris, and Thomas Wyatt—what dramatist would wish for persons more illustrious than these?—whence could he select a similar number, who would excite greater interest or command more fixed attention? If, with these, the drama should be a failure, it, at least, cannot be attributed to any misfortune in the choice of the personages. With the prestige they afford, we commence the examination of the new tragedy, under the anticipation of extremely favourable and happy results.

The subject of the play is the fall of Anne Boleyn, and, at the very opening of it, we find ourselves carried *in medias res*. The first scene shows us Norfolk, Exeter, Suffolk, Richmond and Arundel, concerting their earliest measures for the overthrow of their unfortunate victim. In the second scene we have King Harry making his first avowal of love to Jane Seymour. In the third scene, Norfolk seeks the king, in order to sound his feelings towards Anne, and finds him eager to get rid of her. The queen interrupts them in their interview, and the extreme rudeness with which she is treated by the king,

being severely rebuked by him for having entered, and with bitter taunts being left to occupy the chamber by herself, casts the first cloud over her joyous pathway and presses the first weight upon her buoyant hopes. With this the first act closes, and the play is fairly opened. We have revealed to us its subject—the ruin of Queen Anne, and the means which are to effect this ruin;—Catholic noblemen, prompted by hatred and religious fury, and King Henry, prompted by a new love, or rather sensuality. The act is well contrived as a whole, and excellently executed in its details. We cannot forbear—although, with so many pages before us from which to quote, we do it with no little reluctance—to present an extract from this act, which our readers will welcome as replete with beauty and originality. It is from that part of the third scene, just where Henry abruptly leaves the queen and goes out with her “less-than-kind” uncle, the Duke of Norfolk.

“*Q. An.* What means this heavy feeling at my heart?
What means the king by this unwonted coldness?
What means my uncle by his insolence?
Why stood the king with an approving smile,
And heard my most unnatural enemy
Offer reproof in semblance of advice?
I have seen the time—ay, not a month ago—
When, in the fury of his lion mood,
He’d brained the scoffer with his royal hand.
But times have changed—ah! have they changed indeed?
Has my life passed the zenith of its glory?
Must I make ready for the gathering clouds
That dog the pathway of a setting sun?
Well, let them come! The blaze of my decline
Shall turn to gold the dull enshrouding mists,
And show the world a spectacle more grand
Than the young splendour in which first I rose.
Ha! ha! *par Dieu!* now this is marvellous!
A queen whose brow has scarcely ta’en the shape
Of her young brow, the anointing oil scarce dried,
The shouts still buzzing in my deafened ears,
With which the people hailed me on the throne;
Not two years queen, and moralizing thus,
Like fourscore crawling to its certain grave!
This is sheer weakness, the dull malady
Of little minds, that chafe at little ills.
Great souls are cheerful, with their inborn power

Feeling themselves the rulers of events,
The sinewy smoothers of the roughest times,
And not the slaves of outward influence.
Despair is a fellow with a moody brow,
Who shuts a dungeon door upon himself,
And then groans at his bondage. Fear, avaunt!
Thy shades but trespass on my noon of power."

Several courtiers then cross the stage, bowing, among whom is the poet Wyatt, who exchanges a few words with Anne. Other courtiers cross the stage, bowing profoundly, and the queen thus closes her soliloquy :

“These straws of courtiers watch the royal wind,
And first predict the coming hurricane;
Certes, as yet I see no adverse signs.
Some state affairs have galled the fretful edge
Of hasty Harry’s rash but loving heart :
Anon he will return, and, cap in hand,
Cry ‘Pardon, Anne!’ But I’ll pout and swell,
Tossing my head and tapping thus my foot ;
Then all my pride, at one great, eager gulp,
I’ll seem to swallow, as I bound to him ;
And then I’ll pat his cheeks, and call him ‘Bear.’
And chide him gently for his angry mood.
But when his eyes blush at their starting tears,
I’ll laugh aloud, and puzzle all his wits.
So from this egg of seeming noxious wrath,
Shall spring a new-born love of double power.
To-morrow sees a messenger despatched
To threaten Germany with fiery war,
If wrong befall our faithful Lutherans :
Whereat our uncle, the good Duke of Norfolk,
Shall gnaw his nether lip off with chagrin.
Ho ! cheer thee, Anne ! darksome passages
Oft mount to prospects, but for them unknown !

There is certainly a freshness and sprightliness in this passage, which excites a very lively emotion. In the beginning of the second act we have a soliloquy by Jane Seymour, upon her new-born prospects, which is succeeded by a tender interview between her and the king ; and while she is seated upon his knee, fondly caressing and caressed, the queen enters and thus addresses her mortified rival :

“ *Q. An.* In luckless time
For you, base minion, treble traitoress,

False to yourself, false to your state and me !
 The foulest sin that woman may commit
 Made doubly hideous by the circumstance !
 What ! in the palace that contains your queen,
 The very seat of England's dignity,
 Whence virtue, as the simple commons deem,
 Springs to illumine this majestic realm !
 Have you no shame ? Wear you that brazen front
 When I hold up a mirror to your crime ?
 Is not your Gorgon nature turned to stone,
 At the bare glimpse of your own ugliness ?

K. Hen. Peace, sweetheart, peace ; all shall be well for you ;
 Your maid is guiltless.

Q. An. Have you found a tongue ?
 What sorcery bestowed this power of speech ?
 Or has poor shame, bedazzled at her glory,
 Shrunk from the world ?

K. Hen. This foully slandered maid
 Is half distraught at your mad violence.

Q. An. And dare you, sir, before your injured queen—
 You, the copartner of her guilt and shame—
 Protect you wanton ?

K. Hen. Dare I, dare I, madam !
 'Ods wounds ! who's king in England ? Hold your tongue,
 You rank defier of your sovereign's power !
 Have you not learned whose presence you are in ?
 Or must I teach you by some sterner means ?

Q. An. Oh ! shameless husband !

K. Hen. She is pure, I say :
 And, by high heaven, as pure shall you remain
 From touch of mine, till malice gnaw you up !—
 This is forever. Come, sweet mistress Jane.

[*Exit, leading off JANE SEYMOUR.*]

Q. An. Oh God ! oh God !—The king—Nay, Harry, Harry,
 Come back ; I will—Oh ! killing agony !
 Is there no pity in the heart of man ?
 Plead for me, girl—he loves you—plead for me !
 I am his wife, your queen, your loving mistress.
 I will forgive you, I will cherish you,
 I'll love you dearer than my dearest friend.—
 Gone, gone, forever ! Said he not, forever ?
 Kind heaven, have mercy on my feebleness !
 If this is trial of my strength, I yield ;
 I do confess my utter helplessness ;
 I bow me prostrate, a poor nerveless woman—
 A queen no more. I'll trample on my pride,

And follow meekly where thy finger points.
By heaven, not so! This is a grievous wrong,
By man inflicted. Devils ordered this,
And they shall pay it!—Hear me, writhing souls,
That minister around sin's ebon throne!
If to these murderers of my heart's dear peace
A child be born, may she, in that sweet time
When infant babble opes all heaven to her,
Feel the cold hand of death draw, day by day,
The clinging spirit from her! May her child
Live in the vexings of a troubled time,
And issueless die young! May he—O God,
I cannot bid a curse light on the head
Of him my child calls father! Bless him, heaven!
Give him the peace which he has stolen from me!

The author has very finely conceived the indignation of the outraged wife, and the manner and diction which he has imparted to her are very natural and appropriate. The suddenness with which she changes her intended imprecations upon her husband, and invokes blessings upon his head, is extremely touching, and shows that her heart is even nobler than her station. Henry's conduct, rough and brutal as it may appear, is completely in keeping with his historical character.

There are, in all dramas, a few scenes, which, like the intercalary days in chronology, that cannot be omitted without destroying its harmony and accuracy, are absolutely necessary to the proper development of the plot, and yet are never deemed worthy of critical comment. Such is the next scene in order. Ralph Loney, a creature of one of the conspirators, meets Mark Smeaton, one of his former schoolmates and now chief musician to the queen. The latter talks very largely of his favour with his royal mistress, and, from some conceited and ambiguous expressions dropped by him during the interview, the conspirators conceive the idea of overthrowing the queen by impugning her virtue.

The third scene, which again places the conspiring nobles before us, belongs to the same genus with the second. Though well written, it is of but little importance, except to show Loney reporting to his master, the Duke of Suffolk, the result of the recent colloquy with Smeaton, and to further develope the individuality of the conspirators.

In the fourth scene, the poet Wyatt unfolds to Rochford,

the queen's brother, the altered position of his sister, and counsels him to see and commune with her as soon as possible. Rochford is entirely unprepared for the intelligence, and becomes seriously alarmed. This scene reads very well, and Wyatt delivers himself of an excellent politico-philosophical essay; it is, however, entirely too long.

The third act opens with a short, yet dramatic and well managed scene in a tavern, where Loney contrives to make Smeaton drunk, and extracts from him, in this condition, statements which greatly disparage the queen's conjugal fidelity.

The second scene opens with the following beautiful soliloquy by Anne:

"*Q. An.* So this is day, a broad, sun-staring day—
And what had it been night? the same, the same.
All time to me is one confused mass
Drowned in a flood of bitter misery.
There is no time to one without a hope:
Hopes are the figures on life's changing dial,
That first betray to us the passing hours,
Ere the great bell may summon us away.
All blank and meaningless is life to me:
I have no future. One eternal present,
Rayless as Lapland winter, wraps my soul;
One ceaseless wrong, affording but one sense
Of cruellest agony, makes up my life,
Stretching from day to day its sole event.
What if the sun arise? what if the lark
Put on the glory of his morning song?
What if the flow'rs perk up their loaded heads,
And swing their incense down the thirsting gale?
What if the frame of this whole universe
Warm in the glow, and join the matin hymn?
While I remain in this dull lethargy,
There is no morn to me. Eternal One,
Who sent'st that joyous thing, the rising sun,
As if in mockery of my sullen wo,
To show how cheerless is my 'nighted soul—
O, end this mere existence! Rouse to life
The fire of my consuming energies!
O, give me scope, and fate-subduing power—
Ay, though a pang be coupled with each act—
Lest, in this trance, the erring scythe of death
Pass o'er my frame, as o'er the trampled grain,

And nature be defeated ! Gracious God,
Are we mere puppets of a rigid fate ?
Is all this labyrinth of cunning thought
Bestowed to snare us ? Must our exit be
Through that one door which destiny holds wide ?
To me alone, of all the human race,
Has this dread secret clearly been revealed ?
It seems so ; for where'er I bend mine eyes
Some ugly phantom bars the hopeless way,
And bids me wait the will of circumstance.
This shall not be ! Arise, my drowsing soul !
Gird on thy blazing arms of intellect !
One struggle more to master coming time ;
And if thy earthy walls then fall consumed,
We'll scale those heights where conquering time is not ! ”

Mary Wyatt, the poet's sister, and maid of honor to the queen, then announces to Anne that Rochford had been waiting to see her since daybreak. She at once orders her brother to be admitted, and in the course of the interview he relates the following dream, which we commend to the lovers of the drama as a fine specimen of its kind :

“ *Roch.* I thought that you and I, for years and years,
Had climbed the rundles of a slippery ladder.
I knew not why we clambered ; though above
A blazing halo, like a sunset sky,
Shone glorious, and towards it we bent our steps
Urged by resistless impulse. You were first ;
And when I halted, by the labor tired,
Or dizzy at the awful depth beneath,
You cheered me on, and with your nimble feet
Spurned the frail rounds, till, Sundered 'neath your tread,
They fell around me. Woful, woful sight !
Each stick, in falling, to a ghastly head
Was metamorphosed. Here, Queen Katharine's fell ;
There Wolsey's ; More's and Fisher's, spouting blood ;
And many a one whose face I could not catch.
These, as they passed me, whispered in mine ears
A horrid curse, and grinned, and winked their eyes.—

Q. An. Good heaven, how awful ! Was there more of this ?

Roch. Ay, far more dreadful fancies.

Q. An. Could there be ?

Roch. Already through the radiant clouds above
Your form was piercing, when our frail support
Shook till I sickened ; and aloft I saw
A dreadful shape, in features like the king,

Tugging and straining with his threatening hand
To hurl our ladder to the depths below.
I saw you clutching at the dazzling clouds,
That, unsubstantial, melted in your grasp;
I heard you cry to the un pitying fiend
Who held our lives in his relentless hands;
I saw you turn on me one fearful look,
In whose dread meaning desolate despair
Had crowded all pale shapes of agony,
Ere, with spasmodic catching at my breath,
I shot down headlong. With the fall I woke."

This dream will probably remind the reader of that of "Clarence." It would be an injustice to the young poet to insist more directly upon the comparison.

The third and fourth scenes are well written and quite dramatic; but there is nothing in them that need be extracted. In the former, Norfolk and the king converse upon the grounds of accusation against Queen Anne; and the infamous Viscountess of Rochford is introduced, who accuses Norris, Brereton, Weston, Wyatt, Smeaton, and her own husband, of improper intimacy with the queen. In the latter, the conspirators meet in the Duke of Suffolk's palace, and, by threats of present torture and promises of future pardon, extort from Smeaton a written avowal of criminal intercourse with his royal mistress.

The fifth and closing scene of the third act deserve very high commendation. Anne summons up all her powers, and makes a final effort to win back the heart of her husband. He cannot withstand her touching appeal, and she leaves him sincerely penitent—entirely her own; but the echoes of Anne's step have scarcely died away along the palace corridor when Jane Seymour enters, and, by a piece of matchless and altogether irresistible coquetry, dissipates his virtuous resolutions, and once more completely subjects him to the empire of her love. If our space were not limited, we would not omit a single line of this scene; as it is, we will give enough of it to enable our readers to catch its spirit and to appreciate its beauty. The queen enters while Henry is soliloquizing, and to his rude question, "How came you here?" makes the following beautiful reply:

"I came by a small passage—if forgot
By you, my liege, still to my memory dear—

Made by yourself, in that once happy time,
When, unobserved, you came to woo "The Boleyn."
Is there no secret passage, you can tell,
Through which so poor a one as I may creep
Back to your heart, and see again the face
Of hidden love? O, sir, it must be rough,
And small, and frightful to a valiant gaze,
But I will tempt it."

In the course of the dialogue that succeeds, Anne confesses that she is not without human frailties; and, in reply to a hint from the king, of her lack of chastity, she defends herself most eloquently. The scene then continues:

Q. An. O, Henry, you have changed
From that true Henry who, in bygone days,
Rode, with the hurry of a northern gale,
Towards Hever's heights, and ere the park was gained,
Made the glad air a messenger of love,
By many a blast upon your hunting horn.
Have you forgotten that old oaken room,
Fearful with portraits of my buried race,
Where I received you panting from your horse;
As breathless, from my dumb excess of joy,
As you with hasty travel? Do you think
Of our sweet meetings 'neath the gloomy yews
Of Sopewell nunnery, when the happy day
That made me yours seemed lingering as it came,
More slowly moving as it nearer drew?
How you chid time, and vowed the hoary knave
Might mark each second of his horologe
With dying groans from those you cherished most,
So he would hasten?—

K. Hen. Anne, that was you.
Have you forgotten my ear-stunning laugh
At your quaint figure of time's human clock,
Whose every beat a soul's flight registered?

Q. An. God bless you, Henry! (*Embraces him.*)

K. Hen. Pshaw! why touch so deep?
These softening memories of our early love
Come o'er me like my childhood.

Q. An. Love be praised,
That with such pure reflections couples me!
Be steadfast, Henry.

K. Hen. Fear not: love is poor
That seals not compacts with the stamp of faith.

Q. An. My stay is trespass. We will meet anon.
Love needs no counsel in his little realm.

[*Embraces him, and exit.*]

K. Hen. I hang 'tween heaven and hell. Anne, return;
For, by my soul, one half my virtuous strength
Has gone with you! O, I had rather be
The snarling cynic in his squalid tub,
And master of myself, than England's king,
Reared to indulgence of each flimsy whim
That passion hints at. 'Tis the curse of kings,
This slaving to our pampered appetites;
Which thwarted men, nursed in vicissitude,
And by compulsion taught to check desire,
Gain strength to vanquish.

Enter JANE SEYMOUR.

Jane S. Harry, royal Harry!

K. Hen. Good morrow, mistress Seymour.

Jane S. Ha! so cold—

The queen just gone! I'll match you, whirligig. (*Aside.*)
I crave your pardon, that with rude alarm
I thus disturbed your gracious majesty,
Seeking for one I nicknamed royal Harry—
Not meaning disrespect to you, my liege,
But from a wanton fancy. Had I thought
Your majesty here present, I had held
A stricter rein upon my noisy tongue.

K. Hen. Ah! she is beautiful. This little mood,
Of mingled coquetry and tearful spite,
Sits like the angry rain-drops on a rose,
Giving fresh lustre to its crimson cheeks. (*Aside.*)
You have my pardon.

Jane S. Nay, I wish it not.

Pray cast your pardon on a graver slip:
Forgive the maiden greenness of a heart
That prattled to itself a silly tale
Of love, and hope, and thoughtless confidence,
Even in your very presence.

K. Hen. Jane, what mean you?

Jane S. But what my words imply.

K. Hen. And are you angry?

Jane S. No, I am deceived.

K. Hen. Truce, truce, fair mistress!

Jane S. Nay, peace is not my purpose.

K. Hen. Prithee stop!

Jane S. You may be king of half the universe,
For aught I care; you are not king of hearts:
My heart shall speak, though every word cry treason!

K. Hen. Forgive my coldness.

Jane S. O, I never deemed
A truer spirit lived than your's, my liege :
Else why did you, from your exalted height,
Descend with flattering promises of love ?—
Only to make me wretched ! O, 'tis base !
A brutal hind might show more constancy
Than this anointed king. (*Weeps.*)

K. Hen. Nay, weep not, Jane. (*Kneels.*)
See me thus lowly in my penitence.
I swear I meant no insult to you, darling ;
And here, upon my knees, I once again
Put on the easy fetters of my heart.

Jane S. Swear fealty to love : Your fickleness
Reproaches more your manly character
Than the poor wrong to me—

K. Henry. I swear, by Heaven,
Henceforth to love you with all constancy,
By night, by day—in sunshine and in storm ;
Nor will I alter in my steadfast aim
To crown you queen, though every mortal sin
That fiends can reckon in their calendar
Lies between me and my unfaltering wish ! (*Rises.*)

Jane S. This oath is fearful.

K. Hen. But irrevocable.—
What ask you more ?

Jane S. O, sir, I asked not that :
I but demand of you a bare return
For the great venture of my woman's heart,
Unhappily launched upon a sea of love,
With you for careless pilot. 'Tis my all,
Though you esteem the charge of little worth.

K. Hen. Tut ! tut ! my darling ; if our hearts respond,
Our windy tongues are poor ambassadors
To bear their gentle greetings. Love is dumb,
A potent spirit, felt, but never heard,
Save when he murmurs inarticulate
'Tween meeting lips, or buzzes wild conceits,
That mock the language of our grosser sense,
In lover's brains. Words are love's counterfeits :
When stumbling fools would ape a shallow passion,
Lies slide full glibly, and false rhetoric,
Lashed to a foam, roars opposition down,
And for effect kills feeling. Rail no more ;
Or I shall doubt that sweet sincerity
On which I live.

Jane S. O, never doubt my faith.

K. Hen. Nor will I. (*Embraces her.*) I will bar my pliant
ears

Against the witchery of sly Anne's tongue :
Her airy magic cheats my spell-bound heart,
And for a moment shows a fancied spot,
Bright with the May-day flowers of early love,
Amid December's snow. And now for Norfolk.

Jane S. Nothing in haste, my liege.

K. Hen. No ; all in love.

The fourth act is decidedly the most interesting in the drama. It abounds in all the dramatic elements—action, sentiment, passion, description, wit and vivacity. It contains all the incidents of the *denouement*, and, like the heavy thunder-clouds of a summer storm, that roll suddenly up from the opposite quarter of the sky, they come upon us with startling rapidity.

Poor Anne, who is dreaming that her empire over her husband has been regained, awakes to find herself insulted and called an adulteress at a public tournament. The king, from being the secret coöperator with her enemies, becomes her open accuser ; attempts to suborn witnesses against her ; imprisons her brother and friends ; stations a guard at the entrance to her chamber ; converts her alleged crime into an affair of state ; and, finally, has her committed to the tower for trial.

The tournament scene is one of a life and vigor that remind us of the play scene of Hamlet ; and the interview between the king and Norris, in the second scene, in which the former attempts to corrupt the latter and make an instrument of him for the conviction of the queen, is full of indignant eloquence and heroic daring, that recall to us the bold Laertes and fiery Hotspur. In the third, fifth and sixth scenes, Queen Anne is the chief figure. They are well written and quite dramatic ; still, we cannot but remark that the dialogues between the queen and her favorite maid of honor and Thomas Wyatt are much longer than they should be. The sixth scene, in which the queen is about to enter the tower, is very beautiful, and yet it might well be spared ; it neither advances the action nor develops the plot. The only extract we will make from this act is furnished by the fourth scene. Norfolk has just been conferring with Jane Seymour and the king, when Wyatt enters for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Smeaton, and of gaining from him

such information as may be of service to Queen Anne. Norfolk at once divines the object of Wyatt's visit, and a contest of raillery and subtlety takes place, which is of a most lively character. Norfolk, after the departure of Henry and his mistress, closes a short soliloquy with the expression,

"Damn hypocrisy!"

Wyatt enters in time to catch this, and rejoins,

"So say I, too, under your grace's oath.

Norf. Ha! ha! Sir Poet, 'twas a pious oath.

Wyatt. Of sure fulfilment.

Norf. Pray what brings you here?

Wyatt. A moth to light, a poet to a prince;
Thus is it ever. I would see the king.

Norf. He just retired.

Wyatt. 'Tis but a small affair;
I'll come again.

Norf. Can I not aid you, sir?

Wyatt. I merely wished to see a prisoned rogue—
One fellow Sineaton, caged for stealing geese,
Or some such matter. Has your grace a pass?
The careless knave had my last madrigal
To set for music. 'Tis my only copy;
And if he is hanged, my immortality
Loses a hope. Now, reynard, play the fool! (*Aside.*)

Norf. So ho! my railer at hypocrisy,
How smooth we lie! (*Aside.*) Confound this gosling thief!
The king has ordered—why I cannot say—
That none except the Council shall have leave
To see the fellow.

Wyatt. Well, there is little lost.

Norf. O much! O much! I honor poesy;
And vow to succor your brave madrigal.—
I'll make especial business of this matter.

Wyatt. As deep as hell! (*Aside.*) Nay, trouble not yourself;

Perchance the knave, among his prison griefs,
Has lost remembrance of my trifling song.

Norf. I will refresh him. 'Twould amaze you, sir,
To know how much I reverence your art.
Each genuine poet, in each poem, forms
What neither he nor any other man,
Though he were equal in capacity,
Can shape again. The moods of poets' minds
Are, like the colors of chameleons,

Seen in the same particulars but once.
 That combination of your shifting thoughts,
 Which you have pictured in a madrigal,
 Should make its due impression on our time.
 I would not see your chaplet lose a leaf:—
 Believe me, 'tis a duty.

Wyatt. Cunning hound,
 With what a relish he pursues intrigues! (*Aside.*)
 I thank your grace, in poesy's sweet name,
 For this regard. Pray, can you tell me, sir,
 Upon what charge my friend, Sir Henry Norris,
 Will be arraigned?

Norf. On many, many, sir.
 The gravest, I believe, is robbing goose-ponds:
 He is involved with Smeaton.

Wyatt. Ah! indeed?
 'Tis an odd charge! But I observe of late
 How our good king takes the most famous geese,
 This realm produces, 'neath his royal wing.
 Adieu! your grace. (*Going.*)

Norf. Ho! scion of the muse!
 I have a little scandal for your ear.

Wyatt. For mine, your grace? (*Returns.*)

Norf. Yes; 'tis a trifling thing,—
 No greater in my eyes than songs in your's.
 They say you read too many madrigals
 In the attentive hearing of the queen.
 Look to it, sir: his majesty is loth
 His royal consort should give up her time
 To so much poetry.

Wyatt. The sneering cur!
 I dare not brave him, for her highness' sake. (*Aside.*)
 An idle rumor.

Norf. But it put your songs
 In fearful jeopardy. The king nigh swore
 To hang all future poems by the neck,
 In your good person. He hates poesy.
 The royal opposition on this point
 Is stranger than the patronage of geese.

Wyatt. 'Sblood! I must burst, if I remain to hear
 This cynic's gibes. (*Aside.*) Farewell! once more.

Norf. Remember!
 No private readings to her majesty
 Of the lost madrigal, when I restore it.

Wyatt. God shield the queen! for human aid is vain.

We have now reached the closing act of the play. It
 is much longer than fifth acts usually are, and has much

less action than the previous acts would lead us to anticipate; but it is full of pathos, and increases in purity of diction and beauty of sentiment. The first and second scenes do nothing towards the advancement of the catastrophe. The former is merely a conversation between the king, Jane Seymour and Norfolk, upon the necessity of divorcing Anne, and of procuring stronger testimony against her; and, although the dialogue is by no means destitute of merit, yet the scene itself is almost pointless. The second scene might easily have been omitted. Its only cue seems to be, to show the means taken by the king to induce Anne not to resist his divorce—which could have been exposed by way of narration in some other scene. Its beauties, of which there are not a few, should be incorporated elsewhere. The third scene represents the citizens grouped round the gate of the tower, awaiting the result of Queen Anne's trial. The scene is short and spirited; the first citizen delivers himself of sentiments that could not have been safely uttered till about a century afterwards. The fourth scene contains the close of the trial and the condemnation of the queen. It possesses interest, and the presence of the Lord Triers and other peers and officers, and of Anne, with her ladies and attendants, and of the guards, ensures to the scene a very fine theatrical effect. We would have liked rather more warmth and incense in the queen's speech; but this need not be insisted upon. The remainder of the play we will quote almost entire.

SCENE V.

The State Apartments in the Tower. QUEEN ANNE alone.

Q. An. There is not a pang remains; there is not a wound
That hate can give, at which my nerveless heart
Would shrink appalled. The storm of life has blown,
And rent my prospect into countless shreds,
Chaotic, undistinguished, featureless—
Without a point, before me or behind,
On which a once familiar eye may rest—
And all is calm again. Calm, very calm,—
An utter desolation, fixed and grim,
And barren as the sand. No queen, no wife—
Ebb'd to the lowest. O, Elizabeth,
My helpless child, whose rights were all in me,
How could a mother blast her memory,
Even in thine eyes, by yielding to her foes

Thy royal heritage? Thou'lt hate me, love;
 Thou'lt say thy mother wronged thee, eking out
 Her worthless life, with treasures stolen from thee;
 Unweeting how thy uncle and my friends
 Owed life to thee. Why must I wander down
 All coming time to pick new sorrows out?—

(*A bell tolls. QUEEN ANNE rushes to the door.*)

Whose knell is that?

Sentinel. (*Without.*) Lord Rochford's.

Q. An. Duped, duped, duped!

O God! my brother!—Is there such a one
 As an avenging God to look on this,
 And not launch fire like rain? O shameless men!—
 Men with God's raiments on their placid limbs—
 Who almost swore his life should be preserved,
 If I opposed not this divorce. O nature!—
 Thou who dost send the harmless race of flowers,
 And dews, and sunshine, and all gracious things—
 What creatures hast thou sent to people earth,
 And blot thy fair creation? Cut them down!
 Or make this globe a dusty wilderness,
 Fit for their habitation! Man, O man!
 Thou art the only thing in nature's scheme
 That seems disjointed from the harmony,—
 The latest thought and worst!

Enter MARY WYATT.

Mary W. Your majesty—

Q. An. I prithee mock me not. I am no queen,
 Nor wife, nor maid—I know not what I am!

Mary W. What has disturbed you?

Q. An. Did you hear that bell?

Mary W. Pray, pray forgive me! (*Kneels, weeping.*)

Q. An. Nay, I'll kneel to you,
 If I have vexed you. (*A distant shot is heard.*)

Rochford! (*Another shot.*)

Norris! (*Another shot.*)

Weston! (*Another shot.*)

And Brereton! Why stop your cannon? Shoot!—
 Shoot on, till half the world shall suffer death;
 For you have slain the noblest part! No, no;
 The next shall be my own!

Mary W. Alas! alas! (*Weeping.*)

Q. An. Why weep you, girl; my brother was in heaven
 Ere you could hear the noisy cannon-shot
 Tell his departure.

Mary W. Would your highness fly,
If I could ope these hideous prison doors?

Q. An. Not for the world.

Mary W. My brother has a plan
To raise the common people in revolt—

Q. An. Hold, if you'd live! I yet am so much queen
As to protect my realm from traitor's arts.
How dare you plot these treasonable designs
Against the safety of his majesty?
Name it again, and, as I live, the king
Shall know your thoughts.

Mary W. 'Twas but our love for you—

Q. An. How! love for me, and plotting 'gainst the king!

Mary W. Strange, very strange! (*Aside.*)

Enter SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON and GUARD.

Q. An. My time has come, Sir William?

King. It has, my lady.

Q. An. You delayed my death:
I should have died some hours ago. 'Tis cruel
To dally with my life.

King. 'Twas not my fault.
The Council feared a rising of the commons,
And therefore changed the hour.

Q. An. Ha! ha! how weak! (*Laughing.*)
Who cares about my death? Is Smeaton dead?

King. He is.

Q. An. And made he no amends to me?
Did he not own his monstrous perjuries?

King. Not that I heard.

Q. An. The impious, heartless wretch!
To dare o'erleap the doubtful gulf of death
With such a fearful load!

Mary W. His death was just,
Even had he done no wrong—the inborn felon!

Q. An. Nay, Mary, chide no more. Alas! poor Mark,
I fear thy soul is suffering for thy tongue.
Can I not see my daughter?

King. 'Tis forbid.

Q. An. Well, I suppose the human frame can bear
More than I suffer—very little more.

King. My lady. (*Bell tolls.*)

Q. An. That speaks plainer, sir. I am ready.
I hope 'twill be but death, not butchery.

King. The pain is short.

Q. An. They call the headsman skilled;
And I—ha! ha;—see, good Sir William, see— (*Laughing.*)

I have a little neck! (*Clasps her neck.*)

King. Why, is she mad?

I in my time have seen full many die,
But ne'er before saw one who laughed outright
At the mere thought of death. (*Aside.*)

(*Bell tolls.*)

Q. An.

Come, Mary, come:

We keep death waiting.

Mary W.

Heaven preserve her mind! (*Aside.*)

Q. An. Set on, Sir William. You shall see, ere long,

How, like a bride, I'll meet this ugly death,

And make a triumph of my funeral!

Pray tell his majesty, in my behalf,

How much I thank him for his many favours.

He, from a lady, made me marchioness;

And, from a marchioness, he raised me up

To the full top of earthly power, a queen;

And last, his graces overrunning life,

He crowns my innocence with martyrdom.

My name is set above the reach of time,

A mark for men to carp and wonder at;

And some hereafter will believe me false,

Some think me true; bear witness, sir,

That with my latest breath I still declare

My perfect purity. (*Bell tolls.*) Set on, set on!

The fifth scene opens upon the Tower Green. At the back of the stage we behold the scaffold, hung with black. The block is there, and the headsman, attendants, guards, etc. A bell is heard tolling at long intervals. We proceed to the catastrophe, omitting several pages of preliminary dialogue among the citizens. Solemn music is now heard, and then enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk and other noblemen; Queen Anne in custody of Sir William Kingston; Mary Wyatt and other maids of honour, guards, attendants, etc. They mount the scaffold. Thomas Wyatt appears below.

Wyatt. One look, no more. O wondrous, wondrous fair!

Death has made treaty with thy loveliness,

To hide the horrors that invest his state.

These spiteful clouds of earth-born misery

But add a glory to thy going down.

Slander, disgrace, fraud, legal infamy,

Imprisonment, this hideous form of death,

Each gains a splendour from its touch of thee

That robs regret of tears. How bright, how calm !
 There is a voiceless sermon in that face,
 To cheer the lonely heart of martyrdom,
 And make it court its fate. O Anne, Anne !
 The world may banish all regard for thee,
 Mewing thy fame in frigid chronicles,
 But every memory that haunts my mind
 Shall cluster round thee still. I'll hide thy name
 Under the coverture of even lines,
 I'll hint it darkly in familiar songs,
 I'll mix each melancholy thought of thee
 Through all my numbers : so that heedless men
 Shall hold my love for thee within their hearts,
 Not knowing of the treasure. 'Twould be sin
 To keep so fair a flower from Paradise,—
 That, in the very flush of earthly bloom,
 Felt mildew blown on every ruffian wind,
 And canker at the heart. Go, go,—farewell !
 The sun that seems departing, to our eyes,
 Is but arising on another land ;
 Thy death to us, is the short, painful birth
 That ushers in thy taintless soul to heaven.—
 Go, go ! I would not raise a hand to keep thee here. [*Exit.*]

Third Cit. Be silent ! Hear her majesty.

Citizens.

Hush, hush !

Q. An. Good Christian people, I am come to die,
 According to the judgment of the law ;
 And therefore it would ill become me now,
 After my doom is past, to censure it.
 I am come hither to accuse no man,
 Nor to say aught upon the many things
 Whereof I am accused : for well I know
 That my defence doth not pertain to you,
 Nor from your favour could I hope for grace.
 I am come here to die, to yield myself
 To the king's will, with all humility.
 I pray God save him, and extend his reign ;
 For he has been a gracious prince to you :
 To me—I doubt not that his goodness went
 Beyond my slender merit. I but ask,
 Should you hereafter judge my luckless cause,
 The best of each man's judgment. Now, farewell,
 To you and to the world ! Forget me not,
 In the still places of your earnest prayers.
 Attend me, maidens.

Mary W.

Oh ! not yet, not yet ! (*Weeping.*)

Q. An. Well, I have played the waiting-maid before,
 In happier hours. Alas! poor head, thou'lt roll,
 In a brief time, amid this scaffold's dust;
 As thou in life didst not deserve a crown,
 So by thy doom is justice satisfied,
 And her great beam reposed.

(*Removing her collar and coifs.*)

And ye, my damsels,

Who, whilst I lived, did ever show yourselves
 So diligent in service, and are now
 To be here present in my latest hour
 Of mortal agony,—as in good times
 Ye were most trustworthy, even so in this,
 My miserable death, ye leave me not.
 As a poor recompense for your rich love,
 I pray you to take comfort for my loss—
 And yet forget me not. To the king's grace,
 And to the happier one whom you may serve
 In place of me, be faithful as to me.
 Learn from this scene, the triumph of my fate,
 To hold your honours far above your lives.
 When you are praying to the martyred Christ,
 Remember me, who, as my weakness could,
 Faltered afar behind His shining steps,
 And died for truth, forgiving all mankind.
 The Lord have pity on my helpless soul!"

With these words she kneels submissively at the block, the curtain falls, and a peal of ordnance announces that the bloody sacrifice is ended.

The author has managed these closing scenes with much skill and judgment. The conduct of Anne throughout is strikingly truthful and natural. The apostrophe of Wyatt is pathetic and appropriate. The smoothness and serenity that reign over the close of the tragedy are extremely novel; but it is not, on this account, less interesting and impressive.

A few general comments now upon Anne, and we will adjourn our labours on the drama *sine die*. We know not what heed Mr. Boker, in the composition of his present work, may have given to our strictures upon Calaynos; but we are confident that, if he had designed and executed it with the sole object of furnishing a play to which not one of those strictures would be applicable, he could not have been more eminently successful. There,

we took him to task for the absence of incidents and the paucity of his characters; here there is scarcely a scene without its prominent event, and the "persons of the drama are even more numerous than we could wish them. There, we have complained that the action does not commence until the beginning of the third act, and that the very foundation of it is uninteresting and improbable; here, in the very first scene, the action is afoot and advanced, and the subject is of a particularly interesting character—the ruin of a young and virtuous queen, "whose sole discovered crime is too much beauty," to gratify the religious fanaticism of a faction and the brutal sensuality of a husband, to whom virtue and religion were equally empty names. We made objection to "Calaynos," that it had no strong, tragic characters; but in "Anne" this error has been so resolutely avoided, that it will extremely embarrass our ordinary stock companies, even with the assistance of a "star," to put it becomingly upon the stage. We noticed, also, that "Calaynos" was defective, in a dramatic point of view, in the management of its details; the author has since, however, evidently made this the subject of careful and successful study, for any such censure upon "Anne" would be extremely unfounded and unjust. The present drama, then, is decidedly an improvement upon the former; it has all its beauties and very few of its faults. It is superior to it in almost every particular—in plot, diction, dialogue, versification, action and character. On the absolute merits of the plot, diction, dialogue and versification we will pass no further opinion. Of the action, we must remark that it does not go on increasing to the end of the play. From the third scene of the fourth act, there are a hundred pages that have not half the action to be found in any similar number that precede them. As we have before intimated, several of the scenes belonging to this portion of the play could have been advantageously dispensed with. Still, the action of the play is so ample, and the dialogue of this part of it so spirited and replete with pathos and sentiment, and the interest in the catastrophe itself is so absorbing, that this deficiency will scarcely be remarked, even upon the stage.

The characters of Anne Boleyn are numerous, strong, well combined and well sustained. They are all historical, from King Harry down to Mark Smeaton, and their

individuality and consistency are excellently preserved throughout.

Henry is always rough and blunt, and not infrequently rude and even brutal. A hypocrite both by nature and practice, yet so shallow are the disguises by which he would conceal his real motives, that their entire outline is readily perceived by the acute observer—so that, in most cases, he is the only person misled—misled into the belief that he has very adroitly obscured that which was really as luminous as the sun at noon. Without any control over himself that emanates from his intellect, he is the helpless subject of passion, the mere creature of impulse, so that we find him, one moment, repentant and full of virtuous resolutions, in the arms of his slighted consort, and, the very next, kneeling at the feet of her rival and swearing to crown her queen,

“ though every mortal sin
That fiends can reckon in their calendar
Lies between me and my unfaltering wish !”

King Henry, as a dramatic character, is admirably drawn. But what shall we say of Anne? It is seldom, indeed, except in the production of the acknowledged masters of the drama, that we meet such a character; so full of all the charms, graces and virtues of her sex, so pure, so tender, so impassioned, so dignified, so loving to her husband, so faithful to him, even after he had outraged her in the vilest manner, ravishing from her not merely her rank as a queen, but her fame as a woman;—so candid in the confession of her faults, so eloquent in all that she says, and still more eloquent in all that she does; so brave and unmoved in the endurance of all the wrongs and insults heaped upon her, and so calm and confident amid the terrors of that closing scene, with the scaffold, the block, the axe, the headsman, and the drapery of death, casting an icy chill upon every soul but her own. We could not help warmly loving and admiring Anne, were she a purely fictitious being. We would then place her with Myrrha and Beatrice, our beau ideals of feminine tenderness and loveliness; but how much more intense is our feeling and our admiration, when we recognize her as the Anne of our school days, the Anne whose fortune has thrilled our young hearts with joy, and over whose

sad fate our young eyes have poured forth their bitterest tears.

Anne alone, as a creature of fiction, would place the tragedy along with Byron's "Sardanapalus;" as a historical reality, she places it in the same family, whatever may be the interval between, with Shakspeare's Henry VIII.

Jane Seymour is a very splendid specimen of an accomplished coquette—by which we mean one who has the faculty of winning, for selfish purposes, the affections of the opposite sex, without yielding her own. Her very coldness is attractive, her pouting is charming, and her tears, or her smiles are absolutely irresistible. She twines her silken fetters around the easy, susceptible heart of King Harry, and, struggle as he may, it is impossible to free himself from them. Her identity is remarkably distinct, and in almost every scene in which she appears, so admirably true to nature is she drawn, that we really forget we are but reading, and seem to be in her very presence, actual eye-witnesses and hearers of all that she says and does. The fifth scene of the third act, which, *par eminence*, we may style the coquette scene, is unsurpassed by any thing of its kind, that we can recollect, in the whole range of the drama.

Norfolk's character, *dramatically speaking*, is excellent. He is a superior strategist and a complete master of intrigue. He is a second Warwick for royalty, though his taste seems to have inclined him more to queen-making than king-making. Scarcely had he accomplished the overthrow of Queen Catherine, and fairly placed Anne on her throne, ere he undertakes the ruin of the latter; and with so much relish and levity does he prosecute this enterprise that he scarcely seems to have any other motive for it than love of intrigue. He pursues his end with all the coolness, pitilessness and zest of an Iago, and, though more of a gentleman, he is none the less of a butcher.

Rochford, Wyatt and Norris may be considered together. Though the first cannot be compared to Hamlet, yet the latter certainly serve to remind us of Horatio and Laertes. We have an ardent, self-regardless friendship, based upon schoolboy intimacy, characterizing both alike in the one case; and exalted heroism, that would dare dash defiance in the very teeth of an absolute tyrant, rather than actively assist him in the perpetration of a wrong or pas-

sively submit to a wrong already inflicted, that characterize both alike in the other. Rochford's dream, Wyatt's interview with Norfolk, and Norris's interview with the king, are each dramatic beauties.

These are the principal characters—of the rest we need say little, but that they are well drawn and worthy of the drama. In fact, we think the most striking excellence of Mr. Boker's dramatic writings is to be found in his dramatic characters. We can never detect any fault in the delineation of them; they are always distinct, consistent and lifelike. As we have before hinted, there are a few characters in *Anne Boleyn* that might advantageously have been dispensed with. The Vicountess of Rochford appears in but one scene, and that in a very awkward manner. The only purpose of her introduction seems to be to satisfy the conscience of the king as to the guilt of the queen; and yet it is plain that she produces no impression upon his mind—he does not believe a word that she utters. We strongly object to the introduction, for a single occasion, of a personage by whom any important part of the plot is aided. It may do for a servant, whose only duty is to announce a visitor, deliver a message, or receive an order, to appear for a moment and then vanish forever. The spectator seldom regards his entrance, and never thinks of him for an instant after his departure. But, where a graver duty is assigned to the dramatic person, the audience feels an anxiety to see, or at least to hear of him again.

It is for the gratification of this feeling that the novelist, before closing his work, gives a summary of the careers of almost all his fictitious persons who had not previously been disposed of. We think the purpose for which the vicountess was introduced might have been served in a less objectionable way. There are two more characters in the play, to which these strictures will apply with even greater force—Lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns. They are introduced for a less important purpose, and almost at the close of the play. As a general rule, all the dramatis personæ should be presented before the end of the third act, and the plot should, by that time, be so far developed as to render it quite easy for those already introduced to continue and consummate it.

In closing our review, which we now do somewhat abruptly, we take great pleasure, notwithstanding the

"exceptions noted," in expressing our warm admiration of "Anne Boleyn." It affords unmistakable indications of a high order of both poetic and dramatic genius. Calaynos raised in us a sanguine hope; "Anne" has converted this hope into an assurance. In taking our leave of Mr. Boker, we commend to him, in view of his future efforts, the following:

"Vade, age, et ingentem factis fer ad Æthera Trojam."

Philadelphia.

J. L.

ART. VII.—LAW REPORTS AND REPORTERS.

1. *Lives of the Chief Justices*; by LORD CAMPBELL.
2. *The Reporters*; by JOHN WILLIAM WALLACE.

MANY eminent English lawyers, among them Lord Campbell, have belonged to the class of law reporters. Dyer, Anderson, Coke, Popham, Hobart, Saunders, rose to be chief justices; others have attained high professional distinction. Lord Campbell, commencing his career as a reporter of nisi prius cases, has held the offices of Attorney General, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and now fills the great place of "Chief Justice of all England." It cannot be doubted that, to the industry, diligent study and attention with which they made up their reports, is, in a large degree, to be attributed their subsequent success at the bar. Reports, then, in "the Augustan age of the common law," were not, as in these days, prepared exclusively with a view to sale. Their authors, on the contrary, collected cases for personal use. "It hath not formerly been (neither yet is it) a thing unusual," says Plowden, "for the great and learned professors of the law to engross into their own hands, the best and most authentic reports, for their better help, credit and advantage, in the course of their practice, which, being unknown to other men, they cannot, upon a sudden, be ready to make answer thereunto." They were, in fact, choice weapons of offence and defence, which the possessor expected some day to wield on the forensic field, to win or maintain professional reputation. Hence the collections rarely contained

any but leading cases. The "bad-law"—and the opinion of the bar, was, and now is, in a great measure, the arbiter—seldom was entertained in their "adversaria." It is a remarkable fact that the whole number of books of reports in England, both in law and equity, did not, in the year 1776, much exceed one hundred and fifty. In this country there was not a single volume of reports. This was the product of five hundred years, 1163 to 1776. From that period to the present time—about seventy-five years—the number has increased to near two thousand, and "the cry is still they come." If the future be as prolific as the past century, we shall soon suffer under the curse of Rome—"plurimæ leges, pessima respublica," says Tacitus. In the space of ten centuries, the infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes, which no fortune could purchase and no capacity could digest, and the judges, poor in the midst of riches, were reduced to the exercise of their illiterate discretion. Gibbon, ch. 44. Justinian, in his edict, *Tanta de Confirm.*, establishing a committee for the codification of the Roman law, terms the task *opus desperatum*. He often mentions the "immensa veleris prudentiæ volumina." Yet the whole number of works submitted to the committee, as containing all that was valuable in the literature of the law, was less than the number of reports alone now extant. Some amelioration of this great and increasing evil is supposed to be furnished by the numerous digests of reports annually published. But how infinitely short of the digest of Justinian does the best of them fall! What judge would decide a cause upon the citation of an English or American digest? What lawyer, having any regard to his reputation, would willingly submit to the suspicion of studying his cases by the aid of a digest or dictionary? The Pandects at once rendered obsolete many thousand volumes, which no fortune could purchase and no capacity digest. Our digests serve only to entice the diligent student to purchase numerous and useless books of reports.

Lord Campbell has related, with curious felicity, the lives of such of the reporters as have attained chief justiceships; whilst others of them, such as Plowden, Cooke, Yelverton and Palmer have not been fortunate enough to have had such a biographer. Edmund Plowden, the hero of reporters, as Mr. Bentham sneeringly terms him, has

been treated with great ingratitude by his brethren of this order. As the model-reporter, he deserves to have had his adventures related. He came to the study of the law in his twentieth year, abandoned it for the study of chemistry, (see the case of the Mines) returned to his first profession, and became famous as a law reporter. He was the contemporary of Shakspeare, and we vehemently suspect him of knowing more of the player and his jolly companions than some critics have imagined, or than became the gravity of the long robe. This, however, is certain, that Plowden has furnished the materials out of which Shakspeare has made shame for some of the "big wigs." But we must believe that the sergeants did talk the nonsense that he attributes to them, since he protests most solemnly that "I have not of purpose or malice disgraced any man in these reports." Whether Plowden pointed Shakspeare's attention, or not, to the case, it is clear that he was familiar with the argument in *Hales vs. Petit*.

This was the case: Sir James Hales, one of the justices of the common pleas, and, as is common among them, much given to ease and drowsy obstinacy, was dismissed from his office and imprisoned, in the reign of Queen Mary, for having denied the supremacy of the Pope. Whilst in the Fleet, denied his chop and bottle, grinned at by knavish attorneys, frightened by the stories which the malicious keeper told him, of the preparations being made to torture him, he attempted to commit suicide, by stabbing himself. At length, the poor man was discharged, but with his mind so much weakened by the hard usage he had undergone, that he drowned himself in a river near his country house. The coroner's inquest found a verdict against him of *felo de se*, and, as he held an estate as joint tenant with his wife, it was contended that it was forfeited to the crown. The grantee of the crown, Petit, claiming the estate as forfeited, entered upon it, and was immediately sued by Lady Hales as a trespasser. This raised the question whether, if a man kills himself, the crime of suicide is to be considered complete, in his own life time, or not. The counsel for Lady Hales argued that a man cannot kill himself in his life time, a proposition which was dodged by the other side and the court. The legal reasoning of the case is copied, almost word for word, in the dialogue between the

grave diggers in Hamlet, concerning the suicide of Ophelia :

1st Clo.—"Here lies the water, good ; here stands the man, good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will he, nill he, he goes ; mark you that ; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d Clo.—But is this law ?

1st Clo.—Aye, marry, is't crowner's quest law."

It is fortunate for Plowden, that his reports were published before Hamlet was performed, or else the charge of being indebted to Shakspear for his law might be urged with some probability. And that Shakspear does contain good law may be seen by referring to Riddle vs. Weldon, (5 Wharton—9.)

The goods of a lodger were distrained for rent due by the landlord, and Chief Justice Gibson, much enraged at this violation of the privileges of "*hospitatores qui communia hospitia tenent*," vouching Sir John Falstaff as authority, exclaims, "can I not take mine ease in mine inn." Good law, says the Judge, and expressed with legal precision. It is probable that Shakspear was indebted to Plowden for this, as well as other scraps of law. We have seen his version of the argument in Hales vs. Petit ; but what report would he have made of a case wherein it was decided that *se defendendo* was a good plea for killing a man, but not for killing a bull.

The fate of other reporters has been still more hard than that of Plowden. The year books contain the oldest reports now extant. The last of these, reports cases tried in the 28 Hen. 8, A.D. 1537. It was about two years afterwards that Plowden commenced the study of law. In the preface to his commentaries, he states that he has been credibly informed that there were anciently four reporters of our cases in law ; but he gives no intimation that he had heard their names. This is the more surprising as the office of reporter was discontinued during this reign. All the subsequent reports, down to the present time, are ascribed to known persons. We may as well notice here that the putative fathers of some of the reports that appeared during the period, from 1537 to 1658, are strongly suspected of plagiarism, whilst others are convict of down-right petty larceny. In the latter cases, though, the

volumes are large, a jury can safely find them of less value than twelve pence. "The press," says Styles, "hath been very fertile in this, our age, and hath brought forth many, if not too many, births of this nature; but how legitimate most of them are, let the learned, judge. This I am sure of, *there is not the father alive to own many of them*. For examples; the book known as reports, by Noy, of Ship-money memory, is an imposture; that of Ley also, and the editor of Sir Geoffrey Palmer's reports states that Latch, when a student, stole one hundred and twenty cases from Palmer's note book which he had unsuspectingly lent Latch. Yet, these as well as other report books against which objections of the gravest character can justly be made, are frequently cited as authority.

This arises from the fact, that a canon of reports determining their authenticity, and their value, is still a professional desideratum. Perhaps no English lawyer, and none but an English lawyer can do it, could execute this useful task so well, as Lord Campbell. In addition to his great learning, he possesses, probably, a larger amount of biographical knowledge of eminent men in the law of every rank than any man of this day. He has access to sources of information denied to others, and during his long career, must have collected an immense store of those traditional anecdotes, which, we know, abound in Westminster Hall. Moreover, he shows by his late publications, that he fully appreciates the truth, that a just criticism of law reports, as perhaps of most other books, cannot be made without some knowledge of the author; his character; his times, and the circumstances under which the book was published.

The value of such a canon to a profession which assumes as a fundamental principle—obedience to precedents—is not easily over estimated. Precedents, in theory are the embodiments, of the doctrines of the law. The unbroken chain of precedents—the consistency and continuity of these doctrines, make the science of the law—the social science, of this, as well as of every other, well ordered government. Its principles are ancient, its forms may be new. It presents a series of doctrines, which unites the present to the past, and guarantees the future. Without being immoveable, it is in the midst of the changes of society—stable. Without being a passing accident in the life and history of a nation, it participates in revolu-

tions, and is transformed, with the mutations of society. Reporters record its progress and a canon determines whether they make true or false report.

The labour of preparing such a canon would be immense. On this subject we adopt the following sensible remarks of Mr. Wallace: "It would require that first of all, he should read and digest the whole body of the early reporters, running backwards through the course of five hundred years. He would have to draw from the cognat sources of general and legislative, literary, manuscriptal, and antiquarian history, whatsoever could shed even a reflected light, upon their significance and meaning. He would have thoroughly to study, the thousand volumes of modern reports, multiplied perhaps to a thousand more before he had finished them, and ascertain with precision how far, in later times the cases of each early reporter had been doubted, denied or over-ruled. To all, super-adding such accomplishment and taste as might present the whole with form and finished shape."

Although, as we have remarked, the names of the reporters of the year books, are now forgotten, yet we know that they were chosen and appointed, for their sufficiency in the law." Their manner of reporting, says Plowden, was to confer, together, at the making and collecting of a report, and their report being made, and settled by so many, and by men of such *approved learning*, carried great credit with it." He omits, however, to notice that the facts of the case, as proven at the trial, and the reasons of the decision, were entered on the records, by direction of, and under the supervision of the judges. It is to this usage more, perhaps, than to their antiquity, the year books, have possessed a weight and authority greater than has been yielded to any subsequent reports. They still continue too, "old Heath," to the contrary, notwithstanding, to be regarded as conclusive of every question, decided in them. The great Chancellor Kent, it is true, stated in the first edition of his commentaries, that they had nearly become obsolete, and were only valuable, to the legal antiquarian. But, before his next edition had been published, the Court of King's Bench recognized their authority and supremacy, and what is more curious, so late as 1837, they were cited as conclusive on a local question in Pennsylvania. Since that time the English law commissioners, have strongly recommended to par-

liament the republication of these reports, in modern type and shape, at the expense of the government.

Another fact connected with these reports is that the *office* of reporter ended in England, with them. It was revised for a short time, during the reign of James 1st, under the patronage of Lord Chancellor Bacon. Sergeant Hetley was appointed to the place. A volume of cases tried in the common pleas, between 1627—1632, and bearing his name, have been transmitted to us, but their paternity is very doubtful, Lord Glenbervie, no mean reporter himself, and otherwise a competent judge, is of opinion that they are far from bearing any marks of peculiar skill, information or authority.

From the discontinuance of the office of reporter to the present time, the history of the judicial proceedings in Westminster Hall would have been lost in oblivion, if it had not been for the voluntary industry of lawyers and judges. The example was set by Dyer, "the Shakspeare of reporters," as Lord Campbell terms him, and others about the same period; all of them able men, who finding that official accounts were no longer taken of what passed in courts of justice, were stimulated by a commendable zeal for that science of which they were distinguished ornaments, to commit to writing for their own use and that of posterity, the history of the most important decisions which occurred within their practice or observation. These reports were circulated from hand to hand among the lawyers; copies were taken and thus diffused through the profession. Few of them, however, were in a fit state for publication at the death of the compilers, and hence most of the first editions were printed without the knowledge of the friends of the deceased, by persons not meaning to advance the reputations of their authors, but who having, like Latch, dishonestly obtained copies, used them to make gain. The demand for reports was so great that the honesty of the book trade succumbed to the temptation of avarice. Mr. Wallace has presented a tabular exhibit of the reports of this period; out of twenty-two, thirteen are obnoxious to the charge of having been surreptitiously procured and printed. A partial check was given to this evil, incidentally and unintentionally, by the ordinances of the long parliament against unlicensed printing, A.D. 1643-7-9, 1652. And they mark another point in the history of the art of reporting law cases.

Printing, from its introduction into England, was regarded as an affair of state. The crown therefore never hesitated to control it by proclamations—charters of privileges and lectures—and to punish unlicensed printing by star-chamber decrees. Among the other royal privileges assumed by the long parliament was that of granting licenses to print and publish. It was against this royal privilege that Milton wrote his famous “speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing,” in November 1644; but it did not produce a repeal of the ordinances. After the restoration, in 1662, was passed the statute of 13 and 14 ch. 2, which was merely a copy of the parliamentary ordinances. It expired in 1679—was revived by James 2—continued until 1692—was re-enacted 4 W. and M., and finally expired in 1694. Frequent attempts were made by the government in the latter part of the reign of William, to revive these acts but without success. During the period that they were of force, no law book could be published without the license of the Lord Chancellor—the two Chief Justices, and the chief Baron. These great magistrates, however, were influenced in granting their “*imprimatur*,” rather by considerations of a political than legal character. There was very little danger that the multitude would inhale sedition through a law book, and hence they rarely, if ever, refused a license. Nor did they fail to grant a testimonial to the “wisdom, integrity and learning of the author,” although they had never examined his work. In fact, the certificate of the judges did not make a *prima facie* case in favour of the author. As that eminent lawyer, with a shocking bad name, Sir Harbottle Grimstone remarks, “a multitude of flying reports whose authors are as uncertain as the times when taken, have of late surreptitiously crept forth. We have been entertained with barren and unwarrantable products * * * * to the contempt of divers of our former grave and learned justices whose honoured and revered names have in some of the books been abused and invoked to patronise indigested crudities of those plagiaries.”

After the expiration of the statute 4, W and M, the practice of praying an *imprimatur* was continued from respect to the judges; but at length, as the license had become unnecessary, and the testimonial as to the value of the work had seldom been true, it was resolved by the

judges to grant them no more. Thus ended the last restraint upon the printing of law reports.

We have thus collected some of the most material facts in the history of the art of reporting, and have noticed the manner of reporting used in former times. Our object has been to show the causes of the superiority of the ancient over the modern manner. Good reporting does not consist merely in noting, by the aid of short hand, every word that may be uttered by the bar or the bench. On the contrary, the old reporters, not being instigated by salary, or profits, to make a large volume, omitted much that was said by both, "For, says Plowden, I thought there were few arguments so pure as not to have some refuse in them, and therefore I thought it best to extract the refuse." Every professional reader will acknowledge that the neglect of this manner of reporting, is one of the vices, of the present age. In this State, the arguments at the bar are seldom reported at all, and when noticed, the reports of them are often as unjust to the counsel, as to the gravity of the cause. Plowden's manner, however, demands that the reporter should be capable of discriminating the pure from the refuse, and this implies the possession of more law learning, than now usually falls to the lot of reporters. Again, the older reporters followed the courts regularly, taking notes of the material facts and of the arguments, and prepared the case for publication. In this State, the reporter is not required to attend any but the two courts of appeal; but, in fact, he is not present, either by himself or a substitute, in more than one court. His duties consist, first, of noting the arguments at the bar; second, of superintending the publication of the decisions. As to the former, the manner of performing it, as we have before remarked, is in general, disgraceful, and as to the latter, any "devil" can equal it. Without a thorough reform in this matter, a State reporter is, in our opinion, useless. The duties can be done, free of expence to the State, by any intelligent printer. The subject is worthy of the consideration of the judiciary committee of the legislature. "See the inconveniences of these scrambling reports," said Lord Holt, "they will make us appear to posterity for a parcel of blockheads." Let our judges look to themselves.

According to our practice, the statement of the facts, and of the charge to the jury, when the case is carried to

the appeal court, is made by the circuit judge. Nothing else is either offered, or will be received, but a judicial report. In the practical administration of justice between the parties to a suit, this is a most important document. Of these judicial reports, we intend to write respectfully, but with freedom. Our remarks, we premise, are entirely inapplicable to judges conscious of impeccability. The report of the judge, is supposed to contain, 1st, a true statement of the facts, as they were proved at the trial, and secondly, accurate minutes of the charge to the jury. It is in most cases made up after the trial, at a greater or less distance of time, partly from notes, and partly from memory. It is possible, therefore, for it to be incorrect, either from defect of notes, or of memory, or of both. Wherever the use of bills of exception prevails, there is some security against the treachery of judicial memory and judicial carelessness. These, says Lord Campbell, are "an admirable check on the rashness and mendacity of judges, for they empower the parties to put down in writing the exact terms in which the judge who tries the cause has laid down the law." But wherever they are not legitimized, or, being lawful, are discountenanced by the bench, the bar have no means of correcting the errors in the judicial report. We have no doubt that the report seldom differs materially from the notes taken at the trial, and the memory of the judge, so far as it fills up the omissions in the notes, is not an issuable fact. Still material facts may have been omitted: the report of the charge may differ from the charge actually given, and yet the suitor is remediless. These, and other errors, of omission and commission, do occur, from mere carelessness and forgetfulness. But, so far as the rights of the suitor are concerned, they are as injurious as rashness or mendacity. Fortunately, judicial improbity is unknown to our history. But it may be doubted whether occasional sporadic cases of judicial corruption is more dangerous to judicial institutions than ignorance, rashness, and that sort of mendacity which colours the evidence to suit the charge. The former raises a whirlwind of public wrath, which sweeps in a moment the criminal from his eminence; the latter silently corrodes the reverence, confidence and love that give stability to the edifice, and it crumbles into dust. When Lord Chancellor Bacon fell, he fell alone: the court in which he presided suffered

nothing in public estimation. His fall purified the administration of justice, and renewed the splendour of the office of Lord Chancellor. But Lord Clarendon informs us that one of the causes which turned away the hearts of the people from the king, and led away "honour, obedience and troops of friends" from the courts, was that "judgments of law were granted upon matters of which there were neither inquiry nor proof." This does not produce dissatisfaction in the public mind more certainly than to ground judgments of law upon untrue reports of matters that were inquired of, and untrue reports of charges that were given. In both cases, injustice is done to the suitors. In both cases, the dignity, reverence and estimation of the laws themselves, as well as of the judges, are greatly impaired. To reform this matter, the manner of judicial reporting must be improved. And it is not difficult, we apprehend, to point out the defects in the manner generally adopted.

The purposes for which notes may be taken by a judge are two-fold—first, for his own use, as aid to his memory; second, against him, that is, to enable the revising court to compare his charge with the evidence, and determine whether his law was correct or applicable. Now, so far as the judge is concerned, mere jottings down may serve, with the help of his recollection of the person and manner of the witness, and other external circumstances, to remember the evidence with sufficient precision to repeat it to the jury. They, too, having heard the witnesses, may remember what the judge has omitted or misunderstood. But the report is made up after the trial. Every day the evidence becomes more faint in his memory, and after an interval occupied with the trial of numerous causes, the notes are the only means by which he can prepare his report. What if these notes taken to aid his memory are meagre and insufficient. But the report must be prepared; then the imagination rather than the memory furnishes the facts. And so will it continue to be, whilst judges are permitted to take notes, only for their own use. Another evil of this practice is, that the report is practically conclusive of the state of the evidence: often the question at the bar is, what did the witness say? what was his language? The judge reports only his understanding of the evidence given by the witness. At the moment he may have been drowsy, inattentive, or possibly did not perceive

the importance of the answer. Yet his report cannot be contradicted; by fiction, (one of great convenience, too, to the judges,) it is always true. To the appellate tribunal, it is presented with the confidence that belongs to irrefragable testimony. But the report is only indisputably true so long as it concerns judicial reputation. For instance, the judge reports that a certain fact was proved at the trial. The unhappy junior who has adventured into contradiction of the report—who has not yet learned that judges are impeccable—is told, with a calm, killing smile, “I have it in my notes.” But at the next term, before the same judge, the witness who swore to that fact is indicted for perjury, and these very same notes, in the judge’s own handwriting, are produced to prove the perjury. They will be declared inadmissible. The memory of any lawyer would be preferred. Here, then, the judge’s notes, are irrefragable to shield himself against a well founded charge of rashness or mendacity, but utterly unworthy of credit in any other point of view. In the case supposed, the junior, under a different system, would employ that admirable check, the bill of exceptions. It may be asked by some illiterate layman, Why do not the judges, for their own credit, countenance bills of exception? In a convention of horses, would any one be so indecorous as to make mention of bridles? It is an unpleasant truth to announce, that judges, are not, as some ancient ladies suppose, wholly exempt from human infirmities—they have malice, hatred and favour. Some of them are not omniscient in the law, some are men of small understandings, and some of them have been known by Lord Campbell to be slightly addicted to mendacity. Whatever may be their particular infirmity, a bill of exception, skilfully used, is a corrective or a castigator. But it will never be introduced into practice with the consent of the judges. In England, the evil was corrected by the enactment of the statute of Westminster, passed in the reign of Edward I. It is also the practice in the courts of the United States. What harm, then, in affording to the bar the means of correcting the mistakes of judges? It is true that, occasionally, a judge will permit himself to be corrected, as a matter of favour. But the right must be admitted, else those judges who need the control of bills of exception will not submit to correction. Obstinacy, rashness, ignorance and mendacity are the peculiar sub-

jects of this treatment, and in proportion as they need the medicine, so is their unwillingness to take it.

Another improvement would be to require the judges to take ample notes of the testimony, to be filed with their reports, for the use of the parties in the cause. These notes should be read over to the witness at the time of his deposition, with leave to correct them, and he should be then required to sign them. The counsel should also have the right, before the witness has signed them, to suggest to the court, any omissions or errors, which, in his judgment, ought to be supplied or corrected. This is, in some respects, the system in the court of equity, but with this advantage, that the witness testifies in the presence of the judge and jury, who are to determine the cause.

But none of these reforms in the practice of the courts will avail any thing without the remedy of another inconvenience. Here, too, the evil is inveterate. "I have taken upon me," says old Grimstone, in the preface to the reports of his father-in-law, Croke, the resolution and task of *extracting* and *extricating* these reports out of their dark originals, (his own father-in-law's handwriting,) they being written in so small and close a hand that I may say truly they are *folia sybillina*." And the editor of Sir Wm. Jones complains of that judge's writing, that it is very difficult to read till mastered by patience and observation. Here it is, *qualis ab incepto*, bred in a college, but not acquainted with the school-master—deep scholars, but not up to pot-hooks. Formerly patience and observation could master the task; now the judge confesses to the illegibility of his characters. We insist, therefore, that this is the preliminary grievance which ought to be removed. Let the amendments be joined in one act, entitled "An act for the improvement of judicial chirography, and other purposes."

ART. VIII.—THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

1. *Oration delivered before the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, July 4th, 1850*; by WILLIAM HENRY TRESPOTT. Charleston: Walker & James. 1850.
2. *The South: its Dangers and Resources*. An Address delivered at the celebration of the Battle of Fort Moultrie, June 28th, 1850; by WILLIAM E. MARTIN. Charleston: E. C. Councill. 1850.

THE American Revolution was, without question, one of the most important events in the history of mankind. He greatly under-estimates it who regards it as the result merely of political oppression and misrule, or as the sudden and spasmodic effort of a young people to throw off a form of government to which they had been accustomed, and attempt the hazardous experiment of governing themselves. Whoever would look for the causes of it must seek them, not in the events contemporaneous with the Revolution itself, but far back in the history of Europe. The Northern nations that overran the Roman Empire, and founded upon its ruins a new political and social organization, brought with them a feeling of personal independence, unknown to Grecian or Roman civilization, which, though long repressed by the hand of power, was always ready to assert itself. The great political and religious struggles, which commenced during the early part of the sixteenth century and continued for nearly two hundred years, greatly contributed to free the mind from the dull stupidities of a long period of misrule and darkness. The reformation, considered only as a political event, exercised an immense influence upon the minds and conduct of men. In our Mother Country it produced its first and greatest political fruits. The dissolution of the bonds of ecclesiastical supremacy, gave birth, in less than a century, to Puritanism. But Puritanism, with its earnest preaching and its stubborn resistance to the government of kings, did little for its own times. It displaced royalty, which was arbitrary in many of its forms, but it imposed upon the nation, under a popular name, a government as despotic as any which had preceded it since the days of William the Conqueror. It trampled under foot the received opinions and religious faith of the people; but it substituted, instead of them, its own unbend-

ing formulas of belief. By attempting too much, it accomplished little. Never had the English people been subjected to the sterner will of a single man than during the brilliant but arbitrary administration of Cromwell. Puritanism oppressed the conscience with its inflexible religious forms; and the reaction upon the minds of men, at the restoration, carried them almost to the verge of infidelity. The disgraceful levity of the English people, during the reign of the Second Charles, and the patient endurance of the tyranny of his successor, were sad commentaries on the struggles and sufferings of the era of Puritanism. Its work had to be done over; and the revolution of 1688 first established the distinction between the powers of the throne and the rights of the people. The British Constitution then became, for the first time, a regular plan of liberty.

Though Puritanism led to little that was tangible, yet its influence was far from being wholly lost. It disseminated new ideas and taught new principles of government. It inquired freely into, and boldly trampled down, the received doctrines, both in politics and religion, which had long governed monarchical Europe. The American colonists, too, received a large infusion of that spirit, and transplanted it upon a new and susceptible soil. Acting upon a scattered population and an agricultural people, new ideas of personal and political liberty, and a new structure of government, became fixed in the minds of the colonists, and only wanted time for their development. The time did at length arrive—the experiment was tried, and its result was the American Revolution.

Satisfied, as we are, with the success of that great struggle, and enjoying its fruits in an unexampled national prosperity, we seldom stop to inquire what difficulties have been surmounted in its accomplishment, and what results have followed it. It was a period of devotion, of sacrifices and of triumph. The declaration of independence was the greatest act of the political faith of a nation recorded in history. The boldness which conceived it was not exceeded by the daring which resorted to arms, in order to maintain it. The idea of a young people asserting their political independence and attempting to govern themselves, was one, which, from the lessons of all past history, might well have startled the boldest. Patriotic and reflecting men were appalled at the fate of

the ancient republics, which, after a temporary career of prosperity and glory, had all yielded to a foreign foe, or had taken refuge from anarchy in the worst of all forms of government, a military despotism. Such considerations did not deter the assertors of our national independence from making the experiment. It was boldly, and, we may venture to believe, wisely done. It must be our care, while we applaud this work and enjoy the fruits of that day of perilous experiment and triumph, to see that the labor has not been taken in vain: at all events, to secure ourselves in an inheritance which is quite too precious not to provoke the lust of cupidity and the assaults of power.

The great result of the American Revolution was the birth of the democratic principle. Republicans, as we are, we yet fear to look to the consequences which have already proceeded, and is yet destined to result, from this great element of good and evil. Working silently at first, this all-pervading principle has, at length, become developed in such vast proportions that it appears about to reconstruct the whole fabric of society. Governments, religion, ideas, are all going down before it—property is hardly held sacred, and the bonds of society have become loosened under its influence. In Europe, where old abuses have been adhered to with the greatest tenacity, and where its encroachments have been most jealously watched, it is now exhibiting, in all its force, its dreaded influence. The year 1848 has been called a year of revolutions. It would be difficult to recognize, on the continent, the Europe of 1849, by what existed in 1847. France, in little more than a year, has abolished royalty, and sent her king, with his royal brood, into exile. She has changed, three times since, the government of the nation. Insurrection has scarcely been repressed with an army of nearly half a million of men. With immense difficulties to contend with at present, with immense perils threatening her future course, with agitation everywhere, she is now attempting, in a dire conflict between the monarchical and democratic principles, to establish some form of regular government. In Italy, we have seen four great nations attempting to restore the Pope to his throne, against his revolted subjects. Sicily is in ruins, and still rocked with discontents that must break forth at last like her own volcanoes. The north of Italy was but lately engaged in an

unsuccessful struggle for political liberty, against the house of Austria; and Austria, still as lately pressed under the walls of Vienna by her gallant Hungarian subjects, and only saved from them by the mammoth power of the Russian. Saxony in insurrection,—Prussia and Denmark at war;—the whole Germanic body stirring and striving in feverish convulsion,—all exhibit a terrible spirit of revolt and disaffection as terrible from the unanimity of the impulse as from the danger of its demonstrations. England, though still quiet, has Ireland lying by her in unspeakable and hideous misery, looking, without confidence, to the time of her deliverance. From such a state of things, who can predict the future? Every thing in Europe seems tending to disorder and chaos. We have reached a period of un conjecturable events,

“ And silent before us,
Veiled, the dark portal:
Goal of all mortal.

Such have been the excesses of democracy in Europe. No spectacle is more affecting than that of a great people throwing off the forms of Government which have been consecrated by time and the hands of their ancestors; their rulers flying from their thrones and seeking upon a foreign and perhaps unfriendly soil a place of refuge from the resentment of their subjects; their nobles, long the leaders of the people, degraded and dispossessed, descending from their high places, which the operative now occupies, and struggling, by popular arts to preserve a shadow of political influence;—the people, themselves, groping among the elements of society, all scattered and in conflict, for materials with which to reconstruct a new political edifice. We are unwilling to believe that all the woes and sufferings of Europe, for the last twelve months, are to go for nothing. We must rather hope, that “in the huge mass of evil, as it rolls and swells, there is some good working imprisoned,—working towards deliverance and triumph.” We naturally ask, however, are these the legitimate fruits of the democratic principle? Is it to yield nothing but uncertainty and instability,—nothing upon which wisdom may build for the future;—satisfied as all her experience has made her in the past, that the antagonist systems contained none of the germs of hope for the government of man? The doubt, with the inquiry, natu-

rally compels us to look to the progress of events in our own country. Shall we find any more grateful answer here? To a certain extent we do; and could we conceive the experiment complete—could we regard it, in the United States, as any thing more than an experiment well begun, under singularly favouring auspices—then it would be equally easy and grateful to pass a decisive judgment upon it. Since the revolution, and nearly to the present period, democracy has produced chiefly its greatest and its choicest fruits. The soil was ready for it. The success of the democratic principle, here, has been such as might well deceive the optimist, and lure him with a conviction that we were about to realize the best securities of Utopia. But we fear that it is illusion all. No doubt the American people are better prepared for its recognition than any other. There is more general intelligence, more steadfastness of purpose; and all the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race, go for the securities of property and place. In this has been our safety hitherto; but we confess to small confidence in its continued exercise. We have no faith in its substitution for more exacting forms of rule, unless applied to the peculiar wants and suggested by the actual necessities of a people. Where the people are corrupt or unintelligent, democracy will be more apt to hasten than retard their downfall; and in this, perhaps, will lie its best advantage. The grand assumption upon which it builds, grows out of the assumed wisdom and virtue of the race. Let this be wanting, and the very power which it confers must necessarily become the more dangerous in proportion to its extent and exercise; as the ignorant boy will be more in peril, playing with a keg of gunpowder than with a cartridge or a squib. What are the guaranties afforded us thus far by the histories of the American people, that they have, as a race, reached that condition of eminent discretion, implying wisdom, virtue, forbearance and political knowledge, which should entitle them to the exclusive keeping of their own liberties?

We put aside, for a moment, our own States. Let us refer to the governments, styled republican, established in Mexico and the several States of South America. What is their history? With whatever desire to deceive ourselves in favor of the working of the popular system in these regions, it is in obedience to a melancholy necessity that we declare them all the most miserable failures. We are

forced to acknowledge that rights, property and even liberty, have not been respected but in one of them, and that exception is a monarchy; while the others exhibit the painful history of revolutions without end, wars without motive and the degrading influences of mere personal contests for power. We are strongly inclined to the opinion, that free institutions are only destined to succeed with certain races of men; and would gravely question the success of democratical government among any of the present European nations, except the Anglo-Saxon and the German. In a work recently published in France, written by the present French Minister at Washington, the difference between the several races that met upon the Americal soil, at the time of the first settlement of the country, is strikingly illustrated. "We are struck with the contrast," observes M. Poussin, "between these different races on their first contact, and foresee what must be the result. On one side, the Frenchman, brave, adventurous even to audacity, but fickle, without patience or perseverance; the Spaniard, daring and warlike, but indolent and incapable of work after victory; neither of them looking forward to any thing from the continuity of their efforts, and requiring every thing from their metropolis. On the other side, the Anglo-American comes forward with his obstinate energy, his calm ambition, which nothing can arrest or repel; but, above all, with his habits of independence and his admirable aptitude to rely always and in all things on himself. We soon discover that the two first will always be colonists—while the last will soon become the ally of the mother country.*

Combining, in our own country, all the elements of success, the government of the United States, has advanced to an unparalleled degree of national prosperity. Seventy-four years ago, three millions of people asserted, and have succeeded in maintaining their independence. Now, the productions of our soil are exposed in every commercial mart; our sails whiten every sea; the vast forests of the west, where the wild Indian roamed and the buffalo pastured, teem with all the appliances of civilized life; and, with a population of twenty millions we assume a place among the greatest nations of the earth.

* *De la Puissance Américaine*, par M. Guillaume Tell Poussin v. *Courrier des Etats Unis*, vol. xxiv, No. 58.

The success of free institutions, in our own country, under the influence of the democratic principle, has dazzled the world. But its dangers are yet to come. Our people have been comparatively pure, because they have hitherto, to a great extent, been freed from the corrupting influences of large cities. The government has avoided great excesses, because the people have wisely inquired into the administration of public affairs, and because there has always been found a sufficient degree of wisdom and public virtue to bring it back to the right direction when diverted from its legitimate functions by interest or passion. The vast territories of the west, those safety valves of our institutions, have carried off and absorbed the scum of our population, a fruitful source of disease at home, and aided, to some extent, in preserving the purity of the people and the stability of the government.

But we would be blind to the signs of the times, if we did not see the most alarming symptoms of increasing corruption in the government, and dangers which threaten its dissolution. Selfish interests and sectional prejudices have been permitted to creep into the national administration and to stifle the voice of reason and the claims of justice. All patriotism is becoming rapidly absorbed in struggles for place and the mere ties of party. Principles have yielded to expediency, and men are selected for position, not as the exponents of principles, but for their flexibility of moral. The constitution is only regarded as binding when it does not conflict with the will of the majority. Besides, an everflowing tide of emigration is pouring upon our shores, the dissatisfied and redundant population of Europe, who are innoculating us with all the vices of the old world, and are totally unprepared for the duties and responsibilities of the new.

Happily for the South, the evils which threaten the existence of the government, have proceeded but to a limited extent from the southern portion of this confederacy. The States of the South have always adhered to a strict construction of the constitution. No usurpation of power can justly be charged upon them. They have demanded no privileges for their section, that were not intended for the benefit of each. They have adopted, in their relations with the government, the maxim of the French merchants to the French Minister of Finance: "Let us alone." The exactions, the usurpations of power, which have illustrated

the history of the General Government, have invariably come from the northern section, with such aid as they have derived from certain States of the South, by seducing them with offers of governmental favours.

The whole history of the government shows a marked distinction between the two portions of the confederacy, resulting not only from dissimilar pursuits, but from different institutions, which have produced a difference in taste, habits and national characteristics. In the northern section the progress of things has been marked by the extension of the democratic principle, until no conservative influence is left to them. Government—property—rights—every thing is subjected to the capricious will of a dominant multitude. Agrarianism, such as was never dreamed of by a Roman plebeian, is rapidly gaining ground with the democracy of the North; and the vagaries of the French communist, Proudhon, have been applauded without shame in their public assemblies. All sorts of religious, philosophical and political abstractions have adopted the North as a natural home. There have flourished anti-Masonry, Mormonism, Millerism, Fourierism, Agrarianism, and Abolitionism. There, women and grown up men, abandon their own imperative duties of every day life, and devote their time, and even their money, to the wildest schemes of religious and political reform. There, with an abundant and increasing supply of the objects of destitution, they are affected with the most ardent longing to alleviate foreign misery and remedy remote injustice.

We have survived all confidence in the permanence of republican institutions at the North, and know of no conservative influences, as already remarked, now remaining in any of the constitutions of the northern States. The democratic principle, among them, has been progressively gaining ground, and it is now overwhelming. It controls their governments, it controls public opinion, and it will control property, not by right, but by force. It is a truth which all history proves, that greater oppression and tyranny may exist under a democracy, than under any other form of government, because it is irresponsible. It cannot be called to account, but by the direst revolution. Besides, the concessions made to it are irrevocable. Its encroachments are progressive, and its transitions to the appropriation of all power in a State, are easy, like Virgil's descent to Avernus—

Sed revocare gradum, superasq : evadere ad auras :
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

Far be it from us, however, to wage war against the democratic principle. It may be made the foundation of all that is free, just and stable in government. It is only against its excesses that we would exclaim. Accustomed as we have been to its forms, we would not willingly live under any other. But it must be watched. Its encroachments must be as carefully guarded against as the increase of prerogative under a monarchy. That is the price we must pay for the enjoyment of liberty under its protection. Conservatism, in a democracy, is but another name for a well regulated liberty. Care, labour and vigilance in preserving the blessings of free institutions from the changes of restless innovation, are never thrown away. Whatever is worthy of pursuit, whatever is valuable when acquired, heightens the pleasure of enjoyment, for we seldom value what it costs us nothing to attain. There is much truth contained in a distich of English verse, which is as applicable to political subjects as it is to the objects of nature.

"The fruit that will fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me."

We are willing to admit a strong prepossession in favour of Southern civilization, and our opinions may, to a certain extent, be warped by our feelings ; but we know of no people where democracy has exercised a more beneficial influence upon all the relations of man and society than it has done in the Southern States of this confederacy. They have hitherto escaped all the excesses which democracy has produced at the North. The minds of our people will not be fed on philosophical reveries ;—hence, we have escaped all the ridiculous abstractions which have produced so much folly and mischief elsewhere. We are, to a great extent, exempt from the physical and moral evils arising from large cities and a crowded population ; hence pauperism is known but in name, crime is comparatively infrequent, and a general prosperity, not resulting so much from the acquisition of wealth as from the diffusion of all the elements of comfort among the masses of society, is, at this moment, found to a greater extent at the South than among any people where slavery does not exist. It is a remarkable feature of Southern

civilization, that emigration is utterly unknown—the most convincing proof of the general prosperity and content which prevails among all classes of society. It is true, that emigration from State to State has peopled the fertile vallies of the West from the Atlantic States; but there has never been any emigration from the South northward, or any where else. While society, over the civilized world, has become unsettled, and seems to be getting as nomadic as that of the Northern nations at the time of their great migrations, the citizens of the South have not been attracted by any state of prosperity existing beyond their own confines. Is there a spot on the habitable globe where Northern men cannot be found? That is said to result from the enterprise of her people. It may be so; but the enterprize is prompted by need, and stimulated by the want of comforts at home. With all the boasted prosperity of the North, when has a Southern man ever gone there to improve his social condition or his fortune? It is often asserted that individual comfort and happiness are indicated by a high degree of national prosperity. This is far from being always true. England has attained to an unrivalled degree of national wealth and prosperity. Yet one seventh of her population lie idle in work houses—“pleasantly so called,” says Carlyle, “because work cannot be done in them”—“their cunning right hand lying idle in their sorrowful bosom”—or have out-door relief thrown over the wall to them. “To whom, then,” says the writer I have just mentioned, “is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses, makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? We have more riches than any other nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful. In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish.” We need not stop to inquire into the comparative amount of wealth in the Southern and Northern States, though we should have little reason to be dissatisfied at the comparison; but its general diffusion among all classes at the South forms the distinction and the blessing of Southern social life.

Nowhere have free institutions been more successful, or are likely to be more permanent, if we are true to ourselves, than they have been in the Southern States. This is, owing, to a certain extent, to the agricultural habits of our people; but chiefly to the existence of the institution

of slavery. It is our firm conviction, that republican institutions can never be permanent unless slavery exists as the *substratum* of society. It formed the basis of society in all the ancient republics, and it was that institution alone that enabled the free States of antiquity to support the continued drain occasioned by foreign war. The republics founded since the destruction of the Roman Empire of the West cannot be cited in opposition to this view of the question, for they were either short-lived or they were republics only in name. The governments of Venice, of Genoa and of Florence, under the administration of the Medicis, were oppressive oligarchies; and the Lombard republics of Modern Italy glittered but with a momentary splendour. We are not fully acquainted with the practical operation of the constitution of Switzerland, but apprehend that it is but little entitled to claim the name of republic—for, as Niebuhr remarks, the same spirit of oligarchy exists there under the smock frock of the yeoman of Uri as under the velvet mantle of the Venetian noble. Whatever may be the form of government, Switzerland would scarcely be known to history but for the gallant defence of her mountain fastnesses against a foreign invader, and for an exhaustless supply of mercenaries to the despots of Europe, to enable them maintain their menaced thrones against their own subjects. The Northern States boast of their exemption from slavery; but the stability of Northern institutions may justly be attributed, and in no inconsiderable degree, to the conservative influences of the Southern States, owing to the institution of slavery itself.

Upon this subject, certain nations of the world, for a quarter of a century, have gone staring mad. England took the lead in the crusade against it—England, who did more than any other nation to extend and perpetuate it—England, who held the monopoly of the slave trade, the only incident of slavery that may justly be condemned, was struck with a holy horror at the system when it was no longer profitable, and became its deadliest foe. But England is now quiet. She cannot well answer the startling question: “Why is it that her philanthropy has never extended beyond the Cape of Good Hope?” With “a living chaos of ignorance and hunger weltering round her feet,” she has to contend with ills far worse than those of slavery. Besides, her scheme of West India emancipation

has failed—failed utterly. Her twenty millions gone, her finest colonies fast sinking into barbarism, and those fertile Islands, once the seat of almost fabulous wealth, are now fast returning to the original desert. France, with England's and her own sad experience before her, has applied the revolutionary doctrines of *liberty, equality* and fraternity to her India colonies, and all that she can expect from them is the deplorable fate of St. Domingo—another proof of the maxim that philanthropy often inflicts upon society far worse evils than those it is intended to remedy.

The agitation of the question of slavery in Europe has acted on the minds of men in this country, and in the Northern States it is assuming such vast proportions that all other questions are becoming absorbed in it, and it is now threatening the existence of the Union itself. The interference with this subject by the Northern States is so impertinent and gratuitous, and the tone they assume towards the South is so offensive, that it is difficult to approach it with the temper that should attend the discussion of a grave political question. The North would proscribe slavery as an evil! If it is, it concerns them not. With pharisaical pretension, they condemn it as a sin! If it is, they are responsible, after the English, for its introduction and perpetuation in the South, for they constituted the most notorious and persevering opponents of the abolition of the slave trade, as long as it yielded them a fair commercial profit. But it answers little purpose, dealing with a reckless majority, to convict them of the offence for which that very majority would now inflict punishment upon the South. It is enough to know that they constitute the only enemies whom we have reason to fear, on the subject of Southern Slavery. The question is now intimately interwoven with their politics, their literature and their religion; and, under the stimulus of a misdirected zeal, they threaten one great section of the country with the irresponsible domination of the other. To this danger we must not shut our eyes. Nay, we cannot. Many of us, unfortunately, are quite too much disposed to do so. But the fate that threatens will not suffer this. The progress of abolition has received an impulse which suffers no recoil. Its path is onward, unless arrested by a power, whether of force, or of wisdom simply, it is for time only to determine. It has passed the boundaries of moderation and prudence. It has thrown off all

its disguises. The Wilmot Proviso, or the active and ruinous principle which it embodies, will probably pass the present congress, in some shape, more or less offensive. It is equally fatal in any shape; and this passed, other evils of legislation follow. Slavery will be next abolished in the District of Columbia; and its exclusion from all the territories will form a part of the same chapter in our history. The slave States, surrounded by a cordon of free States—in other words, by people whose leading business it is to disturb the peace and destroy the securities of the institution—will be subjected, for the residue of their federal existence, to the most insatiable and remorseless plunder.

Will the abolitionists stop here? Is there any thing in its history to make us hope for this? The next step, as certain as all the others, if these be not checked by the strong hand, is the abolition of slavery in the States themselves. Has it ever occurred to any one to attempt to realize the effect of the abolition of Slavery in the Southern States, and reflect a moment on the condition of things that would result from it? There are now three millions of slaves in the Southern States. They are probably worth, with the appendages of slavery, which would be valueless without them, two thousand millions of dollars; an amount of such magnitude that the mind cannot well comprehend it. Two billions of property extinguished at a blow. To what condition would this reduce us? To hopeless—universal ruin. Our fields waste—our cities in ruins—industry paralyzed—commerce fled—we would be compelled to abandon the homes where we now repose in peace, our genial soil and delicious climate, to utter desolation and barbarism; or, if we choose the fearful alternative of driving out and exterminating the inferior race—for, with numbers so nearly equal, one race or the other would keep possession of the soil—we would be compelled to reconstruct our political and social organization out of the wretched elements left us from the general overturn, and commence a race, under inappreciable disadvantages, with those Northern States which had dispossessed us; and all we could ever hope to attain would be the very doubtful and impermanent successes of Northern civilization. The black race, supposing the best in their behalf, would be ejected from a condition of comfort and security possessed by no other peasantry on earth,

and condemned to the insupportable weight of their own freedom. And what, we may ask, is to be gained by all these woes—by this sweeping ruin? The carrying out, to all its consequences, a fanatical idea—the realization of a political abstraction—a notion neither grateful in theory, nor sound according to any of the facts in human experience—the equality, in social respects, of all the nations of the earth?

And how are all these dangers to the South to be averted? There is a deep significance, in reference to this question, in the language of the recent orators on the great occasion of our anniversary of independence. The voice of the orator no longer indulges in vague declamation. The rights and principles over which he has been accustomed to exult merely, he is now required to re-examine anew. Mr. Trescott, whose oration is the first in our rubric, is a whig. He has been singularly tenacious of, and consistent with, his faith. All his natural tendencies are national. Yet he is forced to speak the language of despair. He is a man of earnest nature, and of intense thought, that revolts at all suggestions of caprice. We make a copious extract, and but one, from his well written oration:

“It is admitted by all that the public mind is disturbed; that the gentle bond of old associations is broken; that old words of traditionary enthusiasm fall cold on the ear; that everywhere there is a feverish anticipation of a great change. Whence is all this? is it the skilful but mischievous work of party leaders, or is it the truthful instinct of national sentiment? To answer this question, I must indicate briefly the outline of our political history. When the Federal Constitution was adopted, it was a compromise between two people, having some common sympathies and very many adverse interests, and who were compelled into the presence of each other by want of that great necessity of political life—a government. Now, a government which should be only the expression of the national intellect upon the national interests, cannot, in the very nature of things, be created in advance. Every constitution that history records has been the result of the national powers called into exercise by the exigencies of national history. Standing, then, upon the threshold of the future, with all its magnitude and its mystery, how could our forefathers pretend to define its course or prescribe its channel. For, just as surely as the germ of the plant contains and compels the character of its growth and the nature of its fruit, which no cultivation can change, so every nation carries in itself the

principles of its coming constitution, and no political contrivance can prevent its natural and inevitable development. The constitutional legislation of our revolutionary leaders must then be regarded simply as efforts to aid the nation's progress towards its true and natural condition. To attach a higher consequence to their labours would be to elevate them above humanity. For it is the privilege of God, only, to legislate for eternity, and that privilege he has shared with no statesman whom the world has yet seen. This truth the founders of the Union did not recognize. They deemed it possible to erect a nation, and posterity has pronounced the enactment obsolete. And it is a most striking evidence of their wisdom as legislators, and their necessary imperfection as statesmen, that the constitution which they formed, while it cannot govern us as one people, should the two sections become separate nations, would be the most admirably adapted form of government for either. And this fact is in itself a demonstration that, through the varied fortunes of the Federal Union, we have been, what we were at its organization—two people. The effort to reconcile these two people, and to identify the nation with the government, is the key to our political history. Both parties strove to attain this end; the Federalists, by raising the country up to the constitution, which, in point of political maturity, was in advance of the popular sentiment. And, had it been possible, they would have succeeded; for their policy was unselfish, consistent and firm; but they failed—the country's future lay in a different direction. They would have created a nation, one and indivisible. Providence intended one that, in its very extension, should draw the lines of its future dissolution. They, having failed, the republican party reversed the experiment, and sought the same end by striving to identify the constitution with the popular will; and we are in the midst of that disastrous experiment. It has resulted in the developing of two popular wills—a Northern and a Southern—and, in spite of the selfish caution of party zeal, against the vehement protests, and still stronger example of party leaders, these two wills have concentrated upon their fundamental principle, and stand opposed in undisguised and inextinguishable hostility. Fellow-citizens, national sentiment is never slightly stirred. The same Providence who piled up the mountains and poured out the rivers, in order to divide men into separate nations, has given to each nation its peculiar institutions, its special character. He knows when and how to harmonize them for his wise purposes; it is our duty to preserve those national distinctions in their vigour and purity. When, then, in any country you find two populations, characterized by different institutions, preserving their natural characteristics, and yet so resolutely opposed that a surrender of the one to the other is necessary to national unanimity, the time for the departure of those two people is at hand; the language of wisdom will be the

language of experience, 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.' And well for them if history adds: 'And they separated themselves, the one from the other.'"

This eloquent passage speaks for itself. It proposes a simple remedy—such as Christianity will approve—such as the Bible has already counselled—that, where brothers can no longer dwell in peace, they shall peaceably separate. But, say those who urge the assault, or assist the assailant by indirection, "the Union is stronger than slavery." They do themselves grievous hurt who believe, or affect to believe this. They do much to precipitate the catastrophe. The Southern States, who have, for so long a period, known the Union chiefly by its exactions and its trespasses—who contribute the largest amount to its support, and who derive the least returns from it—have long since been conscious of the weakening of the general ties which have bound the parties together. They might have been conciliated; but they have been outraged. They might have been won by affection; they have been provoked by insolence; and the superstition—for such alone it is—which found a merit in the Union *per se*, when the Constitution offered no longer any securities—is rapidly dying out in the hearts of the people. In plain terms, the language of the Southern people now is—"Can we go alone? Count for us the cost—show us the peril—let us see our resources for this cost—let us see our strength against this peril—for verily, it is better to incur both cost and peril, than this perpetual gnawing care and constant anxiety, and perpetual and painful strife, which the bonds of Union entail upon us, and with which they threaten our posterity."

To these inquiries, General Martin, the writer of the sensible discourse, second at the head of this article, among many others, offers the following answer:

"What, then, if separation ensues, would be our position and resources? Our limits permit a glance but at the cotton trade alone; that single element of power; that great staple, the white flag,—the emblem of peace,—regulating and controlling the commerce of the globe, and the destinies of mankind.

The crop of the whole world cannot be accurately estimated, for want of correct accounts of the quantity consumed in India and exported thence to China. We may, by approximation, however, arrive at a conclusion sufficient to illustrate our views. The quantity imported into the whole of Europe, from all parts of the world, during the years 1846, 1847, 1848,* and 1849, reached 11,502,000 bags of 300 lbs., which, at the average of prices for these years, 8½ cents,† was worth \$293,301,000. The production of cotton in the United States commenced in 1790, and in the next year only 81 bales were exported, and yet of 11,502,000 above stated, 8,922,000 went from the Southern States of America, which, at the same price, (8½ cents,) is worth \$227,511,000. So that in quantity the production of the South is as 8,922,000 to 11,502,000 and the value is as \$227,511,000 to \$293,301,000, and thus we see that we produce more than three-fourths in quantity and value of this great staple. If the unascertained quantity consumed in India, and exported thence to China, which is inferior in staple to ours, is set off against the quantity of cotton consumed in the United States, (which I have not added to the computation,) the result, it is believed; will not be varied.

Let us look at this question in another point of view. The crop of the United States, in 1823, was only 509,158, and yet the crop of the year 1848-9 had reached 2,728,596, more than five times as great in 1848 as it was in 1823, twenty-six years before. This was worth, at last year's price, (10 cents,) 81,871,000. Deducting 518,039 as the quantity consumed in the United States,

We have for exportation, 2,227,844 bales, which at	
10 cents, (a low estimate,) is worth	\$66,825,329
If to this be added the other domestic productions	
of the South	32,674,176

The whole value of Southern exports for 1849,	
will be	\$99,500,000
More than two-thirds of the whole domestic ex-	
ports from the United States for that year, which	
was	\$131,710,081
And more than three times as much as the whole	
domestic export from the North, for the same	
year, which was‡	\$32,210,081

The remarkable fact is also shown that the domestic exports of the South, *exclusive of cotton, her great staple*, is \$32,674,176, while the exports from the North are \$32,210,081, leaving the value

* Compiled from tables of Collman and Stolterfoht.

† The average is made from reports to the Prussian government by Consul at Charleston.

‡ Reports of Secretary of Treasury.

of her cotton over and above. The fact that the North consumes less than one-fifth of our cotton, while four-fifths find so ready a market on our wharves, is significant of the *independence of the South*; and the North might well be reminded by her receiving *all her supply of raw material from us*, and sending it again to us in her manufactured goods, (even if less keen sighted than our Northern brethren are reputed to be,) how dangerous is the policy of converting an ally into an enemy, and a *customer* into a *rival*.

Thus is shown by the operation of one agricultural product, the vast power the South already has, and controls unconsciously. What she might attain if her attention were turned to manufacturing her productions, would be an interesting inquiry. It would illustrate a condition, scarcely to be seen elsewhere, of a people possessing the means of producing and manufacturing, within the same limits, the material for wealth and expanded commerce.

The success already attained in one department, and her capacity for embarking, with equal success, in two others, exhibit a combination in one people, no where else to be seen, of the three great elements of national prosperity,—agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

The capacity of the South to engage successfully in manufactures, has already been demonstrated before the South-Carolina Institute. We will, therefore, in our limited space, look at the subject in another view—the progress she has already made in this department.

It is common to suppose we have no manufactures; and the great difficulty in procuring information, may justify this conclusion; but it is erroneous.

In Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and South-Carolina, the only States from which reports have been made, there are in operation in

STATES.	Manufac- tories.	Spindles.	Capital invest- ed.	Bales annually consumed
Tennessee, -	30	36,000	100,000	12,000
Alabama, -	10	12,580	500,000	5,500
Georgia, -	36	51,140	121,600*	27,100
South-Carolina,	16	36,500	1,000,000	15,000
	—	—	—	—
	92	136,220	\$1,721,000	59,600

In all the upper districts of our own State, and all the hilly and mountain regions of all the Southern States, where water power is unlimited, manufactories of one kind or another, of greater or less value, and of more or less complicated construction, are carried on. In South-Carolina, for instance, the traveller will be surprised when he finds in Greenville, manufactories of iron axletrees; in Pendleton,

* And all this is greatly understated. The capital invested in manufactures, in Georgia alone, is within a fraction of two millions of dollars.—Ed. SOUTH. QUART. REV.

of chisels; in Spartanburg, of cast iron of every description; and all this in a country which he supposes has not yet turned its attention to manufactures. Without pursuing the subject further, we may conclude that the continuance of low prices for our staples, for ten or twelve years, would have led us to embark extensively in manufactures. Prejudices have existed against them in South-Carolina, and our politicians have inculcated and cultivated them; but the public mind has changed, and these objections have been discovered to be groundless. Our sister, Georgia, has shown, with 900 miles of railroad, completed and in progress, and with a population, which at this census, will reach one million, what may be accomplished by a Southern State; while Massachusetts, with no article exported in its raw state but *ice* and *granite*, if they can be so considered, has proved, by the value of her manufactured goods, at \$7,082,898—how wide is the field yet left open to be filled.

The Southern States, or those where slavery will continue, are already greater in number than the whole confederacy at the revolution. Their population, in 1840, was 7,335,434, very nearly double, the population of the United-States in 1790; and probably at the end of this, the seventh decade, will have reached nine millions. The territorial area of the United-States was at first 812,283 square miles; that of the South is now alone 810,612, nearly equal to what the United-States was in 1790.* The number of men capable of bearing arms in 1776 was 500,000; and our liberties were achieved with an average of 56,042 continental and militia, rank and file, many of whom never entered the field. The South, now, alone, has a militia of 700,000 men doing duty, and in an emergency, the number could be increased to one million.† With her territory extending from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, from the twenty-ninth to the fortieth parallel of latitude; with a Gulf and Atlantic coast of 2,100 miles, the former acquired since the war of the revolution; with her territory mapped over by long lines of railroads; with the control of the largest river in the United-States—“*that inland sea*,” bearing on its broad bosom the wealth of the South and West, and the North-west; with a climate and soil so diversified, that all the breadstuffs necessary for man may be grown in one section of each State, while the other affords an unlimited field for the great staples of the world; with all the variegated beauty of hill and vale, cultivated field and mountain side; where the invalid, in winter, may recruit his wasted strength in the genial clime of the citron and the orange, and regale his senses in summer with atmosphere and scenery

* McGregor's progress of America.

† This calculation is made upon the census of 1840, by taking one-sixth of the white population; 4,632,649. It is a military rule of high authority, having been adopted by Gen. Washington and Gen. Knox. See American State papers.

unsurpassed on the Rhine or the Alps ; with all these attractions, and many more, both of the useful and the beautiful, who can question that the South possesses, within herself, all the resources necessary for man—his wants, his comforts. and his civilization.

But above and beyond all these, there is a tie which cements together these Southern States beyond any union now existing between the opposite sections of the country. It is in the identity of the interests and pursuits of its population. The existence of slavery links them together, as perhaps no separate people have ever yet been. In the North, as society now exists, the interest of the sections are diverse, and so must necessarily be their feelings.

* * * * *

Such are the elements of our strength, and such the resources upon which we are to rely in the struggle before us. Where is our weakness ? Until very recently it has been supposed to exist in our divisions at home. It is true that the effect of party has, until lately, been shown in apparent want of unity among our own people. The proceedings of the Nashville Convention, however, have lately exhibited the gratifying fact, that men of all hues and shades of politics are willing to bury their differences in a firm and organized resistance to encroachments upon constitutional privileges."

These extracts must speak for themselves. The one is from a whig, the other from a democrat. They speak what is every where becoming the ordinary language of the Southern people. Let those be warned whom it most concerns. We have no wish to add to the warmth, or to urge the tenor of their language, as we have no desire to foment the passions of the time. We have no wish to see the confederacy dissolved. Bring it back to justice, renew and respect the guaranties of the constitution, give us peace, restore our securities, cease to trespass upon our rights, yield us an equal share of the results of the Union, its triumphs and acquisitions, and there will be no longer voice of complaint, or censure, or discontent among us. But, without these assurances, you may expect them all—all, and a great deal more,—all that our anger might threaten, and your sense of wrong and fear, anticipate. No people can feel, more decidedly than the South, the conviction that governments should not be changed, or overthrown for trifling provocations. They well know the evils and the dangers of revolution. There is not one of our planter race, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, who does not, by instinct, as it were, feel the sentiment of Sir William Temple on this subject. "The breaking

down of an old form of government," remarks that graceful and thoughtful writer, with proper force and truth,—“and founding a new one, is like cutting down an old tree, because its branches grow thin and its fruit decays, and planting a new one in its stead. It is true, the son or the grand-son, if it survive, may enjoy the fruit and the mast, but to the planter, besides the pleasures of the imagination, he has little to compensate him for the trouble of digging and planting, the care of watering and pruning, the fears of every storm and every drought, and it is well if he escape a blow from the boughs of the old tree as they are lopped off.” The difficulties and apprehensions attending a change of government will always influence the conduct of men in all fundamental alterations of it; but to carry farther the figure of Sir William Temple, the old tree may no longer afford foliage or food, and if it does, a portion of those who assisted in planting it, may not be permitted to enjoy its fruit or umbrage, and they may be driven, by their duty to themselves and their posterity, if not to hew it down and cast it into the fire, at all events to set out, in a more favourable region, another which shall better afford them the shelter and the harvest they desire. They will do this reluctantly enough, for, be it remembered, an agricultural is always a conservative community; full of veneration, steadfast to old places and habits, suspicious of change, and enduring the evils of an existing system much longer than any other people; so long as it fails to offend their pride, and forbears to threaten their securities. The Northern States have done both these things, and the end is yet to be seen. Though ourselves conservative, and willing to stand by the constitution, so long as the constitution is allowed to stand at all, we frankly state our convictions of what is the rapidly growing necessity of the South, as in full accordance with that of our orators. He would not undervalue the great principles of liberty and self-government contended for and achieved by the first founders of American Independence; but, great as these confessedly are, they sink into insignificance when compared with the principles involved, and the sacrifices which the South is compelled to make, in the contest now pressing upon us from those who are but copartners with ourselves in the government to which the American revolution gave birth. If the people of the South shall submit to a worse than colonial subjection to

the States of the North, that revolution will have been achieved for them in vain. All celebrations of the day of Independence will then be over with us; since every reminiscence of the courage, the resolve, the endurance, and the virtues of our fathers, will but properly clothe our own foreheads with the crimson flush of shame!

J.

ART. IX.—THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

1. *Resolutions and Address, adopted by the Southern Convention*, held at Nashville, Tennessee, June 3d to 12th, inclusive, in the year 1850. Published by order of the Convention. Nashville, Tenn.: Harvey M. Waterson. 1850.
2. *Remarks of the HON. BEVERLY TUCKER, of Virginia*, addressed to the Members of the Southern Convention, during its session at Nashville. Reported for the Augusta (Geo.) Republic, July 9th, 1850.
3. *Speech of the HON. R. BARNWELL RHETT*, delivered at Hibernian Hall, in the City of Charleston, June 21st, 1850. Reported in the Mercury newspaper, Charleston, July 20th, 1850.
4. *Remarks of JUDGE GOLDTHWAITE, of Alabama, JUDGE MACKEY, of Mississippi, and Ex-GOVERNOR HAMMOND, of South-Carolina, at Nashville*. Reported in the Courier newspaper, Charleston, June 21st, 1850.
5. *Remarks of HON. MR. GHOLSON, of Virginia, and JUDGE WILKINSON, of Mississippi*, addressed to the Southern Convention at Nashville. Reported in the Courier newspaper, Charleston, June 22d, 1850.

It seems to be the fate of most nations to perish in consequence of a prosperity which is beyond their capacity to bear. It is in the full flush of all their wealth and splendour, when most stately in their pride and most glorious in their promise and performance, that the seeds of ruin are planted in their hearts, and that the insidious worm eats into their green honours. A poor and humble nation thrives in its humility. It is because of its humility that it thrives. Its step cautiously, while it remembers

its own feebleness, and entertains natural misgivings of that strength, which has not yet been deluded into an exaggerated self-estimate by too frequent successes. The reverse is true of more prosperous nations. They first forget God, and next forget themselves. They forget that they are mere men; and, in the unvarying tide of fortune which has hitherto so proudly borne them forward, they refuse to see that small speck upon the horizon, no larger than a man's hand, in which the storm prepares itself for the business of destruction. They go forward vauntingly, and with an insolence that, at last, outrages heaven. They cease to pray, and set up, as Gods for themselves;—their own brazen images, being, in plain terms, fit likenesses for the overweening vices which are working in their souls. They forget justice, in losing veneration; and, no longer fearing God, they no longer honour man. The evil becomes incurable, the fate inevitable, when, in the insolence of their pride and vanity, they cease to give ear to the counsels of experience.

These counsels are written on all the pages of human history, and every nation possesses its own sufficient records for the instruction of the race. We have but to read the writing on the walls before us, luminous in mysterious light. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin:"—thus the inscription runs on all the crumbling walls and towers of the past. "Thou art weighed in the balances," is the mysterious language of the inscription, which mere vanity and presumption never stop to decypher. What balances? is the question; and it loses none of its terrible significance, when the answer, "Those of God!" prepares us to comprehend the solemnity of the trial which is to gauge all our performances. It is only the deaf and inaccessible sense that finds the import of this answer lessened, when told that the standards of these eternal balances are simply—right and justice! What familiar words—how freely spoken—how commonly abused—lispily uttered as the commonplaces of the orator and the demagogue, yet of what noble significance, and, of all others, the most vital to the safety of the race. To be weighed in the balances, according to these standards, and to be found wanting, is something of deep and awful concern to nations as well as men. It was as a king, a royal governor, the representative of a race, as well as the ruler of a people, that these words were spoken to Belshazzar. It was no un-

meaning language. "Thou art found wanting. Thou hast forgotten God—thou hast forgotten right and justice. Thy vanities, thy pride, thy insolence and bold presumption, have eaten thee up, and thy days are numbered. They have only been evil in the land. Thy sway is taken from thee; thou hast abused it by thy many wrongs and usurpations. Thou hast forgotten reverence and justice; thou hast forgotten the first, last, and always best lesson, which should have kept thee in due remembrance of thy humble first beginnings—which counsels to be always distrustful of thy own securities, and, thus distrustful, never to forget the truth which teaches that it is only by a constant regard to God's power, by unwearied obedience to his law, by a studious putting aside of self from the high places of our worship, that a race can ever hope to preserve the blossom of all prosperity, which is security and peace!"

No matter what the history, or where—in what land or nation—the same eternal laws are written, in records made indelible by storm, flood, fire, famine, war and pestilence; and the final blank which follows, tells us not only where the nation lived and swayed, but where it outraged the laws of heaven, and was punished accordingly. The history, and the event, are still the same. These were, all of them, nations which forgot God! Hebrew and Egyptian, Greek, Persian and Roman, they were all peoples who had scorned, in the day of their prosperity, the source and policy to which it was due—the humility and patient working, and the modest, God-fearing virtues, which alone achieved it; and, in their vanity and lusts, their pride of heart and folly, they set up the false god of their own hearts, in place of the true, the maker of the heaven and the earth. They mocked at heaven and defied earth. They said, "where is the power which shall say us nay?" They meditated conquests on every side. They scorned the supplication of the weak for justice, and they measured their strength with the strong for conquest; and if their madness did not actually grasp at the heights of heaven itself, as Isaiah relates of the Babylonian, it was rather because they had ceased to think these heights desirable, and not because they held them to be inaccessible to their attempts!

These histories are not confined to the pages of the sacred volume. What are improperly termed *profane*

histories are equally copious in the same unvaried lessons. The experience of all the nations has been the same. If they did not behold the immediate hand of God in the work—if they did not read his mysterious characters of fire upon the walls—if they did not hear his accents in thunder from the mountain,—still, the disasters which conducted to their overthrow were the acknowledged fruits of their vanity and insolence—their pride and lusts—which made them deaf to all the warnings of their prophets, and made them blind to all the dangers which threatened them, equally from the heavens and from the earth! They grew besotted with power. They ceased to be grateful or content with their possessions, and, while they forgot the prayer for help, they still urged on the march for conquest. To such a people, engaged in such a progress, it is usually found to be impossible to teach any lessons of a saving caution, or a moral prudence. You cannot persuade them that the empire which they have so wonderfully constructed—which has grown so lofty and so wide—which is the fear and admiration of all other nations—is one which may be overthrown in the twinkling of an eye, by the simple decree of that Will which, hitherto, has only seconded their achievements while these were urged in a full concurrence with the standards prescribed by its own unerring laws. They deceive themselves by false notions of their own steadfastness. They shut their senses against the warnings and entreaties of the wise, and fall into that condition, ripening daily for destruction, which makes them disdainful of the experience that would tutor them from all the pages of the past. Hearing, they do not heed—seeing, they will not believe; and it is only when the tempest descends, thick and terrible, upon them, that they spread their hands aloft in supplication, and call for the help of the prophets whom they have driven in mockery and scorn from their counsels. Their repentance comes too late; and the fear and feebleness in which they succumb to the storm, renders only more shameful that overthrow which their vanity and insolence have made inevitable. It is a sufficient proof that a nation is thus doomed and ripening for the sickle, that it ceases to take these histories into consideration—that it ceases to regard the Deity as the controlling power of the earth—that it relies on mere human agency, and the temporary policies of society—that it contemns

the inflexible laws which bind the spheres together in harmony, and rejects those standards of right in government, of justice and humanity, which, if not stedfastly adhered to, as the only true models for human institutions, must avenge themselves on the perverse insolence which has dared to set their authorities at nought. History abounds with parallels, which show the same results from the same perversity; and, even if we reject the sacred volume wholly—if we no longer call God to our counsels—if we set up our own intellects—we have but to study the events which marked the career and overthrow of all the nations, to perceive that the end of such reliance is the same. There is nothing more singularly uniform than those events which produce the downfall of the empire; and the statesman who shall disregard the parallels thus available to all his studies, is but the agent of that overthrow which he unprofitably seeks to avert. To follow with calm and scrutinizing judgment the course of nations and races, throughout all the known periods of time, is to see where they have faltered or fallen in their march, and by what means they have prospered or been overthrown. The application of the knowledge thus obtained, to the affairs and the necessities of present times, is that philosophy, teaching by example, which is said to be the true office of history; and the politician who disdains this study, for this object, foregoes the advantages of a lesson such as no schools or training can impart, and exhibits a morbid self-esteem, whose pernicious influence, wherever he exercises a present power, must necessarily, for a long period, survive himself. There is scarcely a necessity or a progress of the present, that cannot find its apt likeness in the past. The passions of men are every where the same;—their hopes and fears—the vanity that goads them to excess—the presumption that prefaces overthrow. Read as you will, you see that the same seeds bear the same fruits, and the vices that run riot with arrogance, are the certain parents of a corruption that inevitably provokes the hand of punishment.

The history of our country, however brief, is already written in characters which all may read. Let us contract our view of its chief features, and ask in what they consist. We see, at the outset, a few bands of hardy adventurers, settling in a new world. They are all, more or less, the victims of despotism in the old, against

which they found no remedy at home. In their feebleness began their virtues. They began with humility, and they exercised their toils with patience. They brought with them the fear of God, and were diligent in the proper work of man. Their progress was smiled upon by heaven. They grew glad in the possessions of earth. They became prosperous in due season, and excited the envy and ambition of the usurping power from which they had gone out into the wilderness. They were pursued with insolence and fury. They were strengthened for resistance; and the arrogance of Britain received its monitory lesson, in the loss of provinces which it sought to conquer rather than to cherish. The race was shown to be not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God reared up armies in defence of the feeble. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Gnashing her teeth in hopeless fury, full of shame as well as hate, the gigantic power of Great Britain was compelled to yield, and forego a conflict which she had mocked with a spirit such as Goliath boasted when he advanced against the shepherd boy of Israel. Britain had been warned in all the usual modes by which the Deity counsels, through means of human wisdom. Already she reaped large harvests of profit from her colonies. But she grasped at all. Nothing short of unconditional submission would satisfy her lust and insolence. Her own wise men strove to lead her back to the paths of justice and moderation. The colonies implored, in attitudes of humility, and then urged their entreaties in the bolder attitudes of warning. But the besotted power, drunk with affluence, is seldom accessible to the prayers of justice and humanity, and only acknowledges the necessity of such counsellors in the hour that beholds its complete downfall.

In the triumph of the colonies over Britain they themselves grew strong. Maturing into States, they became a noble empire. Their alliance was the result of their fears of the external enemy. In the consciousness of their feebleness they bound themselves in a compact, which was studiously framed to afford protection to all the parties. In this compact they prospered to a degree unparalleled in history. It was *because* of this compact that they so prospered. The alliance, framed in their humility, with a mutual sense of danger and self-respect, so long as it was maintained in good faith, became the

talisman of safety, and the sure guaranty of affluence and power. What would seem necessary to maintain this affluence and power? The continued exercise of the same good faith, the same spirit of justice, in which it had its origin—the same moderation, mutual respect, and harmonious co-operation, to which we owe our unmixed benefits. Were it not for the parallels of history, which show man to be never in greater danger than when in the zenith of success, one might well wonder at the infatuation which should put in peril, by any departure from the ancient usage, such a rare condition of social prosperity. But the deafness and blindness which have invariably prepared the way for the disasters and the defeats of older nations, are already upon us. We are rioting in all the rankness, and emulating all the vices, the excesses, and the luxuries of Europe. Our great cities are rapidly becoming the mere sinks and sewers of civilization. Their crimes and shames cry aloud to heaven, while the tyrannies that flow from their overgrowth and insolence, are rousing the anger, and provoking the vengeance of earth. The Northern States of the confederacy have reached their highest points of power and civilization. They have had a fungus growth, like the gourd of the prophet, in a single night, and may well apprehend a brevity of term corresponding with such prematureness of growth. They have become arrogant in strength and power. Affluence has corrupted their hearts; pride and vanity have sapped their virtues; they have reached that point in their progress when the warnings of the wise, and the teachings of experience, are equally vain to arrest the ambition which strives beyond its reach, and so loses its present securities; and the arrogance which they exhibit is that which always goes before a fall! They are a doomed people. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* It was under the Constitution that they grew vigorous and powerful: it was as agents, chiefly, of the slave States that they grew wealthy; yet they scorn the guaranties of the constitution, and seek to destroy the very institution by which they have been fattened into insolence. Wantonly, they set at peril all the possessions they have gained, and all the strength and permanence of position which might have guarantied their securities for a thousand years.

Were the spirit which they thus manifest a recent exhi-

bition, we might hope that it would be temporary only. Were it a sudden impulse of the moment, originating in a mistake of fact, position or philosophy, a reasonable hope might be entertained that wisdom would find an early opportunity to speak, with some chance of being heard—that the lessons of experience might be again brought home to the erring parties, in season to prevent their realization of that fate upon which they are rushing with such desperate blindness. But, unhappily, this is not the case. The madness is a disease of long duration. It has been growing upon them every year, and exhibits every form of fanaticism and excess which has usually characterized the decay, and prepared the downfall of older nations. There is, in the Northern States, a growing and monstrous disregard of all the usually recognized securities of society. Mobs, riots, murders, mark the daily events in their progress. Wild philosophies, vague and vicious, penetrate the better informed circles. The venerable ties to which antiquity owes its most noble triumphs, are either sundered, or about to become so. Property is held by a doubtful tenure, and God alone knows how long it will remain secure. Marriage is denounced, as hostile to the proper exercise of the legitimate passions—a doctrine which really seeks to legitimate prostitution—and societies are actually formed, whose sole aim is to abolish the Christian Sabbath. No institution seems secure from threatened overthrow and desecration; and the licentious industry of these marauders, upon the peace and hope of the human family, is busy in the endeavour, not only to demoralize their own particular homesteads, but to extend their pernicious sway to the hearts of other communities. When, to this looseness of doctrine, and recklessness of practice, in the moral world of the Northern States, you add the systematic immoralities of political parties, and the utter shamelessness with which they grasp at power, in the teeth of principle, you see a terrible condition of society, which shows it ripe for the destroyer. All is uncertainty and clouds hanging over their prosperity. Rottenness and corruption are seated in their marble palaces; insolence and ambition, bloated with power and reckless in a blind security, reign pre-eminent among them. They no longer ask what is right, but what it is in their power to perform; and, in the very breath which clamours most

loudly for the Union, they repudiate the Constitution, which is at once its source and living spirit.

Now, if they could be really brought to believe that the Union was vitally essential to their prosperity, and had been the source of it all, and that this Union was endangered by their reckless progress, there is no doubt that they would gladly retrace their steps. Of the first fact they have but an imperfect consciousness. It is one of the evils of a diseased vanity, that it believes only and wholly in itself. It believes itself the source, and not the recipient, merely, of the power which it enjoys. The Northern people take counsel from no other teachers than their own; and these teachers, by the same growing influence of popular vanity, are false prophets, who gloze in the ears of their people the most lying histories. In New-England, the popular belief, engendered by their orators and historians, teaches that the establishment of American independence was wholly due to that section. The vulgar notion is, that their statesmen furnished all the thought, and their soldiers all the valour of the country. They claim the wisdom of the nation, and assert a right to all the battle-fields. We need not state that all this claim is absurd, false and impertinent, and that the New-England States did far less than their share in the great drama of the American Revolution. But the falsehood serves the purposes of those whose egregious vanity needs a daily supply of this treacherous aliment. They have learned, by repetition, to believe the falsehood which they themselves have manufactured; and assume, accordingly, the possession of resources, in wisdom and weight of arms, which precludes any thought of successful resistance to their objects. Another of the falsehoods which have grown into a faith among them, is that the South is too weak, in consequence of her slave institutions, for her own defence. They actually believe that they have assisted us in our battles for liberty before, and that, in the moment of emergency, they would be required to assist us again. All this is equally false and foolish. Their ignorance of their own deficiencies, and of our resources in the South, is partly the secret of that insolence which is hurrying them on to extremities, which must test both in such a manner as shall effectually seal all the frauds of future history.

It is another misfortune of the Northern people to be

really ignorant of politics. The great masses by which their society is every where controlled, have no leisure to study; and their politicians are not the persons, from principle, to teach them any better. The vulgar notion is that our policy is to be swayed always by majorities; and a reference to the constitution, as an arbitrary pact which precludes the will of the majority, is almost a matter of offence, in reasoning with a people who derive all their strength, courage and information from the conviction that they belong to the masses. Where this ignorance does not exist, the morals of the persons better informed, are not sufficiently strong to resist the force of numbers. If they struggle, they are overwhelmed, and they make the temporary necessity a sufficient excuse for an habitual deference to a power which they despair of successfully resisting. The difficulty of resistance is annually increased by an influx of two hundred thousand foreigners. These crowd to the Northern States especially, as being the best theatres for the exercise of their peculiar virtues. Of the merits of our revolution, they know nothing; of the intricate doctrine of State Rights, and a sovereignty reserved to the separate States, over which the General Government has no authority, you can teach them nothing; and it is their special policy to insist upon a doctrine which resents every principle that seems to stand in conflict with a self-esteem suddenly brought into existence, and a lust for power which is duly precious from the fact that it has never been enjoyed before.

They have brought the country to a fearful peril. The fate of the Union hangs upon a hair. One rash step, one fearful collision, one overt act which shall force the trial of strength, between any portion of the separate sections, and there is an end to the confederacy. There is a blind confidence in the integrity of the Union, which makes thousands unwilling to believe in this peril. Still more reluctant are these hostile sections to believe in an event which shall cut them off from the pleasant pastures in which they have so long fattened. The worshipper who cried "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," at the very moment when the image of the goddess, her shrines and temples, were about to perish by storm and fire, was not a whit more blind and deaf to the signs of danger—not a whit more loth to believe in such danger—than is that blatant priesthood at the altars of the Union, whose ministry is

chiefly shown by their appropriation, to their own purposes, of all the rich gifts and treasure of its worshippers. If, by insisting the more earnestly upon the preservation of the temple—if, by cries of sacrilege against all those who denounce its abuses and their selfish spoliations—they can, not only avert its fate, but its reform, they will not, we may be assured, be sparing of their voices. They cry aloud when they behold the besom spread which would only purge the shrine of its pollution. It is to them much more important that they should still spoil the altars than that the temple should continue in existence.

Such is the Union to the Northern States. It is their place of pleasant pasturage. There they feed and fatten free of charge. The labours of the South, through this medium, are made to enure almost wholly to their advantage. Our fruits pass into their granaries. The toll which is assessed upon Southern productions, pays their taxes, builds their fortresses, crowds their marts with shipping, and clothes their barren hills with marble cities. Will they peril these goodly spoils, gathered at the shrine of Union? Not if they know it. That they do not believe in the peril, is only the natural result of that assurance which springs from habitual successes, which belongs to minds rioting in power, and wholly forgetful of the vicissitudes of earthly things. If, in moments of calm and reflection, they apprehend a danger, they do not seek to avert it by doing justice, for that would be a surrender of the privilege of spoliation. They prefer to alarm the fears of the discontented sections—they prefer to appeal to the superstitions of the people. They throw up their hands and eyes in holy horror, as they insist upon the sacredness of the Union; precisely as the gambling Jews in the temple must have done, when our Saviour cast down the table of the money changers, denouncing the crime which had converted the altar of the Father into a den of thieves.

To make and preserve the Union, the South has done many things at her own grievous charge and loss, and has made a thousand concessions. In the original acts of confederation, there were no social affinities which brought the two sections together. They were by no means of congenial temper. The Union contemplated the mutual weaknesses as of the parties, and their protection against common dangers from without. The dread was still of Great

Britain, her power, her ambition, and her natural resentments. Had there been a sufficient degree of sympathy between the sections, the confederacy would have been the act of a single people. But a prudent jealousy insisted upon maintaining the individuality and independence of the several States. The bond of Union was one designed for the common safety against foreign pressure, rather than the promotion of any common objects of interest at home. The more perfect union, contemplated by our ancestors, was one which regarded their securities simply. It was the error of the South, at that season, to undervalue her natural securities, and, through this self-disparagement, to show quite too much anxiety for the formation of the confederacy. She was too heedless of the proper conditions of the Union. It was, perhaps, natural enough that such should be the case. Sparsely settled, recovering slowly and painfully from the exhausting effects of the war with Great Britain, which, for the last three years of the conflict, had fallen almost exclusively upon her unassisted shoulders,—the most perilous period of the war—marked with the most bloody battle-fields—when the resources of the country were mostly exhausted, and when the enemy, concentrating all his strength for a last effort, was urging his assaults with greatly increased ferocity and earnestness—she exaggerated the dangers from without, and made a disparaging estimate of her own resources in the encounter with them. This same feeling, to a greater or lesser extent, prevailed with all the sections. But, in the South, it was naturally increased by what was there supposed to be an especial element of weakness—her slave population. Her Statesmen overlooked their own experience of seven years war, which should have taught them that African slavery, in the hands of the Anglo-American people, was really an element of strength rather than of weakness. They preferred to reason from the histories of slavery in ancient nations, where the subject race was one fully equal in natural intellect with the conqueror, and without any distinctive marks of colour ; rather than to look at their own facts, occurring beneath their own eyes, during a conflict in which all the circumstances were against them. This was a natural error, since men, in general, reason rather from habit, and from principles imbibed in memory, than from the absolute facts in their own experience. The

South underrated its own strength and its own resources, exaggerated its own weaknesses, and included, in the category of the causes of apprehension, certain speculative dangers, which time has shown to be wholly imaginary. It was thus prepared, from the outset, to make sacrifices for the establishment of the Union, referring to the importance of the tie, in a conflict with external pressure. It did not perceive, as it might have done, that all expectation of support from the New-England States, in the event of war, was utterly futile. Their course, in the war of 1812, in that of Florida and Mexico, might well have been anticipated by a reference to their history in the war of the revolution. From the moment when the troops of Great Britain were withdrawn from the absolute territory of New-England, the people of that region lost all interest in the struggle, and left their Southern brethren to get through the conflict as they might. Their regiments were unfilled, and the hosts which they had on paper were only known to the country through means of the pension list.

Thus selfish from the beginning, they have continued selfish to the end. They have never made, as a section, a single concession to the confederacy for which they have not exacted ample and direct recompense; while they have grasped tenaciously at every concession of the South, without according any thing like a return. In this business of concession, the South has been as spontaneous and frank as if they had fashioned their public policy wholly upon the individual and personal character of their people. Governed by a sincere desire, which has sometimes looked like an absolute passion, for the general welfare, and the dignity and glory of the Union, they have yielded rights, lands and securities, without pausing to consider consequences. Their earnest wish to establish the confederacy, too precipitately indulged in action, led to the commission of the first great error, that of suffering the Northern States to class our population for us,—degrading a certain portion of our numbers to a rank in representation greatly inferior to that which was asserted for the corresponding race living in Northern territory. This exaction of the North was sufficiently significant of what we might expect from their tender mercies, whenever the power to compel and control should pass into their hands. By what right did they presume to look into our domestic

arrangements, and reject from representation altogether, two-fifths of our servile population? What was it to them, in what manner, for local purposes, we classed our people; and how did it affect our foreign relations, that we insisted on keeping in a condition of minority, and under guardianship, even as we did our women and children, a certain portion of our population, whom we could not but see were inadequate to the duties of their own government? In what moral or human respect was our negro of the South inferior to the same race in New-England and New York, that he should have been denied like recognition with them, man for man. In moral respects, indeed, as more fully complying with God's first law of labour, his claim was essentially far superior, and he was more legitimately a human being. Here was the first grand error of our Southern Statesmen, conducting to all the rest. It yielded up a vital portion of our political strength without any equivalent,—the loss necessarily increasing annually with the due increase of the population whose claims to representation were thus degraded. We should have made their recognition the *sine quâ non*, and have better struggled on alone, than have yielded on a point so dangerous in its probable results to our safety and independence. That we did not exhibit sufficient tenacity on this point, arose chiefly from the fact, that too many of our Southern Statesmen were morbidly diseased in opinion touching the institution of slavery. Mr. Jefferson was inoculated with French opinion on this subject; and, even to a later day, it has been the unhappy distinction of our sister State of Virginia, to have furnished from her own armorv of debate, most of the arguments which the abolitionists have so desperately wielded since. Had our Statesmen, at the formation of the confederacy, been as sound and sagacious in regard to the morals of slavery, as the people of the South have since become—had they examined the question *per se*, according to intrinsic standards, and to the exclusion of all the formulas and pet phrases of French fraternization and equality—they would have become fortified in its behalf, regarding it, indeed, as the great medium through which all inferior nations have been raised from barbarism to civilization, and the only means for the exaltation of the African, to a christian, from a savage condition. Any events which shall render necessary a revision of the American Consti-

tution, will find the people of the South prepared to insist, as an absolute preliminary essential to any Union, upon the recognition of the Southern slave, without qualification, according him a representation, man for man, on equal terms with any other people of the confederacy.

Another of the great evils to the South, constituting one of the causes of her present disparagement and lack of strength, arose again from the liberality of her own concessions. Virginia voluntarily ceded to the United States, without equivalent, the whole of that immense territory, out of which Ohio and Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, have been erected into States. Here she planted the teeth which were to spring up dragons, seeking to devour the generous mother to whom they owed their birth. Even this liberal grant has been openly abused. The absolute condition of her grant required that no more than five States should be framed out of this territory. They have contrived to manufacture six; which, having covered them with a New-England population—restless, envious, exacting and insolent—they have converted into vast instruments of annoyance to the maternal State, which has so unwisely surrendered her soil to the possession of her enemies.

In like manner, South-Carolina and Georgia yielded up the territories of Alabama and Mississippi, without equivalent, for the formation of these States. Very far different, if we remember rightly, was the conduct of Connecticut. She, it appears, had some territorial rights to surrender also; but she required and received two hundred thousand dollars for the cession. This we believe to be the fact, but we speak now from memory, and cannot lay hands upon the proper authority. The contrast will illustrate fully the degree of attachment which the two sections have uniformly shown in respect to the Union. The war of 1812, a strictly national necessity, was treacherously and bitterly opposed by New-England, who refused her succour to the Union, and gave her sympathies to the enemy. It was the South from which came the declaration that flung out our flag in defiance to the insolent foe; and her patriotic sacrifices were accompanied by the exhibitions of a spirit that never once faltered or failed throughout the struggle. In the war with the Indians of Florida, the North, which had cut off her domestic savages with a tomahawk as ruthless as their own, interposed

for the protection of ours—encouraged them in resistance to the Southern people, and fomented the ill temper which made them refuse all the efforts of Government at conciliation, and finally beguiled them into the attitude of hostility. The same spirit was manifested by the North upon the proposed annexation of the State of Texas. The North which had eagerly grasped at all acquisitions of territory, which has been long lusty after Canada, encouraging insurrection among the people of that foreign country, strenuously toiled to defeat the alliance of the South with a kindred people, and prevent our possession of a territory which otherwise must have fallen into the hands of a hostile power. The war with Mexico was but another chapter in the same history. The volunteers from the South numbered twice as many as those from the free States. New-England denounced the war, denounced the few troops that offered from her own borders, refused them all sympathy and assistance, and dealt in terms of moral rebuke in regard to the conflict, worthy of that saintly period in her history, when Puritanism, with the Bible in one hand and sword and scourge in the other, robbed the Indians of their soil, slaughtered them without mercy, and scourged the Quaker and the imputed witch, with the same instruments of torture. Yet, thus saintly in denouncing the war with Mexico, her people were the first, the conquest made, to rush in, seize upon and monopolize the golden spoils of California. The virtues that were proof against all temptations to the conflict, yields, without scruple, when the division of the spoils is to be made! And throughout the whole history of the confederacy, every page is thus distinguished by a base and slavish selfishness, which makes no sacrifices itself, yet continually exacts them at the hands of its neighbors. The revenues of the country, two-thirds of which are drawn from the Southern exports, are three-fourths consumed in the Northern States. In possession of the majority, the North is wholly unrestrained by principle, moderation, justice or the constitution, in the exercise of it. Taxes are raised for the two-fold object of appropriation among themselves, and for the stimulation of their domestic manufactures. In the adoption of tariff laws, their simple rule, if less bold than that of Rob Roy, the outlaw—

“That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can—”

is not more barefaced and unscrupulous. Not content with these spoliations, they deny protection to the very regions from which they make their levies. Instead of protecting us, the government becomes the instrument of our degradation and ruin. Our institutions are threatened with continual overthrow; and, too feeble for our protection, the Government of the United States is made the medium through which to destroy our securities, prejudice our property, and deprive us of all the benefits which the constitution was expected to afford. No one in the South can blind himself to the fact that we have no worse enemies *without*, than those which assail us from within;—that the States, professing to be sisters, which appeal to us continually in behalf of the Union, are daily using the Union for our detriment—organizing schemes and parties by which to rob us of our property, abridge our provinces, and cut us off from all the advantages and all the securities of our government,—the government itself, being too little able, or too little willing, to interpose its ægis for our shelter.

Our space will not suffer us to go into details; nor is this necessary. The facts from which we draw our conclusions, are already the convictions of the great body of the Southern people. They have been arrayed, time after time, by our first Statesmen, equally before the eyes of North and South; and here we have but to pursue the parallels of history, to show how equally do all nations receive the warning, which, failing to heed, they rush headlong on their own ruin. So far, the history of our relations with the Northern States is a precise counterpart of the case of the whole of the colonies of Great Britain, prior to 1776, with the mother country. In both cases, through means of unjust legislation and continual encroachment, the more powerful States endeavoured to rob and to oppress the weak. Vainly did the colonies appeal to the constitution, and implore the sense of justice in the superior power. Appeal and entreaty were alike scorned, until the colonies began to look to one another. It was a common cause, forced upon them against their own will, by the foreign oppressor. They took counsel together; they met in convention; and, for the first time, began to comprehend their own resources, their own power of resistance and defence. In the first conference of the colonies together, was the germ of the

future Congress. In the first moment in which they compared notes, and took the hands of each other in friendly grasp, the independence of the country was determined!

The South, after long years of argument, appeal, entreaty and expostulation, have been brought to the necessity of a convention of the threatened and the injured States. They have been as slow to this meeting as were their fathers during the long interval from 1756 to 1776. In South-Carolina, a convention of the Southern States was urged in 1830. In 1850 it is obtained; twenty years of gestation, just about the same period of time occupied by our fathers in opposing the pretensions of Great Britain, before the sense of wrong ripened to a sense of the necessity of resistance. Is the parallel to be pursued? Will the wisdom of the North take counsel from the experience of the past, shown in this parallel passage from our own history; or must the future chronicler, mourning over the downfall and complete defeat of one of the most glorious political experiments in the history of humanity, pursue the gloomy record through other chapters, distinguished by the disruption of all the ties of States, and marked in characters of strife, captivity, of blood and desolation? Fortunately, the action of the Southern Convention has been so moderate, so reluctant to precipitate events, so full of forbearance as well as firmness, so willing to afford an opportunity to the assailing States to return to the paths of peace and justice, that, unless utterly deaf to the counsels of wisdom, to the appeals of kindred, to the experience of seventy years of a prosperity utterly unexampled, to all the parallels of history, the North has still the power to avert the omens of evil that threaten her future progress. She may avoid the catastrophe that belongs to the parallel we have employed; and the perilous and fearful chapters that seem now unavoidably to belong to the close of the history, may yet remain unwritten!

The proceedings of the Nashville Convention are of less importance than the assemblage of that body. Whatever may be the intrinsic value of the address and resolutions adopted, their significance is not to be weighed for a moment in comparison with the great fact, that the South has met in Convention, with the view to a redress of its grievances, and a remedy to its wrongs—that nine States have been assembled, in their sovereign character, duly sensible of the dangers which threaten their peace

and safety, and with a spirit that, so far, does not show itself unequal to the crisis. They have met in a ten days session, and have resolved, unanimously, to meet again. In these two respects we find a more grateful promise than in any thing in their absolute performances. The act of meeting was a solemn one. It was one slowly determined on, and encountered a vigorous resistance. It had the prejudice of faction to encounter, the hate of enemies, the scruples of party to overcome, the fear of demagogues, and the natural hostility of all those who regard with a vague apprehension every thing that looks like change, even while they acknowledge the necessity of seeking a remedy against evils that have taken the worst shapes of danger. The South was not united. It could not be united so long as two powerful parties divided the country, North and South, upon issues which were studiously made to obscure others of the most vital importance to the latter section. The strictness of party drill, and the absorbing exercise of party machinery, completely occupied the popular mind, and produced an habitual disregard to all other concerns, not absolutely necessary to the party argument. So long as the conflict remained doubtful, it was scarcely possible to bring back the attention of the multitude to our geographical danger. While the contest of free trade was pending, a question of next importance to that of slavery, the subtle and rapid progress of the abolition party was never justly felt. It was the wish of party politicians to elude all topics, and to depreciate their importance in the popular mind, which might, by any possibility, bring disorder into their ranks; and, with this bias, they found it quite easy to insist upon the absolute worthlessness of the faction, which they nevertheless too frequently sought to conciliate, even when they most professed to hold it in contempt. The measures of the abolitionists, they alleged, were mere *brutum fulmen*. Their several encroachments upon law and Constitution were declared to be of no practical moment. The Wilmot Proviso received the sanction of a democratic president, in respect to the supposed importance of the measures upon which it was insultingly grafted; and while outpost after outpost was thus yielded up, at the requisition of party, to the hands of this equally bold and insidious assailant, until abolition stood in absolute possession of the Capitol, the South was

lulled with a syren song of peace and safety, and led to underrate the importance of its own losses. But events were rapidly tending to results which were fatal to the bondage of party organization. It was in vain that leaders on both sides, whig and democrat, strove to maintain their factions—with a selfish object—along the barrier lines which originally separated them. The time had come when these barriers were to be overpassed. The two parties had survived their uses. Two of the three great questions of national policy upon which they had divided, were at an end. The Bank of the United States was an obsolescence. The protective system was almost equally crushed, under the daily increasing intelligence of merchants and farmers, alike; and the only remaining issue between the parties, that of internal improvements in the States with the funds of the general government, found the representatives of the two parties, Cass and Taylor, equally corrupt and profligate. It was evident to all men of sense, to whom mere party organization, involving a struggle without a principle, was something worse than useless, that a new formation of parties, upon a geographical division, was now absolutely essential to the safety of the South. To all but the slavish partizan, or the selfish demagogue, it was evident, that the two parties were mere agencies, by which to emasculate the South, and leave it at the mercy of the majority. Through these leaders, we were distracted by questions which were no longer questionable—kept in bonds to ancient banner cries, which were of no sort of significance. Of what matter to the South, the cry of free trade—a free exchange of our commodities with those of other countries—when the fanaticism of the North was preparing, with axe uplifted, to hew down the very tree upon which our products grew—to tear from us utterly the very labour whose hands were essential to the increase of our fields? The more imperative necessity demanded that all minor cares should be discarded from consideration, and that we should embody, as one man, in the defence of things which were of the last importance, not to our success, simply, but to our very safety and existence as a people.

But few of our politicians taught this necessity. They opposed its consideration to the last moment. Many of them, no doubt, deceived themselves. Others only deceived their people. They believed, or affected to believe, that things would right themselves—that abolition would

really prove itself the impotent thing which they described it;—and they submitted to daily insult in the halls of Congress, to daily encroachment, until they became quite too much reconciled to this treatment to feel either its indignities or dangers. But for the overweening insolence of our enemies—had they left to our benighted leaders the slightest plea upon which a doubt could have depended—we should still hear the same dulcet notes of the syren, which would carry us, with a drowsing song of peace, down the steeps, and over the rocks, of ruin and destruction!

It is, perhaps, fortunate for the South that the insolence of the abolitionists, reckless and wanton in their confidence of strength, left our partizan leaders without pretence or plea. There was no longer room for evasion. They could no longer deceive themselves or their people. The language of our assailants, throwing off all pretexts and disguises, distinctly announced to us that, whatever might be our acquisitions of territory, it was to become the exclusive property of the Free States. The Slave States might conquer, but they were not to occupy or possess it. They were no longer to be admitted to equal rights in the confederacy. The policy was to degrade them from all power; and, once certainly in a minority, with institutions odious to the majority, they had nothing to expect but the fate of any other conquered people. *Væ victis!* was the open cry of our assailants. We will surround the Slave States with a cordon of Free States, all eager to overthrow a hateful institution. We will rob them of their property, or so act and legislate as to make it profitless and dangerous! This was the avowed policy. And this was to be done under the countenance of a union of brotherly love—under a government which guaranties us safety and protection! That the Southern States, with this experience before them, these threats, these continual assaults, and these dangers, should have been quiescent so long, only proves how complete was the party drill, how blind or selfish were their leaders, how easy is encroachment upon the rights of an agricultural people, the sparseness of whose settlements prevent frequent interchange of opinion, and how abiding was their attachment to, and how great their habitual confidence in, the Union itself. A history of similar aggression, upon the rights of the Northern people, would have found them cutting loose from the connection more than twenty years ago.

Assuming the most ordinary degree of intelligence and character among the people of the South, a convention of the Southern States had become inevitable. The suggestion finally came from Mississippi. The measure instantly awakened the fears of party leaders everywhere, and was denounced bitterly by the *habitués* of the party press. It threatened to close the fat pastures against those who had hitherto fed without restraint. All those public men, of inferior virtues and endowments, who can only obtain position through the means of a party organization, were dreadfully apprehensive of the results. Their patriotic outcry was great. They beheld in it all sorts of dangers. It threatened the Union. It implied famine, pestilence, and civil war. We were cautioned to submit, lest we should be kicked ; to yield, rather than be crushed under the tread of Northern hosts—that terrible infantry which had shown so much coldness in the Revolution—so much reluctance in the war of 1812—so much moral revoltings at the very thought of war, when that of Mexico was in progress—we were warned not to provoke their ire, lest we should be swallowed up in their rage. “Moderate your demands,” said Mr. Clay, and he moderated them for us with a vengeance, guaging the condition of our future existence, as a partner in the confederacy, not by any reference to our rights and our securities, but by a nice calculation of what might be assumed to be the degree of toleration accorded us by the dominant faction, conscious of the power which they held, and regarding the South with a degree of hatred, which, already, in the language of their orators, held the knife to our throats. In other words, the Compromise Bill was so framed as to yield all the substantial issues to the abolitionists, and, through a specious phraseology, to enable the Southern politicians, trading on their position, for national office, to gloze over the matter to their people. The most specious of these pretexts, was that for the recovery of fugitive slaves. Now, there is not a member of either house in Congress who does not know that any such measure, in the present temper of the Northern people, will be wholly inoperative unless sustained by a United States Army ; and, throw out the idea of such an army, to such a people, in regard to such an object, and their response of scorn and indignation will be a sufficient commentary upon the excellent speeches of the same people, when threatening the anti-

culated rebellion of the South with the same terrible agency. The wonder really is, that the Compromise Bill of Mr. Clay did not pass. It was so satisfactory to Mr. Clay himself—to his curious Irish echo, Mr. Foote, and to that veteran of the party press, Mr. Thomas Ritchie. The assurance of the latter to the South, that this bill was “the best that could be got”—thus, virtually telling us that we were sold and sacrificed, and proceeding on the assumption that the spirit of the country had so completely gone out, that we could conceive of no manly alternative against the shame of such a sacrifice—was sufficiently characteristic of the counsellor. The suggestion that we should take the best that could be got, certainly comes with a proper grace from one who has made it his own invariable maxim, not only to take the best that he could get, always, but as much of it as possible. The Compromise Bill should have been quite satisfactory, as a temporary measure, to the abolitionists also. It had but one disadvantage. It gave the South a little time; and fanaticism makes no concessions, and regards the smallest matters as essential. The Southern Convention was probably among the final causes of its defeat. It strengthened the decision of those Southern statesmen who had resolved against the bill—it determined the doubtful—and served to isolate from the ranks of the South, those politicians, Clay, Houston, Foote and others, who, professing the cause of the South, were yet always unwilling to recognize this cause, unless through the medium of a national party. As a matter of course, all this class of persons were sufficiently sagacious to perceive that the very organization of such a Convention was calculated to take the game out of the hands of the party politicians. It was, in effect, an appeal to the people, against those among their leaders who had been sacrificing the South to the policies of parties and their own. Southern politicians, who had lived by party only—whose hopes were founded upon anticipations of its future favours and employments—who looked to be Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Secretaries—and who had made Congress the mere stepping-stone by which to secure these offices—they at once beheld the complete overthrow of all their hopes, in the disorganization of their parties. “If”—they soliloquize—“the South concentrates its strength, upon a sectional necessity or interest, there is an end to all our

pretty little arrangements." It became their policy to denounce the Southern Convention, as factious, insurrectionary, and dangerous to the Union; and, but that the Southern people were too intelligent, at such a juncture, to be frightened from the path of necessity and duty, by the Raw Head and Bloody Bones conjurations of these small magicians, their hideous outcry would have defeated the assemblage of the Southern States in Convention. On some of them it had its evil effect in full. In most of them, it paralyzed, in some degree, their courage and patriotism. But nine States were represented, and several of these inadequately. We are told that delegates from Louisiana were *en route* for the place of assemblage, but were told that nobody had assembled, or would assemble. It was even rumoured, by those whose "wish was father to the thought," that the Union-loving people of Nashville would rise *en masse*, and expel from their city these supposed traitors and disorganizers, whose great offence—peculiarly odious in free America—was the determination to find some means for resenting a wrong, which all the South acknowledged—and for resisting encroachments, which, none doubted, were sapping all our sectional securities. There is no doubt that Nashville, itself, was not, at first, favourable or friendly to the objects of the Convention. The State of Tennessee, it is true, sent a noble body of delegates, who proved themselves as true to the feelings and interests of the South, as those of any section. But there were still especial reasons why the State, and the city of Nashville, in particular, should be slow to apprehend, in full, the dangers which threatened us through the agency of the general government. Tennessee had given two Presidents to the Union. One of these had but recently retired from power, having passed through a term of four years, and an administration as singularly brilliant as that of any by which it had been preceded. The other, Andrew Jackson—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—had been always an authority in behalf of the Union; though, at periods when no such warfare as that which now prevails, was waged upon the Constitution and the rights of the South. Opposed to the protective tariff and the bank, Jackson only forebore to see, *in these measures*, a sufficient degree of provocation to force the South to extreme issues. He was spared the present spectacle—the insolence of the North on the one hand, and the too hesitating spirit of the

South on the other; when the language of safety must needs be one of the most united and decisive resolution. His influence, while he lived—this crisis unforeseen—was cast in favour of the confederacy. Its effects naturally remained among the Tennesseans. In Nashville itself, a courtly city, where, through long-continued political affinities, the intercourse was constant and intimate with Washington, the influence of the latter place was always immediately felt, and almost as immediately responded to. What the influences of the city of Washington have been in this controversy—that city of partizan politicians, restless labourers in the search for office, pensioners, bondholders, claimants and beggars—busy from night to morning, at all hours and in all places, in the manufacture of opinion favourable to each selfish object—we sufficiently understand and know. The effect of their selfish industry, their clamours and falsehoods, in respect to Southern rights and the Southern Convention, were felt in Nashville when the delegates first assembled. Their reception was a cold one. They were under the ban of the trading politicians; and each of these politicians had his petty newspaper, labouring at the dirty work of defiling his opponent and making clear his patron. The Convention was a body to be watched and suspected. They were in a false position, from which they could work themselves right, only by the clearest proofs of moderation and truth, courage and patriotism.

They succeeded in the endeavour. In the delegates sent, the South was particularly fortunate. Most of them were men of experience, as well as thought. Upon many the mantle of years had fallen, as well as wisdom. They approached their duties with a due sense of their solemnity, and possible importance to the future. Patient discussion followed, and the fruits are before us in an address which embodies, in temperate language, a history of the wrongs and injustice under which the South has been made to suffer in the confederacy, and such as yet threaten her peace, safety and future securities. The resolutions adopted are in like temperate spirit with the address. Their declaration, that the territories of the United States inhere with the people of the several States, and that these, all, possess an equal right to occupy them, with their property, so long as the government shall remain territorial—that Congress has no right to exclude from this ter-

ritory the property of any citizen, no matter what shall be its form or character—that Congress is bound to provide proper governments for the territories, and that all foreign laws are void within them, from the moment when they pass under our flag—that the slaveholding States will not submit to any enactment of Congress which shall discriminate against slave property in its passage into the territories—that in the event of such discrimination being insisted upon by a dominant majority in Congress, then, that the territories shall be treated as property, and so divided between the North and South, according to the line already in part established, of 36 degrees, 30 minutes, north latitude, extending to the Pacific ocean;—these were the chief resolutions. There were others, in respect to the Texas boundary, and declaratory of opinion, with regard to the powers of the government, and the rights of the States, which our limits will not suffer us to give. But they have already found full circulation in the newspapers. These resolutions passed with rare unanimity. There were but few dissenting voices, even to the address, to which there was most opposition. In the progress of debate, there was neither strife nor confusion. The body was one of marked eloquence, as well as ability. Of the speeches made, few have been reported in full, and but one or two of them by their respective authors. Virginia, the Mother of States, spoke ably and with great influence, through Gordon, Gholson, Goode and Tucker. Mr. Gholson was opposed to the address, but concurred with the resolutions. He was not willing to commit the Convention against the Clay compromise—the amendments to which, he thought, might yet make it acceptable to the South. He was for caution. He did not wish any step to be taken which it would be difficult, yet necessary, to recall. We make the following extract from a rude report of his remarks in the newspapers :

“Mr. President, I am one of those who desire to use every effort under heaven to preserve the Union. I trust—I believe it may be preserved—preserved without the sacrifice of rights or honour. I agree that firmness is indispensable—but moderation is not less so. I love the Union—I love it for all that is glorious in the past, or bright in the future. I love it because of the blessings it has conferred on the civilized world. I shudder at the contemplation of its destruction. I dare not calculate its value. It has blessed the inhabitants of earth, while its influences have extended to heaven. Strike down

the Union, and the trembling thrones and tottering crowns of the old world will again become steady. Despotism, that has been quailing before the march of free principles, will again rear its head, and fasten the chains that fetter the minds and body of men. He would pause before he would take any step involving the perpetuity of such an Union.

"He loved the South more than the Union, and would never agree that she should be subjected to shame or humiliation. He loved the South as he did his own hearth or fireside, and gentlemen would find, when the necessity came, which he prayed a kind Providence might forever avert, that those whom they may now regard as timid, will be found the first where danger calls. Let no man think that the South—any part of the South—will ever yield to the arrogant pretensions of the Northern fanatics. We must have peace, security, and equal rights, or this Union cannot endure. It was an Union of equality into which these States entered, and that man deceives himself, who thinks that the South will submit to see the Constitution, which formed the terms of the compact, perverted and abused, and instead of continuing the source of protection and blessings, converted into an engine of wrong and oppression. Every man in whose bosom there beats a Southern heart, is resolved—determined—to stand by Southern rights ; our duty to ourselves, to our children, requires it."

His speech called up Beverly Tucker, that "old man eloquent," who, to the peculiar powers of wit and sarcasm possessed by his near kinsman, John Randolph, possesses a classical force, fulness, and beauty of utterance, peculiarly his own. His speech, on this occasion, has been fully reported by his own pen, and does it and himself great honour. It is a brilliant and powerful performance, rich, copious and keen, with a lightning-like sarcasm. We have not space for the frequent extracts which we had marked for quotation. Fortunately, the publication has been largely circulated, and is to be easily had. When his colleague spoke of the anticipated amendments to Mr. Clay's bill, rendering it acceptable, he answers, "Ay, but who shall have the mending of it?" "Give *me* the mending of that bill," said he, "and I will mend the breach in the Constitution, and cement the Union, and restore mutual friendship, and confidence, and brotherly love, among all the States of this great confederacy." Despairing of such amendments, and assuming that the work of Southern overthrow and degradation still goes on, in the hands of a blind and violent majority, he answers the apprehensions of those of the South, who

look to the consequences of a dissolution of the confederacy. We cannot do justice to this portion of Judge Tucker's speech by any abridged report. We must give the extracts.

"And now, sir, let us look at the dangers which are to attend disunion. Let us suppose a case, and consider the influence which will be brought to bear on those on whom the peace of this continent will depend. Let us suppose but five States—the States of Florida, Georgia, South-Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi—to withdraw from the Union, and form a Southern Confederacy. Their policy would be clearly pacific. What would be the policy of the rest of the world? Would the manufacturing States wish to rush into a war, which, while it lasted, would shut them out from the best market in the world? Would the shipping and commercial States wish to rush into a war which would throw the carriage of our rich and bulky productions into the hands of Europe, until our own commercial marine should have become adequate to our wants? I say nothing of the fatal consequences which would attend the loss of a supply of cotton to the spindles and looms of New-England, because, although war should prevail, the laws of trade would be sure to carry the needed supply to the place of demand. This, indeed, must be on a circuitous route, and at enormous expense. But on this I lay no stress. It would, indeed, prevent the Yankee from hoping to compete with the English manufacturer in markets open to both, while war would shut him out from this, the chief and best market.

"And how long would such a war last?" asks Mr. Webster, with a scornful scowl. "How long would it be before the fleets and armies of the North would sweep the coasts, and blockade the ports, and overrun the desolate territory of the South, and turn the knives of the slaves against their masters' throats?" How long? Sir, such a war will never be waged until Massachusetts shall have lost her senses, and be prepared to rush on self-destruction. Whence, but from the Southern States, comes the cotton that keeps in activity the spindles and looms of the North? Sir, the north would not dare to prosecute war with such activity as even to *diminish* the supply. Obtaining it, as she must do, from neutral ports, the North could only get what was left after supplying the demand of other countries, and any essential diminution would leave her nothing. But a war of desolation! Why, sir, such a war would re-act upon the North like the bursting of a cannon in a crowded ship, working ten times more mischief there than on the enemy. Do gentlemen consider the nature of great manufacturing establishments, kept in operation by what they call *free labour*—the labour of those whose daily bread is the purchase of daily toil, and who, left without employment for a week, must starve, or beg, or rob? The mind of

man has not conceived the wretchedness which the failure of one cotton crop would produce. Universal bankruptcy—universal ruin—the prostration of the wealthy, and the uprising of the suffering mass, violently snatching from their beggared employers a portion of the scanty remnant of former abundance, to satisfy the wants of nature. Sir, when the overwhelming force of France threatened to invade and subjugate Holland, the Dutch cut their dykes and let in the ocean; the enemy withdrew, and all thought of again invading the soil of a people capable of defending their liberty by such sacrifices, was abandoned forever. Here was a self-inflicted suffering, which did but warn the enemy, without wounding him. But what if the people of the Southern States, goaded by insult and wrong, should determine on a much less sacrifice? What if, with one accord, they should agree to make no cotton for a single season, except for their own factories, and apply all their labour to laying up a store of grain for another year? The South could bear it, sir. It would incommode many. It would enrich some. It would ruin nobody here. And what would be the effect elsewhere? The mind of man cannot calculate it. The imagination of man cannot conceive it. *Horresco referens*. An earthquake shaking the continent, from the Potomac to the Lakes, swallowing up the British Isles, and overturning all that revolution has left standing in France and Germany, would be hardly more destructive. Sir, the pillars of the world would be shaken—and here stands the South grasping them in her strong arm. Here she stands, like old blind Sampson, set to make sport for these Philistines, who mock her degradation. Will she not make her prayer to God, and bow herself in her might; not, like him, to die with the Philistines, but to overwhelm them and stand unhurt amid the ruins? No, she will not. But this is always in her power, and this she will do, if ever her loathing detestation and scorn of her oppressors equals in acrimony and malignity their fierce philanthropy and insidious friendship.

“Something like this would be the consequence to the North of *any war* with the South. Worse, if possible, than this would be the consequence of a *war of desolation and emancipation*. In that case the mischief would not be confined to the North. It would overspread the civilised world, in aggravated horror. In New-England we can calculate it. The seven hundred millions of which the South has been robbed by the unequal operation of the Federal government, has been *realized*, as they call it. It has been built into ships and factories; it has been paid out for barren lands, at high prices, only justified by these establishments; it has been built into palaces, where merchant princes and manufacturers dwell in marble halls. There are no other objects of investment, and the boasted, heaped up wealth of New-England is just that—no more. Now take away the cotton and commerce of the South, and what

do you see? The ships lie rotting at the wharves; the factories tumble into ruins; and, skulking in corners of their marble palaces, the merchant princes, like those of Venice, live meagerly on contributions levied on the curiosity of travellers. As to the labouring classes, the far West is open to them. What violence and rapine may practice for a while, under the teachings of Communism, Fourierism, Agrarianism, and other isms of the family of Abolitionism, it is not possible to say. But they will soon see that Communism is of little worth where there is nothing to divide, and that what they call the rights of labour cannot be enforced against those who have nothing to pay. They will off to the West, sir, there to found a new Ohio on the banks of Wisconsin and Minnesota. And Boston—? Look at Venice, sir. The history of Boston is, so far, the history of Venice. Venice enriched herself by the oppression and plunder of her subject provinces. Boston has done the same. Venice concentrated her ill-gotten wealth on the marshes of the Adriatic. Boston has heaped up hers upon a barren rock. The poisoned chalice has been commended to the lips of Venice, and she has in turn become the victim of misgovernment, while the trade of the world has found other channels—and behold she is a wilderness of marble in a waste of waters. Even such would be the mischiefs which Boston would pull down upon herself, by the suicidal step of warring against the South.

“But look across the Atlantic, and suppose the madness and malignity of the North to hurry them into a desolating war against the cotton-growing States. Other countries have more various resources than New-England, and might have something to fall back on. England, for example, insular as she is, has land. But England has a superabundant population, and there are there not less than three millions of labourers whose very existence depends on cotton. They have no western country to fly to, and while the land of England is sufficient to feed them all, they will not starve, whether there be work for them to do or no. There is something there for Communism to divide—something for Fourierism to experiment on. Let but the loom stand still for one month, and there will not be one stone left standing on another, of the whole political and social fabric of England.

The statesmen of England know this, sir, and this it is that governs the foreign policy of England, and determines her to oppose her veto to any war that might disturb her commerce, and, through that, her manufactures, on which her very existence depends. The play of the shuttle is the pulse of life to her. Let it once stop and it beats no more. Nor is that confined to her. The same cause operates on every powerful nation of Western Europe, and hence that long, unnatural peace, which, for more than thirty years, has covered Europe as with a death pall, and produced and prepared

more suffering and more causes of mischief than half a century of war had ever done. But the evil is upon them, and they dare not shake it off. However, the angry spirit of rival nations may chafe at the restraint; however the plethora of redundant population may call for the letting of blood, the immense fixed capital invested in manufacturing establishments, and the multitudinous population whose bread depends upon them, compel the world to peace. It is indeed but a peace of suppressed hostility, of stifled envy, of insidious rivalry; and its consequences make us feel the full force of the woe denounced against those who cry "peace, peace! when there is no peace." But there is no escape from it. In the cant of the day, "the spirit of the age demands it—the spirit of the age is essentially pacific."

What then, sir, would all Europe say to any attempt on the part of the Northern States, or of every power upon earth, to lift a hand against the cotton growing region, and interrupt the production of that article. The power of wealth would oppose it—the cry of famine would forbid it—the universal nakedness of mankind would forbid it—the united voice of the civilized world would command the peace. The Southern States of this Union are confessedly the only cotton growing country in the world, and slave labor the only means by which it can be produced. Whatever may be their spite against us, and however they may cant about slavery, they will be careful to do nothing to interfere with the production of cotton. Had Orpheus been the only man in the world, sir, the nymphs, however enraged, would never have killed him.

All this time I have spoken as if our dear *sister* Massachusetts, and the rest of that sisterhood, were to have the matter their own way. I have taken no notice of the fact, that, although North-Carolina and Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, might not be at once prepared to join the Southern confederacy, they would feel that their interests were identified with it, and refuse to join in a crusade against the defenders of their rights. They would have a voice in the question of peace or war. They might indeed be out-voted, but would a vote restrain them, and would the North press a measure which would be sure to force them into the Southern confederacy? The exemplary patience of Virginia is a proof that she fondly recollects, that to her, more than to any other State, this Union owes its existence. She will be the last to dissolve it violently, because she will be the last to forget the proud and endearing recollections of the past, and to lift her hand against those she has so long cherished as brothers. But, let her be told she must fight somebody, and she will not be long in deciding whom she will fight. Tell her to regard and treat as enemies the Southern States, peopled mainly by herself—to imbrue her hands in the blood of her own children—and her answer is ready in the words of Harry Percy:

“ Not speak of Mortimer !
 Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer !
 Yes, I will speak of him : and may my soul
 Want mercy if I do not join with him ! ”

Sir, Virginia did not approve the attitude assumed by South Carolina in 1833. What then? Was she prepared to lift a hand against her? On the contrary, she remembers now with pride, that the Governor then declared, that, before one foot should cross the Potomac on a hostile errand against South-Carolina, he would lay his bones on its shores. That was old John Floyd, sir, a man “ who never promised, but he meant to pay ; ” and, thank God, there stands now another John Floyd in his father’s place, to repeat and make good his father’s words.

But, suppose the few remaining Southern States not to be driven to the necessity of choosing their enemy. Suppose, as would be the case, that no warlike attempt should be made—how long would those States be content to remain under the grinding misgovernment which taxes them for the benefit of their masters in the North, while witnessing the prosperity of their Southern brethren living under a revenue tariff and enjoying the blessings of free trade? With a modest, economical government, such as a mere central agency for independent States ought to be, a moderate revenue would suffice, and nothing would prevent the acceptance of the overtures for free trade, now made by all commercial nations. These are not accepted now, sir, because mainly beneficial to the South. And who cares for the South? What is the South? An ass of the tribe of Issachar, “ bowed down between two burthens ; ” thirty millions to be paid into the treasury, and twice as much more to go into the pockets of the Northern manufacturers. What if Lord Palmerston should offer now, in return for a reduction of our Tariff to a revenue standard, to take off the English duty of seventy-five cents on our tobacco. Would it be accepted? No, sir, no. It would but enrich the tobacco States ; and what do our masters care for them? On the other hand, let a Southern confederacy, in adopting the free trade overture, ask a differential abatement of ten per cent of this duty in their favour, and how long would Virginia and North-Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and even Maryland and Missouri, delay to avail themselves of the arrangement? Depend on it, sir, such a confederacy as I have supposed would hardly be formed before every slaveholding State in the Union would seek admission into it. The *prestige* of Union once dispelled by a partial secession, the Middle States would be at no loss to choose between union with their Southern brethren, or with their Northern enemies, persecutors and slanderers.

“ But the thing would not stop here, sir. Pennsylvania, at this moment, with all the advantage of a protective tariff, finds her

manufacturers often on the verge of bankruptcy. A tariff may protect her against the competition of European manufactures, but not against the superior skill and capital of New-England. Against this she contends as well as she can in the markets of the South. Take that away, and she will sink at once. Even now, Massachusetts grudges her the benefit of the protection which, only, enables her to hold up her head. But let the Southern victims of that oppressive system emancipate themselves from it, and, my life upon it, five years will not pass over before it is abolished. What, then, will be the condition of Pennsylvania, placed on the border, between a Northern confederacy, in which she is overshadowed by superior capital and skill, and a Southern confederacy, of which she might become the workshop? A revenue tariff of ten per cent. would be worth more to Pennsylvania, as a member of a Southern confederacy, than forty per cent. is now—more than all that protection could do for her, were the South withdrawn from the Union.

“Let us look a little to the West, sir. I begin with Illinois, because she reaches farthest South; because she is nearest to New-Orleans and farthest from New-York; and because she begins to be aware that slaves are wanted in the Southern part of the State, and seems not quite insensible to the propriety of letting such of her people have them as have need of them. Now, what will be her situation? No man admires more than I do that noble system of inland navigation that connects the waters of the Mississippi with the lakes. But tolls and tow paths are expensive things, and canals are sometimes broken by floods, sometimes laid dry by drought, and winter rarely fails, with his icy breath, to close up the navigation of the lakes. But the Mississippi, broad, deep and full, is ever open to bear on its flowing bosom all the bulky and weighty products of Illinois, at the lowest possible rate of expense. I am aware, sir, that the law of nations would secure to the States, on the waters of that river, a free passage to the ocean. But that law would not exempt them from imposts and from export duties, and from all the inconveniences which must be encountered by those who necessarily pass through a foreign country to get to their own. A great river, such as the Mississippi, like an iron cramp, holds together all the country penetrated by its tributaries; and no amount of human perverseness can long prevent them from blending into one, ‘like kindred drops.’”

This long extract materially abridges our limits. Fortunately, it is of a character sufficiently to compensate the reader for the space occupied. It was one of the most admirable efforts made in the Convention. To these we are by no means able to do justice. Nothing can be more meagre than the newspaper reports. Judge Shar-

key, of Mississippi, one of those with whom the Convention originated, is said to have spoken well; but his position, at first, in consequence of a too hasty committal in behalf of Mr. Clay's compromise, was an awkward one. With proper manliness of character, however, as soon as the real features of the measure became known to him, he renounced the opinion given in its favour. He also opposed the address, while he subscribed to the resolutions reported to the Convention. We quote a few extracts from his speech:

"Judge Sharkey took the floor. *He said* he was not much in the habit of public speaking, and should adopt a conversational tone; had few flowers of rhetoric to offer, and should confine himself wholly to matters of fact. He should vote for the resolutions, but against the address, whatever shape it might assume—that portion of it, at least, which treated of the compromise. It is true that he might have said he favoured this compromise. He should go against it now, however. His reasons might be easily gathered from this circumstance. He was one of those with whom the Convention had originated. The movement began with a small meeting in Mississippi. There was no dictation from any quarter. That meeting called the October Convention. It was charged that it was gotten up by those who were in favour of disunion. Those who favoured it were denounced as guilty of treason. He started from home in fear and trembling, not knowing that he should meet a man here. Under these circumstances, he would have taken any compromise at all. But he found that the spark of public patriotism burnt bright and strong, and he again, therefore, took his stand. He did not fear a charge of inconsistency, for his reason was given to guide him in such cases. He was against the report, and cared not what name sanctioned it. He held it to be impolitic to pursue a course calculated to throw off men, and that report was calculated to divide us. We should not arm those who were opposed to us, and when you armed the opposition you armed the abolitionists. . . .

"The compromise bill was discussed as a grievance; the other was a plain, straight forward stricture on Congress. He came here to discuss grievances, but not to discuss the bill in question as such, until it was carried out. The address could not set up a bill as a grievance—it was our own proposition, to some extent, and we could reach it by the usual channels of legislation. The Convention sat for a higher purpose—to do that which could not be done by ordinary legislation. It was when the people could not find redress through the ordinary means, that they must try others. . . .

"When Congress proposed to exclude slavery from California, it was an evil to be reached by extraordinary means. When we could

have redress by the ordinary means of legislation, it must be resorted to. . . . The abolitionists might say to us, they were as much opposed to the compromise as we were, and would assist us to put an end to it. They were discussing matters here which might be put an end to at any time. He was not sent here to advise Congress. It was for the people to advise their members. They were here on higher grounds—to make the issue with the Northern people. If the evil is in Congress, the power is not here to arrest it. The North does not present the compromise bill as an issue—it is our own. The opposition is so decided there, that he considered the proposed measure as at an end. He did not believe it would be unconstitutional to admit California—other gentlemen might differ with him; but they ought not to send forth debateable matter. He believed Congress *had* power to admit California. It was contended in the address, that it would be unconstitutional; and yet it said that it might be assented to! How could we assent to it, if it was unconstitutional? Why, too, discuss the compromise bill in the address, when it was not in the resolutions? The one ought to be based upon the other, and the Convention ought not to put forth any thing on which it could not stand. There were differences of opinion abroad and at home; and unless you strip the proceedings of objectionable matter, you might call Conventions forever, but it would be like ‘calling spirits from the vasty deep,’ they would not ‘come.’ The compromise bill had never been an issue before the people of Mississippi, and he did not feel that he had any authority to act upon it. If it was a grievance, it was a grievance supplied by people of all portions of the country, North and South, by some of the people of Mississippi, and some of those of Tennessee, as well as by members of Congress. Whether, in what he had said, he had expressed his views exactly, he did not know; but he would say to all, in conclusion, that this should be a Convention of compromise.”

General Hammond, of this State, replied to Judge Sharkey. He had fought the address through the committee, and, though not its author, was, in some degree, responsible for it. There is none but a wretched newspaper report of this reply, which is described as very able.

“*Gov. Hammond said*, that, as one who had acted in trying to get the address through the committee, he, perhaps, ought to speak; and he should endeavour to answer objections, in the calm temper and spirit which had characterized the address of the gentleman who had just taken his seat. The committee had had a hard duty to perform, in the great mass of matter laid before them. He did not feel disposed, at the present stage of the question, to say what should be done. The sole object, at this time, was to unite the

South. What was to be done—what looked to? Why, to the action of Congress on the compromise bill now before that body, as the remedy for all the wrongs now suffered by the South. It was of no consequence who permitted it—men of the North or South. Every thing dear to us was at stake, and were we to stand trembling on the verge of ruin, awaiting the pleasure of this or that member? The committee were anxious to conciliate all, were anxious to put it in such a form as that all might be pleased; but no proposition could be advanced to which some men would not have to give way, and, after twice considering all the matter brought before it, they had presented what is now before the Convention. He was never more astonished than he was to hear a gentleman, of the wide reputation of the gentleman from Mississippi, say that it was unconstitutional to examine into a measure before Congress. Of what grievance do we complain? Was it not the legislation of Congress which had driven us to this? It was the privilege of any member to examine the measures of Congress, and to attempt to arrest oppressive legislation.

“Judge Sharkey explained. He only meant to say that when ends could not be obtained by ordinary means, other means must be resorted to.

“Gov. H. resumed. The explanation does not alter the matter. What were we attempting now? Simply concentrating public opinion, to influence the ordinary legislation of Congress. It would be perfectly constitutional to denounce the legislation of Congress, if we disagreed with it. All of us had the right to do this. He was astonished at the obliquity of intellect evinced by the gentleman, and he could not account for it, unless it was caused by the fears with which (as he had admitted) he had started from home, and which must have clouded his intellect. Was not the chairman of that compromise committee now writing and eliciting letters to and from all directions, to try to influence public opinion? He did not, until now, understand the position of his Mississippi friends. This had furnished a key to it. He could not conceive, until this moment, what they were driving at. He did not see it in committee, but he saw it now, and with amazement. He could not imagine how they could be influenced to mar the report to so great an extent.

“Judge S. again explained. He did not wish to send out a report to condemn men.

“Gov. H. If they deserve condemnation, condemn them. He was for no master, Northern or Southern; and it made no difference whether he was Northern or Southern, if he was a master. He was for the principle *libres homo*, as was said yesterday. He did not care who was the author of the compromise: it was enough that it was wrong. He now understood how the matter was. They would discuss abstract principles, and not measures. He thought we were

here to discuss the application of principles to measures. If abstractions must be discussed, merely, we must recommit the resolutions. A good deal had been said as to what they came here for. They were not here to trail in the rear of public sentiment;—they were the leaders of the South—the appointed leaders—not to hunt up public opinion at grog shops, courts, mills, etc., but to act, and act as leaders. They had been sent here with a generous confidence, and the high duty was devolved upon them to point the way—to lead the people in the way—to equality and independence.

“He would say, that, although he came here with no apprehensions as to what would be done, he did apprehend a small meeting. But now his apprehensions were scattered to the winds. Nine States had met together, to consult upon the rights and interests of the South, and it was utterly impossible for any fragment to divide itself off upon any platform so insignificant as that which was just presented. We had nothing to do but to march forward in one unbroken column, to equality in the Union, or independence out of it.”

Col. Pickens, of South-Carolina, was another efficient speaker, whose addresses to the Convention have not been reported. We regret this the more, as we learn that his speeches were among the most powerful and effective which had been made before that body. Colquitt, of Georgia, is reported also to have delivered a very powerful address; and the Georgia delegation is admitted to have been as efficient as that of any other State; yet we have not a single paragraph in print from one of them.

Judge Goldthwaite, of Alabama, is the only delegate from that State of whose speech we have a report; and this a bald newspaper summary, such as affords but an imperfect idea of the full scope and character of the performance. We give portions of it, only.

“*Judge Goldthwaite, of Alabama, said,* he felt some delicacy in occupying the time of the Convention, as his delegation had already occupied a good deal of its time. If he did not feel the necessity of harmonizing, he should not think of imposing his remarks upon them. . . .

“It could not be disguised, that the civilized world was leagued abroad against us. Revolutionary France had, the first thing, set free three hundred thousand slaves, who had vindicated their claim to freedom by rapine and murder. England had done the same thing, and other nations of Europe the same also. The whole of continental Europe, with the exception of the weaker powers, had taken the same ground; and on this continent, we had seen, in the

last few years, fourteen States deliberately instructing their senators and representatives in Congress to restrict slavery to its present limits; thus endangering the institution. . . . Party ties at the North had been sundered and scattered to the winds, in favour of this action. We had seen the compromise, when passed in the Senate, promptly repudiated in the House; and the mean, infamous and contemptible party, whose members, a few years since, were mobbed in the houses and churches of the North, was now countenanced, its views adopted in the pulpits and in the philosophy of the schools, and sanctioned by men high in position there. Circulated largely by their presses, their views had been felt even in the territories of Nebraska and Minnesota. Whilst our slaves were increasing, our territory was decreasing, and although the period could not be defined, the time would come, under this condition of things, when we should have to give up our property. Seeing this, we must prepare for this action of the North. The only true principle is, to force upon the minds of the *Northern* people, the idea that, if this is persevered in, the effect must be, ultimately, to dissolve the Union. It should be done temperately, but firmly; and it could not but have a good effect there. What the effect of the Union had been, was well shown by the venerable gentleman from Virginia. It has given importance to the trade of the North—has contributed to their eminence. . . . It has been customary to depreciate the resources of the South. No country ever was richer in all the resources which constitute wealth. We have mines of lead and coal. Once separated, strong hands would bring these resources into action. . . . Did any suppose that the mere abstract question of slavery would fall with more force on the ear of the North than a question of interest? It was not their interest to let that idea have any weight; but let the idea he had advanced be once impressed upon them, and could it be doubted that it would have its effect? He knew that the horrors of dissolution, as mentioned by the gentleman from Virginia, were held up before us—were pourtrayed by glowing lips and in eloquent language. But he believed, with him, that it was done only to arouse our fears. He could see no reason why secession should produce war, either in relation to the navigation of the Mississippi, or the division of the public lands. Suppose it did. Suppose it produced, not only war, but famine and destruction. Suppose the fertile fields around this beautiful city were deluged in blood! Is that any reason why we should ignominiously submit and put off the evil day? Would gentlemen be willing to avoid war upon the terms put upon us by our Northern brethren—terms involving degradation and disgrace? He would pursue that course which should prevent all this. The only objection he had to the resolutions was that they did not go far enough; but as they

were adopted—believing that the utmost harmony was necessary to our success—he was willing to see them adopted. . . .

“Did gentlemen suppose that the report went far enough? He did not think it, and he believed that, in consequence, it would fail to have the effect anticipated. Although he so differed, he was ready to give his vote for the resolutions and address, believing there could be no wrong in that degree of concession. He put forth no peculiar views here. He did not believe he should ever go deranged in favour of the Union. It was true that his pulse might beat faster—that his blood might flow more quickly—when Yorktown, Monmouth, or Trenton were mentioned; but no longer than when the Constitution was preserved was he in favour of the Union.”

Judge Goldthwaite had several able associates, among them, in particular, Col. J. A. Campbell, of Mobile. We may perceive that the Judge refers to a want of unanimity among his colleagues. We are told that this was wholly due to the fact that these delegates were chosen very equally from rival parties in the State, upon whom the party trammels hung too heavily to be shaken off, even when they had survived their uses. To rise to the dignity of the occasion—to see that the necessity of the South requires the equal overthrow of whig and democrat, and an abandonment of all minor issues—is not easy, with the drilled and practised partizan. We note, within a short time past, the lugubrious outcries of an editor in Alabama, who laments bitterly that the session of the Southern Convention has materially diminished the chances of Mr. Cass for the presidency! And it is this sort of grief which has made the Convention so odious to the petty trading politicians.

The only other speaker before the Convention, whose remarks have reached us in any shape, was Judge Wilkinson, of Mississippi.

“He spoke for the purpose of harmonizing matters in debate—to find out where they were, so wide had been the latitude of discussion. Like the venerable gentleman from Virginia, (Tucker,) he would vote for the address, or any thing which would promote harmony and make all agree when they left here—although he did not agree with all that the address contained. There were gentlemen here, believing that, when the time comes for the appeal to the *ultima ratio*—to secession, or whatever it might be termed—they would not be justified in opposing the federal government, unless the Constitution was openly and directly violated. He took higher ground, although he would yield something to the prejudices of those who

differed with him. There were great cardinal principles of ethics, reserved rights—the right of political justice, for instance. This right had been repeatedly impugned. If it was impugned by the admission of California, or in any other way, he was disposed to resist it. Are we to be deprived, by the great code of political ethics, of our rights, because certain rights were not *named* in that instrument? Let the address, if it be necessary, be remanded to the committee. He would like to see it recast, although he could receive it as it was. But it had been compared to a bed quilt, and there was something apt in the comparison. It ought not to appear with a piece of broadcloth here, a piece of silk there, and a piece of damask in another place. He would vote for the address in either of the forms, but he would prefer to have it recast. . . . He was not there to praise the Union; much less to disparage it. It had wrought its benefits. It had covered *us* with glory, and the North with power. . . . He should not specify the mode of resistance.”

These are but meagre specimens of the free and highly spirited debates urged in the Convention, during its ten days session. It is our misfortune that we cannot amend them. We are told of other, and very able speakers—of Erwin and Chapman, of Alabama; of Pillow, of Tennessee; Colquitt, McDonald, and others, of Georgia; Gordon, and Newton, of Virginia; and Henderson, of Texas. The committee to which was confided all resolutions, consisted of, *Virginia*, General Gordon and Mr. Newton; *South-Carolina*, Messrs. Barnwell and Hammond; *Georgia*, Messrs. McDonald and Benning; *Alabama*, Messrs. Campbell and Murphy; *Florida*, Messrs. Pearson and Forman; *Tennessee*, Messrs. Nicholson and Brown; *Mississippi*, Messrs. Clayton and Boyd; *Arkansas*, Messrs. Powell and Brown; *Texas*, Gen. Henderson.

The delegations were far from full. The doubts which assailed Judge Sharkey were very general. Tennessee had a full representation, and a very noble one; but she was almost alone in the former respect. Virginia deserves reproach for the meagreness of hers. Our own delegation was quite full, and with such names as Cheves, Hammond, Barnwell, Rhett, Pickens, Jamison, Trenholm, Chesnut, Gregg, etc., every interest in the State was not only honourably, but most ably asserted. Judge Cheves was silent, mostly. The South-Carolina delegation, indeed, were studious in yielding precedence to all others. Hammond and Pickens spoke only when there was a general conviction that they should be heard, and Rhett, by whom

the address was written, very properly yielded its discussion to other persons. His views of the condition and the duties of the South have been fully and ably given in the speech in Charleston, which has drawn down upon his head the censures of Mr. Clay. He will survive them. We should gladly quote from this truthful and forcible performance, but that it has already been secured a much greater circulation than our own. It is a speech which should offend no freeman jealous of his liberties and rights;—no Southron, feeling as he does, and must, that these rights are outraged and these liberties in danger;—no justly minded person, reasoning properly, according to the facts, when he sees that, when Mr. Rhett refers to the *ultima ratio*, he does so only in the sense of an alternative to an intolerable oppression, for which no other remedy is to be found. It is only in view of certain contingencies that Mr. Rhett insists upon extreme measures. He counsels nothing which should put South-Carolina in an attitude of bad faith to her sister States. She has gone willingly into Convention with them, and, though prepared for issues such as few of the States are yet willing to contemplate, she will adhere strictly to her guaranties to her sisters, so long as the common action, through the medium of the Convention, shall hold forth any promise of remedial results. We are, thus far, in possession of their action. They have declared their ultimatum in regard to the boundary line which separates the territories North and South. Will the Southern States sustain this ultimatum? Will the Congress of the United States give any heed to this decision? We can more easily respond to the last than the first question. But we have no hope that the North will show more moderation, or a better sense of justice, than has hitherto marked her career. In the supposed possession of all the power for aggression, we do not see the proofs of a wisdom which should shape her action safely. And

“What is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom?—Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall,
By weakest subtleties.”

Her course is destined to be reckless. She will provoke all the fatal parallels which marked the career of Great Britain, in respect to her colonies. And she will provoke these results without any such relative superiority

as Great Britain possessed. It was said in England, in 1775, by way of warning, "Three millions of freemen, with arms in their hands, are not to be enslaved." Five millions of Southrons, not only with arms in their hands, but practised in their use, and with a host of gifted warriors to lead them, the sons of the soil, will never submit to such tremendous acts of legislation, as will make a blank of their prosperity, and convert their country into a desert. The hand-writing is upon the wall, where the North, in her high places, may read it if she will. Unfortunately, her Daniel is not the man to decypher it, with that peculiar sense of the truth, that asks only what God wills, and not what man requires. It is the most melancholy history in the progress of the nations, that their Clays and Websters, commissioned by heaven with endowments for a great work, will yet waste themselves upon petty work—will forever substitute man for God, in the objects of their solicitude; and will narrow the province, which they might control, to the base and little ends of vulgar and temporary power. It is in the falsehood of such men to their high trusts—it is in their selfishness, or their cowardice—their fear of men and factions—that they lose themselves and mislead their people,—so that a judicial blindness overspreads the faculty, that, kept clear, and purged by constant and humble reference to the Great Master, in whose hands lie all the destinies of empire, would enable them, with unscaled eyes, to decypher, in season for the safety of their people, the terrible denunciations of an outraged deity, and the fiery warnings, which the benevolence of God still vouchsafes to the offender, so that, seeing, he may repent and live. The signs of warning are before them,—the writing is luminous upon their walls, and they still have time for safety. But ——— !

ART. X.—*The Angel World, and other Poems*; by PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Field. 1850.

WE have more than once designed a review of the "Festus" of Mr. Bailey, and have only been prevented from preparing one, by the constant pressure of newer publications. "Festus" is a very remarkable performance—remarkable as the first production of a young writer, and for its equal faults of construction, and the beauty and force of frequent passages. It is one of the most ambitious poems of the age; an English "Faust," in fact, in which something of the machinery of the German, and its wild psychological and mystical characteristics, are attempted on a plan of greater elevation. The production is singularly crude and faulty, as a whole; and the philosophy is in frequent discord with itself. It lacks simplicity and symmetry; while the story, a series of episodes, rather than a unique progress, is at once incoherent, and deficient in the humanities of art. The philosophical matter is a jumble of all the philosophies, Christian and Pagan. It betrays the mixed studies of the author, and his own unsettled cravings and aspirations. These would have been quite sufficient to defeat the popularity of the work, and to impair its general claims to admiration. But the merit is large, and lies in the earnest and deep thought, the vivid force of frequent passages, the singular epigrammatical strength of occasional lines, and the soaring fancies, and bold imaginings of the raised spirit of the author. It yet lies within our purpose, when time and space shall serve, to examine this remarkable production at length, and to detach, for the benefit of the reader, some of those portions which constitute the claim of the writer to a high rank among those poets of the day, upon whose labours expectation may build hereafter.

"The Angel of the World," in its general characteristics, belongs to the same class with "Festus." It is quite as ambitious in design, if less elaborate in execution. As a work of art, it is quite as faulty as "Festus," and the chief defect of our author lies in this particular. He is crude in his plan and conception—his design is vague—he does not seem to grasp it fully himself, and fails to

give it symmetry and clearness. The work before us is an allegory, and seems to be a very faulty one. We find it a task more laborious than satisfactory to arrive at its elucidation. "The Angel of the World" may be Jesus Christ, for aught we know. Some of the details lead us to this conclusion. He appears before us in stained and ruined garments, and he gives us a mournful narrative of wreck and confusion, abuse and torture, in the world of which he has had the keeping. He yields a mortal nature to the sacrifice, and resumes his immortal faculties. Passing, with other angels, into a higher sphere, he approaches the immediate eminence of the Eternal and Omniscient. From the general scope of the narrative—as far as we can gather it—for it is exceedingly mystical and vague—it would seem the author's purpose to exhibit the final triumph of Eternal Love over sin and death—forming the last act in the trilogy, of which we owe the two first parts to Milton. But we confess to sundry doubts and misgivings, when we read the poem as a whole; and, unfortunately, the merits of the work have not been of so decided a character as to compel our minds to the business of its elucidation. Though really brief, extending to some fifteen hundred lines only, we confess to a frequent weariness in its perusal, for which, respecting the endowments of the author as we do, we are forced to acknowledge a certain degree of self-rebuke and shame. But how could it be otherwise? Allegory, at best, though implying the exercise of much fancy, is but an inferior mode for employing the imagination. It was the embarrassing influence to Spencer, making his verse cold, and narrowing greatly the province of his wing; and unless the plan of it be very simple, and unless something be gained of real force, sufficient to compensate the obscurity, it is usually a fatal impediment to the progress of the poet. Could not the ends aimed at be gained by a direct narrative? Milton is only allegorical in his episodes. His story is of real events, and real persons, revealed by name, and not through shadowy resemblances. In the case of the "Angel of the World," if the object be to anticipate the events of a future divine history, the bolder and better plan would have been to assume the existence of real characters, and to have shown their immediate offices and objects. To have displayed, at the outset, the full determination of the Deity—the end of all things having come,

and his purpose being to close the capricious career of a race, in a region to which they had been designated for the working out their own deliverance, after laws, the secret import of which has been entirely beyond their ken. In this design, the author could have put in requisition the known agents of the Deity, as described in Holy Writ, and already employed so successfully by Milton. His purpose may have been to realize the grand and encouraging truth, so happily conveyed in the two lines of Festus—

“It is not in the providence of God,
That sin should be immortal !”

And the last struggle, the final defeat, and the purgation of the world from sin, might have been wrought out through some such history as that here given us,—but not, in any wise, through an allegorical medium. We are afraid that the author loses, through the use of this agency, much more than he could here possibly gain by it. It has beguiled him into numerous absurdities. How does it comport, for example, with our notions of the angelic nature, to find it suffering in stained and torn garments, from fatigue and travel, from want of rest, from surprise in battle, from deficient penetration to see into the objects of invasion, from hunger and thirst, and all the disabilities which belong to the material and physical nature? What are we to think of those angels whom we find at supper, taking wine, after the fashion of the Greek and Roman epicures? Take a passage, which, whether designed as a real statement, or as an illusion, seems to us equally incompatible with the nature and the offices of the beings who are described.

“There, in one
Of those most pure and happy stars which claim
Identity with heaven, high raised in bliss,
Each lofty spirit luminous with delight,
Sat God's selectest angels, gathered round
The golden board of that palatial orb,
In spherul order. All the fruitage there
Of the immortal Eden, and the land
Of everlasting light, to please the sense
And satisfy the soul, the tree of life,
In all its bright varieties, could yield
Was lavished; and its fragrance filled the skies.

The bright blue wine, as though exprest from heaven,
Glittering with life, went, moonlike, round and round.

It is true, that the food is represented as different from that in common use; but a portion of it would seem quite as unsuited to angel-tastes as to ours.

“ *Wine and bread—*

Bread made of *golden wheat*—and wine of life—
Such only as immortal virtues use,
Before the guest were set; and cool white robes
The angels gave him, floating halo-like,
With fleecy glistening, round his fainting limbs.”

Golden loaves should be as indigestible to angels, as silver oats, to the horse Incitatus, of the Roman emperor; and the cool robes could be better appreciated by a tired pedestrian, in our summer time, than by a fainting angel. This stranger, this fainting angel, who is the angel of the world, who comes to narrate the history of an “orb disrupted,” thus describes the world he had in charge:

“ A land

It shewed, of fountains, flowers, and honied fruits,
Of cool green umbrage, and incessant sun;—
The rainbow there, in permanent splendour, spanned
The skies, by ne’er a cloud deformed, of hue
Sternier than amber; while, on every hand,
The clear blue streams, singing and sparkling, ran
The bloomy meads to fertilize; while some,
With honey, nectar, manna, milk and wine,
Fit for angelic sustenance, slow flowed.
Here palaces and cities, midst of groves,
Like giant jewels set in emerald rings;
There, too, the bowery coverture of woods,
Ancient and dense, laced with all-tinted flowers,
Wherein were wont to sojourn, in all peace,
Lamb, lion, eagle, ox, dove, serpent, goat,
And snow-white hart, each sacred animal,
Cleansed from all evil quality, sin-instilled,
Speaking one common tongue, and gathered oft
In wisest parley, ’neath the sacred tree,
Centring each mazy pleasance, intersect
With an invisible bound; so sweet the force
Of nature, heavenly sanctioned.”

This description is of mixed character, and seems to contemplate two distinct natures, in the beings meant to

inhabit such a sphere; the author evidently not forgetting merely human necessities, in the delineation of the aspects of a race, which is painted as very far superior to humanity.

All goes well in this delightful world, for many a "sunny cycle;" but mischief follows, for women make a part of this happy population. The scandal, *par parenthese*, is not ours, but Mr. Bailey's. There were two angelic sisters in this heavenly region,

"Star-dower'd, light-portioned, forms full realized
Of the eternal beauty."

Are these allegorical? Do they merely denote virtues? Does one of them represent the church? Must we see in them faith and charity?—and how shall we account for the lapses of the one from virtue, and what is the object of the sacrifice of the other? These are questions, which, we frankly confess, we are not prepared to answer. In fact, we sometimes doubt, whether the whole story is not meant to show how lovely, with certain virtues, our common world could be made—how fit for angels—were it not for ambition and the lust of pride and vanity;—and the distinction accorded to the fair sisters, and the defeat and shame of the one, and the persecution of the other, through pride, presumption and weakness, may embody a satire, such as Tennyson's Princess, against the modern assertion of the "Rights of Woman," which the fair Fourierites of the world are just now so clamorously making. But here the allegory estops us in our conjectures. We are told, by the Angel of the World, of the two sisters:

"The elder my betrothed was, to me,
In ante-mundane ages, by my sire,
As of like royal issue with myself,
And seed divine reserved."

Who is she? What? The soul? The Church? But, he proceeds:

"Yet so disposed,
Of this bright orb the triple herison,
That, ere the elder en'ered on the whole,
The younger should the fair domain enjoy,
Of her own chosen portion and delight."

Does this bring the reader any nearer to a solution? Is

the elder the soul, the younger the church—or do they severally represent time and eternity? What is gained by this mystery? We proceed. The younger was in power, had reigned for a long and happy time, when the news was spread, “by Wisdom,” that her reign was soon to give way to that of her elder sister, whose marriage with the “World-Angel” was to be celebrated shortly. Amidst the preparations for this bridal,—

“Suddenly a stranger star,
Sword-like in shape, as waved by hand unseen,
Far off in space appeared; eclipsing swift
All lesser, nearer lights, which nature shewed.
So rapidly from end to end it flew
Of heaven’s horizon—even as though it scorned
The quiet skies of that ecstatic sphere,
I spake of—that the third night it had vanished
Into the unknown infinite below;
When to their wondering eyes the morrow morn,
Waked out of darkness into daily light,
A marvel mightier than the sworded star—
Which I alone perceived the evil one
Had there unsheathed in heaven, where late it flamed—
Behold, was present.

“Bands of angels—whence
Was known not—thronged the groves and palaces,
Which decked our paradisaal world, in air
And aspect, fair yet foreign, and distinct
Their every action with a shining grace,
Which, like a lodestar, chained, unfelt, the eye;
And made their loveliness, exceeding far
The holy beauty of the original tribes—
Erstwhile so happy—fatal. For these first
The heart divided, once entirely God’s,
Whole and without a flaw; first tuned their lyres
To angel-love alone, but half divine;
First taught to separate self from Deity.
Yet seemed they not to teach, but rather fled
All serious converse and instruction, soon
Curtailing worship and prolonging rest;
As though true worship were not union high
With the Great Lord and universal Good,
Worthy of worship, ceaseless and by all.

“These, after mingling, as by chance or choice,
In holy celebrations, when first asked

Their rank to name, and order, made reply,
They were the youngest offspring of the heavens,
Children of bliss and knowledge, richly dowered,
With singular joys and rare immunities ;—
That they were spirits of freedom, and their suit
And servage voluntary, whence alone
Budded what little merit they possessed ;
As, otherwise, their gracious Lord, they said,
Were mocked with forced compliance ; that all good
Sprang from the natural impulse of their souls
And the proud pleasure of pure liberty ;
That they the measure of the skies fulfilled,
The complement of all extremes of light ;
Of all celestial essence they the sum,
And after them was nothing ;—which to preach,
Of their own selves, was their sole business there,
Wandering where'er to wander pleased them best."

Portions of these passages are quite poetical. But who are these fair angels, thus intruding—thus fair yet dangerous ? Do they represent the followers of Epicurus, and other heathen philosophers ? Do they refer to the false doctrines of the church, in more modern periods ? Are they designed as evil angels, in a real world, doing the office of Satan in the garden, glozing with sweet tongue from the soul of the serpent ? These, whatever they are, or represent, do the work of mischief in the world which they so pleasantly invade.

"But oh ! the absolute excellence was gone,
The plane of pure perfection broken through ;
It was as though some galaxy of stars
Had sunk, and left an awful rent in heaven,
A ragged flaw athwart the sapphirine floor,
A foul chaotic chasm."

They pervert the elder sister—the bride of our angel—but fail to influence the younger, who teaches the true faith the more earnestly and eloquently when the whole is in peril. But the younger sister is deposed, the elder elevated to power, and Wisdom, with lingering affection, is at length compelled to abandon the sphere which no longer welcomes her authority. "The World Angel," is banished from rule and realm, driven out with curses and in manacles. At parting, he thus addresses the "crowned traitress," who should have been his bride :

"Behold me thus ; I quit thee ; 't is thy will !
 Me thou forswear'st, who had loved thee more
 Than all the tribes of angels ; love thee still,
 Despite the flatteries wherewith now thy soul
 Is darkened and degraded. Know me true.
 The hour will come when thou shalt hold me yet
 Dearer than now detested ; but 't is thou
 Shalt change—not I. Watch, for I come again."

The younger sister is spared, through the still lingering love of the empress ; but kept in religious solitude—kept in confinement, in servile habit, and as an outcast, and subject to daily contumely. The world, meanwhile, ran to riot. Here is a picture of the court of the sovereign, and her abuse of justice and wisdom :

"Within the central square,
 Fronting the glittering palace, stood the throne—
 Which changed so much the aspect of that orb,
 And which I told of first—whereon, each day,
 She, ministering blind justice, sat absorbed,
 In love of her own empery ; rapt to hear
 The adulation of her foreign train ;
 To trifle with her sceptre as a toy,
 And court the rainbow flashes, startling bright,
 Of the star-gemmed tiara ; to her eyes
 Jewels well worth the satrapies of heaven ;—
 Rich in all fancies virtues to attract
 Good, or from evil fend ; the which same gems
 She oft would deftly moralize, and prove
 To the subservient glozers ranged around,
 How well they did become her, how much stead,
 The breast, the brow whereon they dazzling lay ;
 Now gleaming forth defiant, now reposed
 In silent capabilities of light."

Here, thus presiding, the elder accuses the younger sister of

"Aspiring to espouse,
 The angel prince, my sometime lord and lover,
 He exiled, thou in bonds."

The following answer of the younger ought to contain some of the clues to the allegory, and we quote it that the reader may find them for himself, if this be possible :

"O heavenly consort !—O affianced bride
Of God's own Son ! Be there 'tween thee and me
Nor struggle, nor misdoubt. They both malign,
Who sow the seeds of discord broadcast here.
We each have our forenoted lot, Be mine,
The power, the privilege of servitude.
Be thine, command. My faith can never change.
But thou hast fallen from service to a throne—
Though he who ever loves, nor swerves from that
His heart hath fixed on once, with me consort,
It is but for a season, and our talk
Is of thee always. Countless prayers are thine.

"I, too, have my devotions, and serve God
Doubtless, although I worship not with thee,
Replied the elder, bowing from her throne ;
We worship each our star, but all in heaven."

The elder answers this in a speech full of pride and insolence, declaring her temple to be her own heart ; she will worship at no other, and she utterly abjures the alliance with her angel lover :

"No lord, nor living equal, shall be mine.
Depart, and let him know our fixed resolve."

Does this depict the Church of Rome, in the plenitude of its power, its arts, and its excesses, forgetful of wisdom and religion, and exiling faith, humility, and all the virtues from her courts. The following passage, which might seem to shadow forth the loss of crowns, kingdoms and subjects to her sway, with the rise of Luther and other reformers, would appear to sanction this notion :

"While yet she spake, the jewels of her crown,
Erewhile obtested, in the sight of all,
Dropped, several, down,—o sadly splendid lapse,
Like meteor showers autumnal in the skies,—
Whose fancied virtues, in her false esteem,
Were that which made her royal ; down they fell,
And but enriched the dust.

"With deep dismay
She eyed the empty sockets, and was still.
Stricken with shame, too, slowly slid away
That parasitic court."

The younger sister takes this opportunity to counsel her haughty elder, but she is repulsed. There is much beauty in the following passage,—with some defects, the result of a too frequent use of philosophical and abstruse terms.

Next came the crime of crimes with curses crowned,
Staggering precipitate. No lack was there
Of direful sign and portent; chief was this—
Each day grew murkier, for the light of truth
Suns those serenest firmaments; and all
The falsehoods each one uttered, lie by lie,
Rolled into rings of darkness round their heads—
Till the conglomerate gloom obscured the day,
And each one so infringed the other's view,
That contact in collision ceased. And still,
With gathering shades, the stranger spirits grew
Still lovelier, and, like light outletting flowers,
Glowed in the lengthening eve; and oft at night
As the stars streamed their silver radiance forth—
Alternating with azure and all gems—
Or as in nacrine blent in one soft blaze,
Their rosy bowers they trimmed; and training low
The honied wreaths, heavy with odorous dew,—
Warbled a vesper song, inviting mirth
And amicable converse in the shade.
There likewise they averred to serve their God—
Whose living emblem dwelt, they said, among them—
With natural worship and symbolic rites
Of souls regenerated; there impart
The esoteric truths which nature veiled,
Of the one triplicative essence; there—
All cosmogonic and theurgic lore,
Without consideration, open free
To the enraptured eye—and but for one
Prostration of the spirit duly made,
The sacred fire and secrets of the stars.
Night after night these proffers were proclaimed—
And mysteries more enchanting still, with smiles,
Hinting of happier revelations yet,
When those they loved were perfected in faith.

We must condense. We have no space for other extracts. The luxurious angels exult actually in the increasing length of the night, as affording them opportunities for more enjoyment. They are counselled by an ancient sage against their errors. He seeks their chief,

“Who lay reclined on fragrant flowers, as though
Dreaming, yet only half dissolved in sleep,”

and sternly counsels him to toil and performance. The answer is that the happy idleness in which he consumes the time, is wise, and half divine—that those only who know how to *spend* life, know how to live; that their rest is contemplation—their sole want is worship,—and that they are mightiest when most at rest. Come at evening, is the language of this luxurious leader, and you shall see what it is we worship. This proves to be a dragon that suddenly appears among the worshippers—a terrible monster of a hundred heads, each of which carried a hundred tongues. He demands the youthful sister of the empress—the pure, sweet keeper of the sacred faith,—as the proper victim. This reminds us of the heathen fable. What is this monster? Is it the inquisition? or is it only a new form for Moloch—war; or for Mammon, avarice—all of which devour favorite victims without stint or limit. The queen has the grace to plead for her sister, but in vain; and the victim is bound to a crag of the sea. The passage which we quote will remind the reader at once of Perseus, and of traits better known to the history of the middle ages. The angel of the world speaks:

Then vowed I to deliver her from her foes—
And for the rescue armed. The lightning steed,
Which pastures on the air, and is the sign
Of the divine destruction of all worlds,—
The sparkles of whose hoofs, in falling stars,
Struck from the adamantine course of space,
Stream o'er the skies,—in swift and solemn joy,
Came trembling at my call. A lance of light,
A sunbeam tempered in eternal fire,
I in mine hand assumed, and forth we fared.
Wide o'er the waters rose a wail of woe
With a fierce shout of exultation twined—
For chained to a dark rock, rough, high, the sea
Was loathly yielding back to land,—there stood—
Arrayed in Paradisal purity
Alone, that meek and innocent angel-maid;—
The monster wading greedily through the waves,
Her to devour;—the angels, some aghast,
Exulting some; her sister as half-dead
Fell fainting from her seat; the light alone

Of falling stars, with blinks of lightning mixed,
Lamping the red horizon fitfully.

Midway between the rock and sea we met ;
And though the creature bellowing would have fled,
And have defiled the eye of light no more,
Yet was I there to slay as well as save.
The lance of light I couched ; and straight my steed,
Who knew instinctive all his dread devoir,
Drove on like an inevitable storm ;—
The weight behind propelled the point before
Through the whole monstrous mace, till in the heart,
Quivering it stood, triumphant. Down then dropped
The soulless corse.

Here follows a violation of one of the proprieties of the poem. The worshippers of the beast, proceed to revenge themselves upon his slayer ; as if this were a thought at all consistent with what they have just seen of his power, in a conflict with the monster which they feared. It is true that he tells us that

“All power I felt transfused into mine hands :
Yet let them work their will, that all might be
Accomplished in their nature, and the great
Designs of God fulfilled which He sole knew.”

But of this secret purpose they have no reason to know any thing. They cast him out on the pyre where they have consumed their dead dragon-god, and

“Their sin-palled eyes
Perceived not that a heaven sent cloudlet caught
Safe in its soft, cool bosom——.”

the destined victim. There was then no sacrifice, and why was the illusion effected ? What was gained by it ? In the martyrdom of our Saviour, a great atonement was made, a great mission consummated, which opened the ways of immortality to the race of man ! But here, what is gained ? What is the purpose of the deception, particularly as we see that there was no suffering, no sacrifice. The younger sister whom he had rescued from the dragon, he bore

“To a lone star as yet unblessed with life——”

Where she lay enchanted and well guarded. Meanwhile,

the wretched orb which she had abandoned, sunk into night,

“And all things died
That drew their life from light—”

The empress was deposed, and would have been slain, ‘but that their hate preserved her! She was repentant in her tribulation, ‘wrecked in soul,’ and longing for her sister’s voice. The apostate world is purged by fire. The ominous sword, seen just before the foray of the vicious angels, re-appears above the burning empire, which then ceases to burn, and slowly descending, stand upright—

“No more a flaming sword,
But sunbright cross,—’neath whose redemptive light,
And restorative radiance, all the seeds
Of life waft upwards in the face of heaven.”

The angel of the world then sends the younger to release the elder sister from her fetters.

“Strike off
The manacles from her hands; and from her feet
Loosen the gory fetters; in her wounds
Pour thou the oil of peace, and wash with streams
Of living waters. Clothe her with thy self
As thou art clothed. Oh, cheer her heart with hope
And inspiration of thy faith, and say
I sent thee to redeem her. Tell her, still,
My love hath never altered; not in grief,—
In passion not, not in disgrace, nor guilt;—
Howe’er inconstant her heart, or opposed,
Her love I with an everlasting love;—
The one am I unchanging;—what beside
Thou wilt, for thou canst only utter truth.”

The younger sister, who may be the symbol of love or faith seeking the church or religion, thus appeals to, while relieving the captive:

“Arise! come forth, beloved sister, rise.
How blest am I to serve thee, to release!
Nor doubt, nor wait. Behold thy handmaid me.
Gifts bring I for thee, gifts of countless price—
Of priceless worth. Thy lover Lord commands
Array thee for the bridal. Lo! the new
And shining robes, by heavenly fingers wrought—

Fit for the form divine of her whose love
 Is hallowed in the eternal rites of heaven.
 So shall we dwell together here in bliss,
 Till he shall come who ever comes to all
 His promise sanctifies. Improve the hour
 Which yet remains, in all obedience clear;
 And deck thyself in weeds of righteousness,
 With jewels of good deeds adorned, and clad
 In golden garments redolent of praise.
 For infinite is every gift of His
 Divine bestowing; and Salvation's cup,
 And Nature's, He to overflowing fills.

It is to seek the eternal sire, to make his supplications,
 to entreat that the prayerful love of the bright maid, for
 her beloved sister, may receive acceptance, that the angel
 of the world is on that quest, which first required him to
 pass

“The mighty stream of time, which bounds
 And separates the realms of sense and soul,”

Thus we find him on his way to the angelic region, to
 whose occupants, busy at ambrosial feasts, he tells his
 story. He returns, his mission well accomplished, to the
 two sisters. The proud elder spirit grows pale bere him;
 the younger gladdens and rejoices. Her he takes by the
 hand, saying—

“Thou who watcheds't and hadst faith,
 What shall be thy reward?”

This, and the passage which follows, may help us to a
 solution of the allegory.

“If I, she said,
 Have done well, 'twas from reverence of Thee
 And love of Thy divine love; she, alas,
 Being infinitely worthier of Thy heart,
 Predestined from the first to Thy bright breast,
 Than I the thousand virtues to proclaim,
 Which own Thee Lord forever. What though sin,
 Serpent-like, fanged her, and she fell, I knew
 That thou by touch couldst heal her, and Thy power
 To do good equally by Thy will to do,
 Whose love is world-wide. Were there due to me
 Of guerdon aught, it should be still to serve
 And dwell with both for aye. Be, then, to her

The vow performed first promised, and let my
Betrothal, Lord ! in her espousals end."

The royal dame, casts herself at the feet of her handmaid, weeps aloud and clasps her knees. The angel raises her, dries her tears, and blesses both. To the former, he says :

" Beloved, come !

The handmaid's faith has saved the mistress' throne.

Be one my sister, and be one, my bride ;

Each than the other dearer, more divine.

The world's wide doomring is the land I rule,

My home is heaven, and mine inheritance

Both shall enjoy, predestinate of God.

The Father to the Son gives all in time,

The Son restores all in eternity

Unto His Sire ; and I myself to Him."

There are several small pieces included in this volume, which are not striking or remarkable as poems, and are sometimes offensive, by reason of a defective rhythm. In the main production, the ear is also frequently outraged by inharmonious and defective lines. Of this production, we have shown, if not said enough. Of its obscurities as an allegory, the reader will be able to judge from the extracts given, as well as ourselves. It is chiefly defective as a work of art. Read as a narrative, as the history of a world, under peculiar privileges and conditions, and without regard to the occult moral objects of the writer, it is rich and pleasing ; the incongruities excepted, which we have already briefly glimpsed at. Not to admit its beauties of fancy, and the frequent powers which it exhibits, would be significant of gross injustice, or great obtuseness. Perhaps, a little more painstaking would enable us to fathom the allegory. But we are not prepared to undertake this labour. In fact, that it requires so much painstaking is a serious objection to its legitimacy ; as it argues a disregard, on the part of the writer, of one of the absolute conditions of all poetical writings. Poetry requires, of all things, the most perfect lucidity. It must speak the obvious, though its topics may be in themselves, obscure and profound. To lighten up this obscure, to develope this profound, is one part of the duty of the poet, as it is the perfection of his art ; and he who dives, and he who soars, must so strive as not to leave the spectator in doubt whether he aims to bring up a pebble, or to draw down a star.

ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell.* Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his executors. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

THESE volumes furnish a very affecting history of the career of a man of genius, of whose private griefs and trials, our American world hitherto has known but little. Campbell has usually been regarded as a successful man of letters. It was, perhaps, his worst misfortune, as a literary man, that he should have been so rapidly successful—that, at a single bound, he should have placed himself so conspicuously, almost on the highest rounds of fame. He could scarcely have gone higher at any succeeding leap: yet the natural expectation required that he should do so. His own elevation embarrassed him; his courage faltered at the reflection that any future effort involved quite as much chance of loss as prospect of gain; and the apprehensions thus provoked by success, acting upon tastes naturally fastidious, and a temperament singularly susceptible to external influences, restrained and delayed his efforts, and lessened the number, if not the vigour of his performances. Gertrude of Wyoming, O'Connor's Child, the martial and naval lyrics, and some two or three isolated pieces, which remain unclassified—the Last Man, for example—are admitted fully to have sustained and enhanced the reputation which their author had won by the "Pleasures;" but after these, his muse obtained no successes with the public. It is still a question whether she did not deserve to obtain them. We are not prepared to believe that there is less *real* poetry in "Theoderic" than in the Pleasures of Hope; on the contrary, there is, we are persuaded, a great deal more;—but there is less pleasing and swelling declamation, and this is the more *popular* quality in verse. We shall endeavour, at some early day, to review the whole of Campbell's poetry, with the view to the proper development of what is excellent, and to be cherished, in his less appreciated performances. To one who reads these volumes, there will be no surprise that he achieved so little. The wonder will be that he achieved so much. His private and literary history, as traced here by a friendly biographer, is a touching and instructive one. We are afraid that our biographer has passed, however, with too much tenderness over the private errors of his subject. There is no policy in this forbearance. It is not properly due to the author, and the opposite course is due to the world, and to succeeding poets. We have no doubt that Campbell's habits were deplorably bad. We remember the almost brutal answer, concerning them, which Capt. Maryatt, when in this country, made to ourselves, in answer to a direct question, "Yes,

d—n him, drunk on gin every night!" His biographer touches upon this frailty with extreme tenderness. It was probably under this sort of inspiration that Campbell uttered his absurdities with regard to the United States and the slave institutions of the South. His sonnets and speeches, where these are the subjects, are equally maudlin. But we have no pleasure in dwelling upon the failings of a superior intellect. We commend these two volumes to all the admirers of Campbell the poet, in the day of his strength and purity. They afford a painful history of griefs and weaknesses, of ambition, too frequently looking round for the crutch, when it should have seized the staff; and of pride, lacking that proper tone and consistency, without which the results were inevitable in disappointment and humiliation. Campbell seems to have been quite too fond of looking about him for assistance—to have been quite too ready to borrow money from his friends, and even newly-made acquaintance—in brief, to have lacked the manhood, which resolves, from the first, on self-reliance. Dr. Beattie is not much of an artist, and—perhaps prudently—has left the subject to speak as much as possible for himself. The correspondence is very copious, and contains numerous small pieces of verse, which have never before appeared in print; but these letters nowhere impress you with the idea of a man of large and commanding powers.

2. *A First Book in Greek, etc., on the method of constant imitation and repetition*; by JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and GEORGE CROOKS, A.M. New-York: 1848.

A Second Book in Greek, containing Syntax, Prosody, the Dialects, etc., forming a Greek Reader; by JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D. New-York. 1850.

Classical Studies, etc. Sears, Edwards & Felton. Boston. 1843.

TO THE man who aims at scholarship, nothing is more interesting than a detail of the methods and successive steps by which eminent scholars have reached their acquisitions; and few things are more interesting than the history of the struggles with poverty, and difficulties of every description, through which many such scholars have fought their way to honourable distinction. While a young man contemplates, with admiration and despair, the splendid erudition which seems hopelessly beyond his attainment, he must nevertheless remember, that there must have been a time when the greatest scholars were but learners of elements, and he, therefore, inquires with intense interest, what were the consecutive steps by which a Rhunken, a Wyttenbach, a Heyne, a Heeren, a Boeckh, a Müller, a Bekker, proceeded from the drudgery of paradigms and vocabularies, to the critical mastery of those tongues, which opened to them a glorious and boundless field of instruction and delight. And the young

student can gather encouragement, direction, and enthusiasm, in prosecuting his labours, when he finds a Wytttenbach, for instance, beginning seriously to devote himself to the study of Greek, at the age of eighteen, with no further knowledge of its elements than enabled him laboriously, with grammar and lexicon, to wade through a treatise of Plutarch.

The work of President Sears and his coadjutors, quoted in our rubric, is now, we presume, pretty generally known to classical readers, and needs, therefore, no commendation of its valuable and interesting contents. The difficulties, the progress, the labours, the success, the correspondence, and selected essays, of some of the most distinguished scholars, render the volume admirable for the young student, both as to information and encouraging excitement. But that very kind of direction, as to the method and successive steps to be pursued, which the student derives from the literary history of scholars, is now-a-days furnished him in the great number of elementary books which undertake to lead him along the path, gradually advancing towards scholarship.

It is not surprising that the ignorant and absurd objection to the "waste of" time devoted to classical studies, should still be frequently heard, when such countless instances are found, in which the time given nominally to these studies has been actually wasted. A parent has most just cause to doubt the utility of the study of Latin and Greek, or, at least, to enter a strenuous complaint against the relative time and importance attributed to it in the course of (what is called) education, when he finds that his son, after seven or eight years from the opening of his Latin and Greek books, and having gone, meanwhile, through a "course of classical reading," at school and college, is unable to translate his own diploma, or to decline a Greek noun of the first declension. There can be no doubt that it would have been far better for the pupil to have been employed upon something which he would have acquired within this time. It is utterly incredible that Latin and Greek should be languages so greatly surpassing all others in difficulty of acquisition, as, on that account, to produce and account for such fruitless results. It is very well known that they are not so. Arabic is very much more difficult than Latin, and Sanscrit than Greek. And if any youth of ordinary capacity can acquire a tolerable knowledge of French in a couple of years, certainly he may be expected to read Latin and Greek in seven or eight.

Now, the numerous elementary books published in late years, for the study of Latin and Greek, (such, for example, as Anthon's, Arnold's, etc.,) are designed to obviate the absurdity of the most precious years of a youth's life, for mental training,—when the receptive faculties are most plastic,—being nominally devoted, in a great measure, to one of the most important branches of education, with the

paradoxical result, of almost total ignorance at the end of his course. But of all that class of books which we have seen, without disparaging, or not fully recognizing the high merits of several of them, we give decided preference to the works of Mr. McClintock, in our rubric. When we say that they are based upon such philological principles as those of Kühner, we have already indicated their strong claim to attention. The subject of accentuation is excellently treated; a subject neglected in almost all elementary books of the kind, while it ought to be made familiar to the pupil at the earliest stage of his course. "Si quis igitur vestrum ad accuratam Græcarum literarum scientiam aspirat, is probabilem sibi accentuum rationem quam maturrime comparet, in propositoque perstet scurrarum dicitate et stultorum derisione immotus."—*Porson ad Med.*

In these cheap books, a studious youth has most clearly and admirably marked out for him, the steps which he must pursue in entering upon the path of sound scholarship; and we venture to predict that any one who *masters* these two books of Dr. McClintock, (which, from their lucid arrangement and thorough plan, he can do without a master,) will not only find himself prepared to appreciate and enjoy such works as Kühner's or Jelf's grammars, but will have laid a foundation capable of enduring any superstructure of Greek learning which he may be disposed to erect upon it. Had we time, we might suggest some additions and improvements to Dr. McC's. books; but we doubt not, should he publish another edition, he will himself do even more than we could suggest; and we can only earnestly commend the volumes to all who wish to lay a wide and deep foundation for the acquisition of the Greek language.

3. *An Oration*, delivered at Charlestown, on the seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1850. By EDWARD EVERETT. Boston: Redding & Co. 1850.

ONE is always sure of good taste and good manners, grace and information, where Everett is the orator or writer. His mind is always certain to be full of the subject which he undertakes, or, with a religious sense of duty, he makes it full before he undertakes to expound to others. Thus studious and searching, he grasps all the essential features of his topic, and groups them together in harmonious combination. His style, at once lucid and forcible, is free from all incumbrances. He avoids extremes, and is neither careless nor ambitious. A nice propriety of manner prevails in all his performances, the natural result of equal good taste and conscientiousness. The discourse before us, upon an exhausted subject, is commended, by the orator's grace and spirit, with a certain degree of freshness to our own. It affords us nothing new of a history,

the details of which have been put before us a thousand times before; nor do the reflections which we owe to the orator strike us with many of the shows of novelty. But we read with pleasure the array of sentiments which appeal to patriotism, particularly when enlivened by fancy, and clothed in the habiliments of grace. Following the steps of the race to comparative freedom, throughout the world, our orator naturally comes down to our own period. He has contrasted our success with those of other nations. But the aspect of the present among us makes him pause. He sees what are the griefs and woes, the fears and dangers, of the still struggling nations of Europe; and his language becomes that of misgiving. The necessity of union then becomes his text, and, in this consideration, he omits, we think, the most serious essential of the subject—the primary sentiment of justice. There can be no union without sympathy—no sympathy without justice; and the great mistake of our Northern brethren is in perpetually substituting the “Union” for the “Constitution.” There are sundry errors, according to our modes of thinking, in the paragraph which we quote; and as these errors involve really all the dangerous heresies which may defeat and destroy the Union, we shall pause for a few moments to consider them.

“It would be an unprofitable consumption of time to attempt to point out the innumerable ways in which the Union has auspiciously influenced the destinies of the country. Could any doubt arise on this point, it ought to be removed by a glance at *the disastrous effects of discord among the republics of ancient Greece*; among the Italian cities in the middle ages, or even at the present day, when we behold that lovely region, once the garden of Europe and the mistress of the world, *by the sole want of a comprehensive nationality*, lying at the mercy of foreign foes, and, what is worse, of foreign friends; or at more than one of the groups of States which have been carved out of the colonial dominions of Spain, in the southern portions of this continent. These are all so many warnings of *the disastrous effects of a want of union among kindred States*; like discordant brothers, in danger of being led into fiercer warfare by those very circumstances of common language and origin, which, *under a well adjusted central power*, would form the natural cement of the union.”

The italics are ours, and are designed to fix the reader's attention especially upon the points we make. Our first remark concerns the due relation of the two first sentences in this paragraph. There is no proper logical connection between them. It would be difficult, we think, to understand how auspiciously our Union has worked for us, by showing what were the mischiefs of discord among the republics of ancient Greece. But we deny that it is the “Union”

which has kept *us* from discord. Our peaceful relationships arose from the very influences to which we owe the "Union," itself—natural necessities, which led us to coalesce against the dangers that threatened from without. The allegation of the South begins to be, that all our discord is the result of our union; since it is through this medium, alone, that Massachusetts, and other free States, presume to assail the peace and safety of Southern institutions, which, as foreign States or nations, they would never dare to do, unless at peril of open war. Thus England, which is deadly hostile to slavery, though bound to us in no ties of league or confederacy, does not venture to wag her finger at our safety, through a reasonable fear of consequences. But Mr. Everett quite mistakes the cause of the overthrow of the republics of Greece and Italy. It was not the want of "Union" by which they perished. They *were* united at certain periods among themselves. The evil was, that the larger States, as they continued to increase in power, made this union the means of usurping the supreme control over the smaller, just as Mexico has been doing with her States, and as our own Northern States are seeking now to do—thus driving the smaller States into isolation and independence. This, when you examine the history according to the true lights, must be the common conviction of every statesman. The struggles of Athens and the Laconian cities had this origin; the wars of Florence and the neighbouring Italian States, no other;—and all seem to have been occasioned by the selfish and vicious attempts, disguised under those very specious phrases—of "comprehensive nationality," and "well-adjusted central power,"—of which Mr. Everett speaks with so much unction, and which, when they become the language of the stronger States, are phrases meaning nothing less than usurpation—the utter subjection to the will of an irresponsible power, of the rights of the feeble and the inferior. Our Union had a sufficiently "well-adjusted central power,"—a sufficiently strong cement,—so long as the powerful States of New-York and New-England, Pennsylvania and Ohio, were willing to let the Constitution have free play, for the protection of the States of the South. The cement is threatened only now, when we find these great States trampling the Constitution under foot, defeating its provisions by State legislation and popular violence, and insisting upon the "Union" only as a means for the acquisition of power, and the avoidance of responsibility. It is a grand feature of our system, when honestly maintained—which should be better understood—that which, by *preventing centralization*, and by religiously maintaining the rights of the States, however small and feeble, against what is called a "comprehensive nationality," would enable us to extend our alliances to any number—three thousand quite as easily as thirty—and increase, rather than lessen the strength of the country, by every square mile of territory which

we might continue to acquire. But centralization is fatal to all this. It is the one great curse of all republics. It goads the small State to desperation, drives it from the benefits of the confederacy, then seeks to conquer it on pretences of rebellion. "Union," among the American States, is not to be maintained independently of the Constitution; nor is it desirable that it should be. There can be no charm in the one word, if there be no value in the other. Let us just reverse the doctrine, and understand that the integrity of the Union depends upon the virtue and courage with which each section, however small, insists upon its rights;—and the only cement which can give us a "comprehensive nationality," is that which leaves us in the full possession of a firm and unyielding sectionality. In the recognition of this one truth, more than of all others, lies the true safety and permanence of any confederation of separate States and people. Among States and communities, sectionality is, or ought to be, an inherent characteristic, of quite as much value to them as individuality is to the man. It is the source and result of character. It maintains the community in a just self-esteem, which resents wrong and outrage, and is essential to the proper appreciation and preservation of its liberties. This is the principle which the ancient republics refused to recognize. They paid the penalty for their rejection of it. Will the great States of the North prove any wiser? We shall see. Fortunately, the people of the South are no false and feeble Greeks, no pliant, crouching Italian lazzaroni! Five millions of Southrons, with arms in their hands, are not likely to submit, with folded arms, to such tremendous acts of legislation, as, under the plea of "comprehensive nationality," destroyed the British West Indies at a single blow.

4. *Atheism among the People.* By ALPHANSO DE LAMARTINE.
Boston: Philips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

Whatever may be the faults and imperfections of Lamartine, his worst enemies will scarcely ascribe to him a want of sincerity and truth. That he is honest, though, perhaps, infirm of purpose, is hardly to be questioned. But it is one of the infirmities, even of his real virtues, that they are always so much dashed with his vanities and sentimentalities, as to make them suspected whenever they appear abroad. They go forth so bedizened in external glitter, and with the particular *blazon*, the crest and shield of the proprietor, so studiously set above as the standard beneath which they march, that we are forced to say,—“pretty,—yes;—fine, yes!—virtuous and proper, yes—republican no doubt;—but more than all, Lamartinish.” This pamphlet, clever mostly, fanciful, and sometimes impressive and eloquent, particularly compels such a summary of the public judgment. The author proposes to discuss and to de-

scribe atheism among the people, and he begins by asking why he, Alphonse de Lamartine, loves the people? The inconsequential answer, because he believes in God; and the illogical connection of the two propositions is brought about by a strain of vague and sentimental suggestion which might lead equally to any other conclusion. Now, what had his love for the people to do with the simple proposition before him—their atheism? Or why should his belief in God, more decidedly than his obedience to God's laws, and his inevitable instincts in favour of that humanity of which he was an absolute part, lead to his sympathies in behalf of his race? Nothing but the intolerable egotism of the author, that so mars his best performances, could have prompted so idle an obtrusion of self into a subject which especially demanded its entire exclusion. The pamphlet, as we have said, is graceful and spirited, and sometimes rises into eloquence of diction. We do not see that its materials have any claims to the merit of originality.

5. *Poems*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In two volumes. A new edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

LONGFELLOW is confessedly one of the most charming poets of the present generation; his merits as a writer of grace, of fancy, and of exquisite taste, are beyond question, and almost beyond comparison. His verse flows, rarely limpid, in the pleasant sunlight, and among the shady woods. It is a bird song, speaking of the free, generous and bouyant nature; of morning and its dews; of evening and its flowers; of night and its unclouded stars. He is a moral poet, without being an ascetic; a fanciful poet, without being flippant and capricious; and a thoughtful poet, without obscurity or crudeness. He is not profound as a poet; is not imaginative, or only in moderate degree; we cannot urge his originality, nor can we speak of him as possessing voice of much power or intensity; but for purity, grace, sweetness, the consistency of tone, the charm of manner, the delicacy of his fancy, and the melody of his strain, it would be scarce possible to find his equal among living poets, and still more difficult to assert that he has any superior. That he is largely imitative is unquestionable; but he certainly possesses the happy faculty of improving in some respects upon the materials which he appropriates. The present edition is the best for the library that we have seen. It is beautifully printed, on the best paper, in the best style. Here we have said every thing that we can conscientiously say in behalf of the author and his publishers. We regret that what we have yet to say, must be in a different temper. These volumes contain matters which are by no means contemplated in any thing that we have just said. They contain sundry gross and coarse verses, which Longfellow, in a moment of folly and

fanaticism, has devoted to slavery subjects—brutalities and falsehoods, coined from the abolition mint, and which not even the genius of the author, his otherwise pure taste and graceful utterance, can possibly elevate with any of the characteristics of poetry. Here his fancy leaves him,—here his grace departs—he flounders heavily along with the falsehood, and experiences, in the illsuccess of these articulated strains, the full truth of the maxim of the artist, that, unless the soul of the fiction be truth, there is no life in it—nothing by which it can live. The poet never so trifles with his fame as when he lends his genius to the purposes of a faction.

6. *The Architecture of Country Houses*; including designs for Cottages, Farm Houses, and Villas, with remarks on interiors, furniture, and the best modes of warming and ventilating. With three hundred and twenty Illustrations. By A. J. DOWNING, author of "Designs for Cottage Residences, &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1850.

To those familiar with the previous publications of the author, this title page will be quite sufficient to commend to favour the beautiful volume before us. Mr. Downing has already done much for the improvement of the architecture of our cities. In the matter of "Rural Architecture," particularly in the Southern States, we need some such helping counsellor as himself. Our fabrics, especially in the villages and plantations, are put together with a rare defiance of law and order, decency, economy and taste. Such a book as the present would be a good plantation manual, where buildings are constantly in progress of erection, and where we ought to be taught, that it is not only just as easy, but much cheaper to build a house symmetrically, and after a well adjusted design, than meanly, rudely irregularly, and after no design at all. We shall probably take up this volume hereafter, with a regard to the variety and value of its contents, and their importance to our studies throughout the South. For the present, we must content ourselves with commending it generally to public favour, as an admirable manual of domestic architecture, and a pleasing subject of study and examination.

7. *Poems*. By ROBERT BROWNING. In two volumes. A new edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

THIS very beautiful edition is worthy of the author whom it enshrines. Browning is no common verse-maker. He is a writer of thought and genius, of peculiar and curious powers as an artist; subtle, spiritual, and singularly fanciful, and, though as yet perhaps unacknowledged, is one of the master minds of living European

song. He is obscure, however, and will scarcely ever reach that degree of popularity which follows only the limpid and transparent Sonneteer. He will grow slowly in public esteem, and, finally, when his peculiar phraseology shall become familiar, to the ear, it will compel an admiration which is very far from general now. The singular deficiency with Browning, at present, seems to be that his power of utterance is inadequate to the thought with which he is burdened. It will need more years of practice before he will find a fit expression for the phrenzies of his muse. Hence his obscurities and roughnesses, and the frequent wrong done to his fancies by the halting and ungainly measures in which he clothes them. We shall probably review him at length hereafter. Meanwhile, let us briefly say, that his claims to the regards of those who require a deep and earnest thought, in verse, as well as music and fancy, is beyond question. All such persons must take him to their studies, if not to their hearts. It is only through the one, indeed, that he can find his way to the other. Why, let us ask, have the publishers of this very fine edition, omitted "*Sordello*" from its table of contents?

8. *Dr. Johnson: His Religious Life and his Death.* New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

SAM JOHNSON was something of a bigot; he had his superstitions and his prejudices in religion; in some things he was intolérant, in many, perhaps, unwise;—but none will deny that he was pure in purpose, sound in morality, and meekly confident in the christian dispensation. His religious history might well be made a volume to itself, as has been done in a previous publication. Carlyle furnished, long ago, in his "*Heroes and Hero Worship*," the key to such a performance. We should have much preferred that Carlyle, himself, had used it; but, in his forbearance, we cannot complain that other zealous hands have resolved upon the attempt. The compiler of the present volume, wanting in genius, and, perhaps, no great proficient in philosophy, has yet provided us with a very readable christian biography. That he is familiar with his subject and with the contemporaries of Johnson, his work gives ample testimony. His reading is considerable, and is brought to bear largely upon parallel passages in the life of Johnson. The anecdotal matter is well arranged and illustrated; and its peculiar significance, as bearing upon the morals of the subject, is set forth in a proper light. Sam Johnson is an admirable study, equally for the man of purity, of talents and of character. His life affords lessons of moral courage, a rare capacity of endurance, a stern conscientiousness, and a religious sense of duty, which seemed to feel properly that love

and charity were necessary constituents in duty, without which it was an unwholesome working without faith.

9. *Railway Economy*: A Treatise on the New Art of Transport ; its management, prospects and relations, commercial, financial and social, with an exposition of the practical results of the railways in operation in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and in America. By DIONYSIUS LARDNER. D.C.L. &c. New-York : Harper & brothers. 1850.

NOTHING need be said of the vast and paramount importance of the railway system, to the enterprize, and consequently the civilization of the world. Its economy, management and history, are the deserving subjects of consideration, and belong properly to the studies of the age. Such a study, of the highest importance to the business man and the utilitarian, is scarcely less so to him who finds pleasure in reviewing the progress of the nations, and in tracing out the true sources of their performance and prosperity. To either class the volume before us appears to supply all the necessary material. The history of railways, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, on the Continent of Europe, and in our own country,—their social, pecuniary and political effects on these several countries, what they have achieved already, and what they may be expected to achieve—are here amply recorded. The details are admirably comprehensive, and include all possible subjects of interest in connection with the main topic of the book. This was well confided to the hands of Dr. Lardner, the particular character of whose mind, perhaps more decidedly than that of any other person, prepared him for such a performance.

10. *Deutsche Zeitschrift fur Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben*. Berlin : May 25, 1850. [Dr. Neander on Miles's Philosophic Theology.]

THE famous Christian Philosopher, Dr. Augustus Neander, has but recently paid the debt of nature. One of the latest productions of his pen consisted of a review, in the periodical above mentioned, of a work which has been already largely examined in our own pages. We are rejoiced in twofold measure, at the concurring opinions of Neander, as well in our own as in behalf of our townsman, Mr. Miles, the author of the work reviewed. Of course, the testimony of Dr. Neander is from a source the most unquestionable ; while the value of his opinion as a critical authority, in regard to the subject matter, will challenge comparison with that of any living mind. When the following notice was written, the aged Christian was so nearly blind that his reading was done by a secretary. The

sense of pleasure derived, and of applause due to the source of it, must have been strong indeed, under these circumstances, to prompt the article which, without further introduction, we now offer to our readers.

“*Philosophic Theology, or Ultimate Grounds of all Religious Belief based on Reason.* By James W. Miles, Charleston, 1849. Notice by Dr. Augustus Neander.

“The author understands by reason (in opposition to formal understanding,) the faculty of spiritual intuition. The book consists of two parts. The first contains a correspondence between a sceptic and his friend, upon the essence of religion and christianity; the second, a further investigation into various points of theology connected with the subject.

“This work (written by a young man, of Charleston, S. C., who, we hear, is a missionary returned from the East Indies) we have perused throughout with uniform interest, and for the most part with cordial and cheerful approval; and we esteem it as an important publication in the field of Christian Philosophy, Theological and Apologetic. We regard it as a remarkable and gratifying sign of the times, one of those signs indicating the dawning era of a new development of theology, which is not to be repressed by power of contradiction or retaliatory reaction. It is evident that the influence of a Kant, a Jacobi, a Schelling, a Schleiermacher, has, directly or indirectly, already diffused itself far beyond Europe. We recognize the influence of those new, leading ideas, which, from their first spiritual laboratory in our fatherland—(a country destined to remain faithful to that position in the world, acquired for it through the Reformation,) have already produced a flood which will ever spread wider to all the regions of the earth. It is evident that the author, a man of deep religious and christian earnestness, united to a clear and independent mind, has taken a lively interest in, and has himself been moved by, the various conflicting views and questions, which also agitate the minds of Germany, and which, assuming ever more and more a practical form, become the soul of all the great phenomena and revolutions of the world. He has become convinced that the old apologetic method of the English “Evidences,” is no longer tenable; that, from the periphery we must enter more into the centre; that, instead of being occupied with isolated historical and dogmatic questions, we must advance therefrom to examine into the essence of the religious and moral nature of man, to comprehend Christianity in its relation to that nature, and to learn that the fundamental wants of the mind can only find their true satisfaction in Christianity. He is penetrated with the

conviction, that the whole spiritual development of man is ever more and more pressed to make its decision between the only alternatives of two antitheses, which admit of no reconciliation and no middle ground; the alternative, on one hand, of faith in a living, supra-mundane, personal God, as he has revealed himself in Christ; or, on the other hand, of a comfortless Pantheism, demanding from us the annihilation of our true self, and standing in contradiction to the necessities and demands implanted in our innermost being. The author recognizes that Christianity is not so much a fixed system of conceptions, as a system of new, divine, world-transforming facts, wherein is founded a new potency of life, bearing also with it a new system of higher institutions. He recognizes in the fact of the manifestation of God in Christ, the central point of christianity; he knows well how to distinguish between christian consciousness, spiritual intuition, and the formal conception of dogmas. He is far from bibliolatry; far, therefore, from seeing, in the Bible, a mere inspired *Codex*, and seeking in it explanations of that which does not concern the interests of the religious and moral nature of man. He knows that the truths of salvation pertain to a sphere altogether different from that of the subjects of geographical, historical, geognostic, or physical science; he knows that the fundamental truths of the Gospel can actually come in conflict with no progress in any department of science. With religious earnestness and a soberness and purity of spirit, of which our age has peculiar need, he separates distinctly the boundaries of the religious and of a scientific sphere, which cannot come into contact with religion. But he is also far from undervaluing the high significance of the Bible for religious faith. Far from a mechanical notion of inspiration, he knows well how to conceive it as *the special work of the Divine Spirit*. He sees, in the Apostles, men to whom in the divine light higher intuitions of divine things were given. While the author thus places himself in the central point of Christianity, as the satisfaction of the fundamental necessities of our nature, and knows how to distinguish Christian consciousness and dogmas, he is also elevated above the narrowness of sectarian opposition. His whole theological way of thinking is of one piece. We tender to him our hand, as to one of those dispositions and spiritual relations, who, in the great, hot battle of the present time, will ever draw more and more together, as one band. This work, as a remarkable sign of the times, deserves to be also known in our own land.

“What we have here remarked will suffice to call attention to the importance of the work; we will only give some further extracts from its pages.”

[Then follow a variety of extracts.]

11. *Europe, Past and Present*: A Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History; with separate descriptions and statistics of each State and a copious index, facilitating reference to every essential fact in the history and present state of Europe. By FRANCIS H. UNGEWITTER, L.L.D. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

THIS compilation seems to us to fulfil all the conditions promised in the title page. It contains a comprehensive view of all the States and races of Europe, so full as to leave no important question in statistics unsatisfied, yet so compact as to fasten upon us no unnecessary details, increasing uselessly the bulk and expense of the volume. The area of each State, its population, its manufacture, products, culture, the degree of its civilization, the form of its government, and such a summary of its history as serves sufficiently for reference,—are the topics which are here compassed, with others others which naturally depend upon them. The plan of the work is a very good one, and such as supplies a great deficiency in the popular library. The compiler, Dr. Ungewitter, has brought to his task the very sort of faculty which it needed—comprehensive reading, unwearied industry—a patient study of detail which, however necessary and instructive, are not often grateful or interesting. The popular reader will be pleased at the diligence and care which thus saves him a labour which he could not well have taken for himself, and thus provides him with materials, important to his progress, which he could no where have found in so small a compass and at such small expense.

12. *Letters of a Traveller*; or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

As grace, sweetness, purity and manliness, are the chief traits of Mr. Bryant's poetry, so clearness, earnestness, simplicity, and good common sense, are the characteristics of his prose. In prose and verse equally, he is without pretension. He seems to choose his path after calm deliberation, and he then pursues it with temperance and firmness. As a traveller, his charm results from his simplicity. He is not what may be called a picturesque writer, though he sees his objects with all the clearness of a painter's vision. But he does not pay that regard to the *atmosphere* of his picture, which constitutes the chief secret of the picturesque in the narrative as in the painting. In fact, he is rather too ambitionless in his sketches, and we suspect that this is somewhat due to the fact that he wrote at first for newspaper publication only. The objection which will be urged against

these letters, by one class, will be their meagreness of details; by another, what may be styled their moral deficiencies. But the plan of the writer contemplated hasty outlines only; and the rapidity of his progresses certainly could have afforded but few opportunities for those searching inquiries into the social condition and nature of a people, which a moral portraiture requires. The preface of the author warns the reader against any expectations which do not fully consist with the fact that these narratives "contain no regular account of any tour or journey made by the writer, but are merely occasional sketches." As such they will be found always pleasant, and frequently instructive reading. They embody a novelty of plan, since no regular order of progress is pursued. Here you have a few chapters which tell you of antiquities in France; of the levity and thoughtless character of the people of that country; of the beggary, the police, degradation of the people of Italy; of the popular tastes; the arts, &c.; of Florence, Venice, &c.; and, on a sudden, you are in America, with a gulph of years yawning between; the author having excluded, as unnecessary chatter only, the history of how he again crossed the water, how he sighed at leaving Europe, and how he wept at seeing America, and all that common-place pathetic which occupies so much precious time of the reader in ordinary books of travel. Mr. Bryant's plan, on the contrary, affords you some advantages—to say nothing of the saving of time and temper,—in the abruptness of the contrast which, at one moment showing you Florence and Venice, in Europe; at the next shows you Illinois, in America. Brief chapters are given to that State, and then we have pleasant sketches of Richmond, Virginia; a journey from Richmond to Charleston; a brief sketch of Charleston and portions of South Carolina; of Savannah; of Picolata and St. Augustine, Florida. Another sudden transition takes you to Vermont and New-Hampshire; and from these, in the twinkling of an eye, you are again in Europe, with another chasm of years between the periods. These changes make the progresses sufficiently various. Our traveller never dwells so long on his topics as to make them tedious; his volume may be read without effort and without weariness, and the only regret or reproach which the reader will be disposed to utter, will be that the author has only too much forborne the use of his opportunities, and the privileges of his pen.

13. ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

1. *Address*, delivered by special request, before the St. Paul's Agricultural Society (S. C.) May, 1850. By HON. WILLIAM ELLIOTT. Charleston: Walker & James. 1850.
2. *Annual Oration*, delivered before the Chrestomathic Society of the College of Charleston, Feb. 22, 1850. By Rev. J. W. MILES. Charleston: E. C. Councell. 1850.
3. *An Address*, before the Cadet Polytechnic Society, State Military Academy, June 14, 1850. By EDWIN HERIOT. Charleston: Walker & James. 1850.

1. MR. ELLIOTT has been earnestly labouring, for a long time, to teach our planters the necessity of diversifying our products; insisting that the diminution in the price of cotton is the simple fruit of the excess of production. This has been denied; the opponents of his theory still pointing to the fact that the cotton, whatever its quantity, is all finally sold. To this, our orator answers properly with a *non sequitur*; and he is right. That an article, under degraded prices should still find purchasers, by no means shows that the demand is commensurate to the production. Mr. Elliott, in his present address, exultingly points to the present prices of cotton, at a season when the crop is notoriously short. But, whether it be the fact or not, that we produce too much cotton, the necessity of diversifying our products and labours, for the purposes of safety and independence, is a proposition that no one in his senses can seriously dispute; and we welcome to the field all those public teachers who will assist in giving proper counsel, in this respect, to our agricultural classes. Mr. Elliott, we need scarcely say, is a very pleasant and spirited writer, and a most efficient orator.

2. The discourse of the Rev. Mr. Miles is at once highly picturesque and thoughtful. Its object being to urge, strenuously, the sacred duty of individual development, he gives us a fine moral and historical portraiture, found in the trial of the *unfortunate* Grecian Generals who fought *successfully* at Arginusæ, A. C. 406, Olymp. 93. 3. These he defends; shows what were their objects; furnishes their apologies, and throws the crime (if any) in their failure to pursue their successes, and the unjust sentence which followed it, upon the true shoulders—those of that insolent demagoguery which was riding upon the neck of Athenian liberty, like the Old Man of the Sea upon the shoulders of Sinbad. The noble course of Socrates, who alone of all the magistrates, stood up firmly in their favor, against all the madness of the Athenian Demus,—the manly defence of Eurypolemus;—the patriotic resignation and last counsels of Diomedon, one of the condemned, as he was led to death;—these afford the material upon which our

orator happily dilates, in the several portraits which he draws of true men who are faithful to the endowments which God had confided to them for growth, nourishment and proper exercise. The discourse is a very thoughtful and impressive one,—history being made subservient to the social lesson, while the individual characters thus selected, are made to rise up as the noblest examples for personal study and emulation. Mr. Miles is a speaker, habitually, of earnestness and truthfulness and thought;—and these constitute the main sources of an eloquence which seldom finds a drowsy ear within the reach of his accents.

3. The object of Mr. Heriot's address is to urge the Polytechnic as the best school for practical instruction. Mr. H. is a young writer, but a decidedly improving one, as this performance shows. It exhibits reflection, research, and inquiry, and is written in good style and proper taste. Physical education, the Military school, in short, is not too much insisted upon. We have no doubt that its application might be profitably rendered more general, particularly in a country like ours, where the seductions of a bland and sensuous climate are too apt to beguile us into physical repose and sluggishness. Mr. H. properly insists that our Military Academies are so many normal schools. No doubt; but, in fact, the want of normal schools is by no means the difficulty in the way of popular education in the South. A great deal of idle breath has been used in declamation upon this subject. We can have competent teachers in abundance, at any moment, from our Colleges and Military Academies, for the whole South, from South-Carolina alone,—whenever our common schools are able to *pay the Schoolmaster*. But this is the difficulty. In the sparsely settled condition of our country, it is physically impossible to get a sufficient body of pupils together, except in a few particular precincts, and then only by the combination of private with public means, to compensate the able teacher. This is all the difficulty and all the mystery of this subject.

14. *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas*. A tale of Morocco. By WILLIAM STARBUCK MAYO, M.D., author of *Kaloolah*, &c. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

"KALOO LAH" proved the possession of large resources of invention, and a brilliant fancy, on the part of the author. The objection to that legend was its utter want of repose and relief. The eye was pained by the intensity of the glitter and the fancy, and the mind wearied by the ceaseless rapidity of the action. Both of these objections are lessened considerably in the story of the "Berber." The author has subdued himself to more reasonable excesses, though he still needs to learn the value of

repose, as a relief to his action, and of a more serious regard to probability in his plot, as essential to the successful exercise of his invention. The escape of one of his brothers at sea taxes our credulity beyond all reasonable bounds. He is careless in his contrivances also. The interposition of the Spanish renegade, in discovering the retreat of the sisters, might have been brought about very easily, without showing the girl half-witted in whom we are required to be deeply interested; and to make the kaid occupy so conspicuous a position, only to avoid his use, and substitute another for him, in bringing about the catastrophe, is very inartistical; and this is done only to enable the author to exhibit a brutal scene, which might very well have been spared, in the sudden and despotic punishment which the emperor inflicts on the kaid, for a practice of which he had long known him to be guilty. The Christian brothers scarcely sustain the interest with which their connection with the story opens; and the action of the piece chiefly depends on the Berber, and the younger of the Christian sisters. Both of these are highly spirited portraits. The scenes in which they appear, are full of life, and frequently marked by beauty. That in which the encounter with the Berber is first made—that in which he yields the Christian girl to the harem—that in which he seizes the child of the emperor as a hostage for her safety—these are all happy and striking delineations. The book is full of spirit and talent—wanting in repose—wanting—shall we say it—in profundity—that is, lacking depth of nature and mind, and chiefly of material, rather than spiritual and intellectual life;—but still full of physical and generous impulse, and sustaining an eager interest from opening to end.

15. *Mezzofanti's System of learning Languages, applied to the study of French. With a Treatise on French Versification, and a Dictionary of Idioms, Peculiar Expressions, &c.*; by J. ROEMER, Professor of the French Language and Literature, in the New-York Free Academy. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

IN languages, the Cardinal Mezzofanti was a miracle. He untied the mysteries of a foreign grammar, as readily as he did his garters. He could speak almost as fluently in any of the tongues of Europe as in his own; and became the master of all the Oriental dialects, without any dislocation of his jaws. His system was the beginning of that which Manesca, Ollendorff and others, in later days, have made familiar to the public. It is fully embraced, with many improvements, in the admirable little work before us. It is a *second* book rather than a *first*. The editor counsels the learner to use this work in connection with "Ollen-

dorff's method." The present manual is one that should follow the acquisition of the regular verbs, and the acquisition of a good pronunciation. It is so arranged that it may be used as a Reader. With all the advantages resulting from former publications of this class, the volume before us still supplies many deficiencies.

16. *Moneypenny, or the Heart of the World.* A Romance of the present day. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New-York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1850.

MR. MATHEWS has been frequently a subject in our pages, and usually of equal praise and censure. He is one of those perverse men of talent, who vex the critic and criticism, by the exhibition of unquestionable powers, usually applied to ill uses. With a mind singularly inflexible, he persists in writing domestic novels, for the due development of the details of which, he needs equally variety and pliability; and he suffers those faculties to remain in abeyance, such as produced *Behemoth* and *Wahcondah*, which only need proper exercise to bring forth some truly classic performances of the noble and the statuesque. The chief characteristics of his mind are severity, simplicity, stateliness. How should he succeed in works which require that the writer should wholly merge himself in his characters, that these should be numerous, and should be gathered from the crowd and press of citizens, when market day comes, or in the evening, when the humorous and mere overflow of thoughtless minds and careless hearts has received a momentary freedom. His province rather demands a topic which implies intensity and concentration in and about the chief character—a great leading, and purely individual purpose—or an extreme necessity to be overcome—or a great adventure achieved—and all things tributary to the one object, and all persons coerced by the one commanding hero. The *Viking* would be a good subject for Mr. Mathews. We commend him to Odin and Balder; but we shake our heads with sorrow and misgiving when we see him poking about for his materials among the purlieus of Five Points, and other precincts of the flash and fancy order. This book, "*Moneypenny*," has good things in it—there are scenes of spirit, and characters correctly drawn. The simplicity of the rustic, and the cunning of the citizen, are well contrasted. The abandoned nymph of the *pavè*, and the ruffian of the stews, are shockingly faithful. But the wholeness, the symmetry, the propriety, of a good story are wanting. The incongruity of the elements keeps them from consistency. What an absurd story is that of the Indian damsel, and how many absurd scenes does she occasion! Not that some pathos does not result from it, since it is with an author of ability to make you

sometimes forgetful, in the delineation of a particular scene, of the blunder in which it originated; and you finally feel your eyes moistened at the griefs of a being, whom, upon a moment's reflection, you are well aware never could have been in any such situation of distress. We repeat, that Mr. Mathews owes it to his own perversity, if he fails to make his position in letters a permanent and highly honourable one. He trifles with his faculty. It is one of a strong will, and a statuesque simplicity; and not one which should lead him to a field, requiring the most singular flexibility, and a total forgetfulness of self, in the various aspects of surrounding society.

17. "*The Very Age.*" A Comedy, in five acts. "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and *the very age* and body of the time his form and pressure."—*Hamlet*. By EDWARD S. GOULD. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

A SATIRE upon would-be high life in New-York, where, perhaps, the thing shows as absurdly as in any part of the world. The satire is very like to be correct enough, and is no doubt just enough, though somewhat exaggerated. But, though dramatic in its form, the "*Very Age*" cannot well be called a comedy. It provokes no risibles. The author seems to lack the faculty to make his absurdities humorous. As a series of essays, in the form of scenes, one reads the volume without dissatisfaction. But we doubt if it would be tolerated for a moment on the stage. In the structure of his story, Mr. Gould has committed several violations of art and propriety. Thus, we deem it monstrous that he should have shown a mother, evidently fond of her son, yet, through a vague desire of revenge upon another person, actually seeking to marry the innocent youth to an unknown sister. The purpose could only be possible in the case of one who had no interest or affection for either of the parties, and who, from the nature of circumstances, could have none. As it is, the atrocious conception belongs to the author, rather than to nature. Mechanically considered, the comedy is a very tolerable piece of joinery.

18. *Congressional Documents and Pamphlets.*

WE are indebted to Messrs. Colcock, Orr and Woodward, of this State, for various public documents; that on the Coast Survey, a valuable and instructive report; and that on the "Map of the route from Fort Smith to Santa Fe," a most interesting one; the "Speech of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, on the report of the

Committee of Thirteen," need not call for comment. The labours of this famous committee are forever buried under the enormous weight of their superstructure; and,

"Next to singing the most foolish thing,
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing."

Mr. Colcock's Speech on the California Question, is a sensible, graceful, manly performance, just what we might expect from the author.

The "*Speech of Hon. R. W. Johnson, of Arkansas, on the Slavery Question*," rightly serves up the wretched course of Mr. Edward Stanley, of N. C. If the punishment bestowed in this case, by Mr. Johnson, was not quite equal to the deserts of the victim, verily, it was not the will that was lacking to make it adequate.

The "*Speech of the Hon. Joel H. Savage, of Tennessee, May 13th, in Committee of the Whole*," was also a manly answer to the assaults of our enemies, upon the people and the institutions of the South?

Who could have sent us the "*Speech of the Hon. William H. Seward, on the Compromise Bill, July 2d?*" Yet we thank him. It is not unwise to refresh ourselves with a fool, at seasons, and where he happens to be a knave, also, the zest is greatly increased, provided we are sure that our purse is not within reach. The polished flatulence, the forcible feebleness, of this seemingly purposeless document, is in singular contrast with the rougher, but manlier speeches, which we have just acknowledged. How much nobler does the frank, straightforward Western man appear, on the defensive, seeking nothing but the right, and indignant as to the wrong, in contrast with the polished shuffler, the smooth and subtle partizan, who would sneak to his purposes of evil, under the shelter of a lying oath.

A "*Book without a Name*,"—in other words, a pamphlet without a title, issued as a circular, from Philadelphia, aiming to prove to the people of the South that we owe all our abolition difficulties to our free trade policy, and that the only sure way to kill off the former, is to surrender the latter to the tender mercies of the iron manufacturers of the Quaker State. It is a most sweet, insinuating letter, full of honied professions, and arguments too unctuous not to suggest suspicions of bird-line and its uses.

19. TRIBUTES TO MR. CALHOUN.

1. *Obituary Addresses*, delivered on the occasion of the Death of Hon. J. C. Calhoun, a Senator of South-Carolina, in the Senate of the United States, April 1st, 1850. Washington.
2. *The Discourse on the occasion of the Funeral of the Hon. John C. Calhoun*, delivered under the appointment of the

- City Council and Citizens of Charleston. By the Rev. JAMES W. MILES. Charleston. 1850.
3. *Eulogy on the late John Caldwell Calhoun*, delivered at Columbia, S. C. By ROBERT HENRY, D.D. Columbia. 1850.
 4. *An Address on the Life and Character of John Caldwell Calhoun*, delivered before the citizens of Montgomery, Ala. By WM. L. YANCEY. Montgomery. 1850.
 5. *Eulogy on the Life, Services and Character of John C. Calhoun*, delivered in Tallahassee. By A. L. WOODWARD. Tallahassee. 1850.
 6. *A Caution against Human Dependence*. A Sermon, delivered in St. Peter's Church, Charleston, on the occasion of the death of the Hon. John C. Calhoun. By WM. H. BARNWELL, Rector of St. Peter's. Charleston. 1850.
 7. *Eulogy on John C. Calhoun*, pronounced at the request of the citizens of Georgetown District. By ROBERT F. W. ALLSTON. Charleston. 1850.

WE can do no more than acknowledge the receipt of the above tributes to the worth and public services of the great leader of the South and Southern statesmen, through a period fully half as long as the existence of the republic. We have been led to expect, from two sources, at least, such a comprehensive review of Mr. Calhoun's career—which should include a proper consideration of these notices—as should obviate any necessity for editorial notice. We still hope for these favours from one or other of our contributors, and shall accordingly forego the assumption of the duty ourselves. In the mean time, the reader will do well to read any or all of these eulogies upon which he may lay his hands. Those of Mr. Calhoun's contemporaries in the Senate have had a large circulation. So, too, has the thoughtful and philosophical discourse of the Rev. Mr. Miles. Dr. Henry's eulogy, at Columbia, is worthy of the classical simplicity, the grace, propriety and beauty, which marks the style of the writer. The address of the Hon. Mr. Yancey affords a full and faithful history of Mr. Calhoun's political career. The eulogies of Messrs. Woodward and Allston are sensible and just tributes; while the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Barnwell duly insists upon the vital moral which should arise in the national mind, from the loss of one so eminent among the statesmen of the country.

18. *New Novels.*

1. *The Initials*. A Story of Modern Life. Phila: Carey & Hart. 1850. The author of this volume gains but little by the whim which gives its title. The hero might have found his way

into any part of Germany, without rendering necessary any ridiculous confusion, such as is produced by a letter signed A. Z., which falls into the wrong hands. But this is a small matter, and must not be suffered to disparage the real merits of the story, which is as pleasant an one as you could well read in this hot weather. The tale itself is full of interest, though the conclusion is hurried and wanting in proper development. Some of the scenes are very fine and spirited, and the delineation of life in Germany full of charming passages, and of novel attraction. If this be the first publication of the writer, we have good reason to hope for other performances at his hands, even more grateful than the present.

2. *The Rebels* ; or Boston before the Revolution. By the author of "Hobomok." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. The author of "Hobomok" is understood to be Mrs. Child. "Hobomok" first appeared some thirty years ago. It possessed a certain degree of cleverness, and, in the meagreness of our original literature, at that period, it attained a certain degree of popularity. The case is greatly altered since, and "The Rebels" will be subjected to a much severer ordeal among readers than critics. The tale is a pleasant one enough; a domestic story rather than one of revolution—the public events having no absolute connection with any of the characters in the *dramatis personæ*. The author is graceful and sensible, if not profound or impressive. Her portraits are outline sketches, which embody the external traits chiefly. She gives us samples of the wit of Dr. Byle, the proverbial humourist of New-England in that day; but we greatly fear that she has done a grievous wrong to the old gentleman's fame, in respect to this possession. If the wretched play upon words, which wearies the reader of "The Rebels," whenever Byles and Miss Sandford meet, is a true specimen of the keen encounter for which the Doctor was famous, we can only shrug our shoulders anew, and wonder at the easy faith of our forefathers. Mrs. Childs is not a wit, not a humourist,—hardly a novelist;—a pleasant sentimentalist and essayist, whose sketches and letters are the best things that she has done.

3. *The Vale of Cedars : or the Martyr*. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. Grace Aguilar is not a *nom de plume*, but the bona fide name of a very accomplished Jewess. This is her last work. She has recently left the fields of earth and authorship, for, as we trust, a calmer, purer, more refreshing region. She is well known as the author of several touching and attractive stories. The present is a more ambitious effort in the domain of the romantic. It is designed to show the persecution of the people of her faith, in Spain, during an early period in that country's civilization.

The author evidently had in mind, during her recital, the exquisite delineation of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*. She has made a sweet portrait of her heroine, and, with a world of faults, the tale is quite an interesting one. A memoir of the author precedes the volume.

4. *The Old Oak Chest*. By G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1850. The title of this volume may persuade the reader that he is about to undertake the perusal of an old legend, in a new form; but this is not the case. "The Old Oak Chest," is an inconsequential feature of it; being the simple repository of a certain will, which was not found where it was known to have been put away. The tale, like most that we owe to its author, is quite an interesting one; the interest being maintained by crowding events and characters, and the continued and lively succession of incidents. The *gist* of it is, a fraud transacted, and a fraud finally detected;—our author using old materials, as well of his own as other writers. It is, perhaps, as high credit as we can accord to him, to say that he can do so with impunity.

5. *The Shoulder-Knot; or Sketches of the threefold Life of Man*. A story of the seventeenth century. By B. F. TERT. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1850. A well-known anecdote of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, and Buckingham, which has been used several times in story, is the source of the title of this volume; but the story seems only a subordinate object with the author, whose design seems rather the safe delivery to the public, in portable form, of certain moral essays and speculations. The plan is a bad one. The story, being too little the care of the author, is dull and feeble. The moral essays, embarrassing the story, are felt to be in the way. Failing, thus, to please or to instruct, the author has evidently the ability to do both, if he will only keep his romance and his philosophy apart hereafter.

6. *The Green Hand*. A short Yarn. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. Rather a long yarn, this story, since here we have an octavo, in double column, of one hundred and twenty pages; and this only forms a first instalment of the work, which, for aught we know, may run out to a dozen. But, if they are all as clever as this, and as pleasant reading, we shall certainly not complain. "The Green Hand" is a nautical story. The details on shipboard are given somewhat in the manner of Cooper, picturesquely; and appears to be from the pen of one familiar with every rope of the vessel, from stem to stern.

7. *The Professor's Lady*. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by Mary Howitt. Harper & Brothers. 1850. A simple story very pleasantly told. The description of German peasant life is equally agreeable and truthful. We are not so sure that

the transition, in the character of the painter, is not too abrupt. It certainly grates offensively upon the moral sense. Still, it is not absolutely unnatural. We are only not sufficiently prepared for it, by the previous details. We must not forget to say, that the wood-cuts, which illustrate the story, are exceedingly spirited and happy.

8. *The Lone Dove*. A legend of Revolutionary times. By a Lady. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. 1850. We really regret that a volume so prettily addressing itself to the eye, with so fanciful a title, and coming from the pen of a lady, should fail to compel our favourable verdict. But we cannot encourage our author with our commendation. Future and severe study may enable her to make a pleasing and interesting story, but we can say nothing in behalf of this.

9. *The Earl's Daughter*. By the author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Edited by the Rev. William Sewell, B.D. New-York and Phila: Appleton. 1850. An impressive and pleasing story, by Miss Sewell, a writer whose legends are usually attractive, as well from their native interest, as the religious beauties which they unfold and teach in their progress. "The Earl's Daughter" is of the same order of writing with all the productions of their author. The interest of the story is unbroken to the close; and the character of the details of a touching and sweet solemnity throughout.

10. *Lettice Arnold*. A Novel. By the author of "The Wilmingtons," &c. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1850. Rather a less ambitious story than we usually receive from the hands of Mrs. Marsh. "Lettice Arnold" is a tale of domestic life. It affords a lovely portrait of meekness and virtue, struggling with misfortune, and the beauty of the portraiture is heightened by some judicious contrasts. The narrative will beguile rather than excite, and is not so passionate as sentimental.

11. *Lights and Shadows of Domestic Life, and other Stories*. By the authors of "Rose and her Lamb," &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. A series of moral and religious sketches, rather than stories, of modest claims, and well calculated to please the quiet and contemplative reader. For the youthful, they are wholly unexceptionable, as well as interesting.